

SMART SET

October

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Beginning:

The "NO" Girl



Always—a Perfect Wave

By Edna Wallace Hopper

NOW you can have the thrill of a lovely, natural-looking wave that will soften your features. So much depends upon a soft expression. The captivating face is vivacious but it must be framed by a caressing wave. A rigid, "corrugated" wave has a hardening effect, which no one admires.

To give your hair the pliability that is necessary for a flattering wave, I want you to try my Wave and Sheen. It is more than a curling fluid. It not only sets a permanent in the shortest possible time but can be used just as well if you wave your own hair, as I do. My hair must always look its best — my daily appearance on the stage demands it. Starring as a flapper in my sixties is a startling role. So whatever else I do I must look young. And one of my greatest assets is the sheen of my hair. It simply glows with life. In fact, the first comments my audiences make are about my hair.

Send this coupon and ten cents for a sample of
Wave and Sheen
to make your hair

wave • scintillate • attract

I will enclose with it samples of my Youth Cream and Youth Powder. Both are results of my worldwide search for the best science produces in cream and face powder. They are of French formulae.

Send This Coupon

to Edna Wallace Hopper,
536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.

with 10 cents for Sample
of Wave and Sheen to
prove to yourself what
a difference a be-
coming wave
makes in your
features.

FREE

I will also send you
a sample of my Youth
Cream and Youth Powder,
three samples in all. (D-28)

Name

Street

P.O. State IO-SS



DO YOU
LIKE TO
DRAW?



YOUR DRAWING ABILITY TESTED FREE

Results Count!

Mr. E. H., who is making about \$15,000 a year, says:

"The Federal School showed me the direct way of turning my liking for drawing into money, giving, in a short time, knowledge which would otherwise take many years of hard experience to acquire. I owe much of my present success to the Federal School." (Name on request.)

Lloyd Shirley says:

"I feel as though my old days of drudgery were a bad dream. Now I am earning \$3,800 a year as an artist and I have just started. The practical, thorough, short course I took with the Federal School made my success possible."

J. R. McKinney is progressing:

"You might like to know I am leaving this place to take up a new job as Art Director for which I have a 2 year contract at \$80 per week. I owe a debt of gratitude to the Federal School for starting me right."

D. L. Rogers said:

"I found that the Federal School has real sound backing for all its statements. It has the quality of education to offer that paves the road to success, for those who are earnest and game enough to work for bigger things."

YOU young people who like to draw—do you realize that your talent, if properly trained, can lift you out of the crowd and place you in a profession where the work is pleasant and the money-making possibilities are very high?

Our free Art Test indicates your natural sense of design, proportion, color, etc. When you've worked it out, it will be analyzed by our art instructors and you will be frankly informed as to your chances in this vocation. This fascinating test has started many young people on the road to success.

See What These Federal Students Earn:

Big prices are paid for drawings and designs for advertising. These Federal Students—whose average age is 30 years—are only a few of the hundreds of men and girls that Federal Training has lifted quickly to a worth while income:

E. McT., Pasadena	\$750 a mo.	M. O. H., Hollywood	\$300 to \$900 a mo.
B. C. R., Minneapolis	325 a mo.	M. R., New York	300 a mo.
Miss F. K., New York	400 a mo.	C. P. D., Chicago	400 a mo.
L. H. W., St. Louis	350 a mo.	S. J. E., Tulsa, Okla.	250 a mo.
P. M. H., Carnegie, Pa.	325 a mo.	H. B. R., Oakland	350 a mo.
C. P. M., Chicago	600 a mo.		

(Names on request)

Send Today for your Art Questionnaire

There will always be a demand for good art work, due to its necessity in modern business. Don't fail to make the most of your ability, if you like to draw. Modern business offers rich rewards to the young man or woman with trained art ability. Mail the coupon today for your Art Questionnaire, and we will also send our book "YOUR FUTURE" which fully describes the Federal Course in Commercial Designing, and shows work by Federal students. Please state age and occupation.

Federal School
of Commercial Designing

1685 Federal Schools Building,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Results Count!

From Mr. W. A. Sowell:

"I am Art Director with a salary and commission which has made it possible for me to earn more than at any time in my life, for example last month ran over \$400.00, and for the last four months it has averaged \$300.00. I know [this all came about from the excellent instructions I received from the Federal School."

Another Federal Student says:

"Have had a studio since May, 1922. Name of studio: Geo. B. Jones—Commercial Artist. I earn on an average of about \$250 a month and I give the Federal School full credit for my start in this work."



Federal
School of
Commercial
Designing,

1685 Federal Schools Bldg.,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Please send me Art Questionnaire,
and book "YOUR FUTURE."

COUPON

Name.....

Age..... Occupation.....

Address.....

THE SCHOOL FAMOUS FOR SUCCESSFUL STUDENTS

SMART SET

WILLIAM C. LENGEL
Editor

For The Girl of Today Four NEW Departments

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Month



The Girl
Who Invented a Husband
A Rollicking Story By FRANK R. ADAMS

Published by MAGUS MAGAZINE CORPORATION at 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

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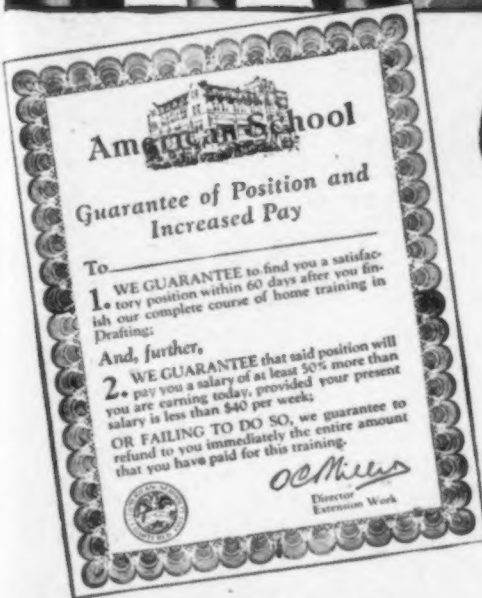


Training

PREPARING you to fill a fine Drafting job at a substantial raise in pay...

Employment

FINDING you the better-paid position and PLACING you in it, or money refunded....



A Drafting Job GUARANTEED paying 50% more than you earn today —or not a penny of cost!

Now, at a cost you can afford, on terms of only \$6 per month, you can actually BUY a fine Drafting position and a substantial increase in pay. A million-dollar institution guarantees both—the training, then the employment. Under money-back penalty.

This agreement brings you your SECOND CHANCE. To repair a neglected education, to specialize, to change to a line where you can get ahead more rapidly. Read it, and investigate it!

The American School

Chartered 30 years as an EDUCATIONAL institution and like the best resident schools and colleges, conducted NOT FOR PROFIT. We offer complete, thorough up-to-date instruction, built by 200 leading Educators, Engineers and Executives. A unique instruction, built to meet the specifications of well-paid jobs as laid down by employers themselves, yet simplified for ready understanding by men with only common schooling.

And we are the first in the home study field to recognize the need of giving a COMPLETE SERVICE to ambitious men—training, plus employment. Which takes you as you are, supplies the equipment you lack, and lands you in the better job you seek. Without risk to you!

O. C. MILLER
Director Extension Work

The American School

Dept. D-7251 Drexel Ave. & 58th St., Chicago, Ill.

Come into Drafting!

Men who can read blue-prints and draw plans are "sitting pretty" these days. No wonder, when you consider that every machine, every building, all industrial activities start on the Drafting table! Intensive production, record-breaking construction operations, have created a great demand for expert Draftsmen capable of designing and calculating original plans.

\$50 to \$125 a week paid to Expert Draftsmen

Get this point—that Drafting isn't just one line of work—it reaches out into the Electrical, Manufacturing, Building Construction, Automotive and Structural industries. That is why you'll find well-paid Drafting positions advertised in all industrial centers of the U. S. 70,000 vacancies reported in the past 12 months. And that is why I advise men to go into Drafting, particularly if handicapped by lack of high-school or college education. Today you are in competition with high-school and college graduates for the better-paid jobs. You must have specialized training to win.

The Entering Wedge to Success in all Building and Manufacturing Lines

I recommend Drafting, too, because it can be QUICKLY learned at home, in spare time—without quitting your job, without losing a day's time or a dollar in pay. Because you're sure there will be a good position waiting when you are ready for it. And because the work is so fascinating and offers better-than-ordinary chances for advancement. For the Draftsman is in close contact with important work and BIG MEN, and he is right in line for promotion to Superintendent and other executive positions.

3 Drafting Lessons! Actually FREE!

to prove you can learn at home, in your spare time!

You will never have a more serious personal problem than deciding your future life-work—so we merely urge you to LOOK INTO

Drafting. See how you like it, see if you learn as readily as most men do, get the facts about the opportunities, the salaries paid, the jobs open, the chances for promotion. This is why, on receipt of your name, we will send you the first three lessons of our Drafting course without cost or obligation.



O. C. MILLER, Director Extension Work,
THE AMERICAN SCHOOL,
Dept. D-7251 Drexel Ave. & 58th St.,
Chicago, Illinois

Please send without cost or obligation:

1. Three Drafting Lessons.
2. Facts about the opportunities in Drafting.
3. Your Guarantee to train and place me under money-back penalty.

Name

Address

Age.....Occupation.....



What Is Your Line?



What was this girl's line?
See November SMART SET

YOU have one whether you know it or not. Everybody has! A salesman has one kind—a fisherman another—a girl in love another. November SMART SET is just full of lines. More than 20 features each with a line all its own. To begin with

CORNELL WOOLRICH lets off steam about the lines you girls have tried on him. If half he says is true, the boys are getting your number. And just to be fair we're going to give your boy friend a chance to see himself as others see him. Hagar Wilde has classified six different types according to their lines. The best way in the world for you and the boy friend to get a line on each other is to read

I Know Your Line

By CORNELL WOOLRICH
and HAGAR WILDE



Was she handing him a line?
See November SMART SET

WHAT would you think of a line like this? "You modern girls aren't masculine enough! You cannot safely live on man's level as you are trying to do until you attain man's broader ambition as a balance wheel. You have succeeded in adopting the outer guise of man's life. Can't you go further and grasp the spirit within?" You girls are due for a surprise when you read the extraordinary charge made against you by that great novelist

Rex Beach

As Reported by K. W. PAYNE
in November SMART SET

WOULD you give one hundred dollars for a line that would help you to win and hold the man of your choice? Well, it's yours for the price of one issue of SMART SET. In that you will find the secrets by which a famous enchantress of history won love and wealth and deathless fame. Catherine the Great had one of the best lines any woman ever used. What she did you can do. Don't miss—

What Every Woman Wants to Know

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS
in November SMART SET

BEING timid and dumb was her line at first. Perhaps the only line that would have had any effect at all on Blaine Cornwall who was fed up with women. He asked to meet this shy little wallflower. Imagine his feelings when she walked away saying, "I don't care to meet you. I'm fed up on men." Did that line intrigue him? You'll see when you read the story of the girl who pretended to be a

Nice Little Thing

By DOROTHY MILLER
in November SMART SET

ARNOLD LACY at fifty was still the symbol of romance to thousands of women who had flocked to matinees for years to see him as the "Great Lover." In that time he had played many different parts—but they were all the same really. He was even the "Great Lover" offstage. His line had become so much a part of him that he could visualize himself no other way. Then he fell hard for Doris Melrose, twenty-two, his leading lady in a charming offstage romance. What happened when he found that youth has a line of its own you will read in

The Great Lover

By JOHN PETER TOOHEY
in November SMART SET

HAVE you a line that is recognized as yours by all your friends? Do you realize how much clothes, and make-up and manners have to do with a successful individual line? If you want to develop a new one that will make you more popular than ever you can't afford to miss the new SMART SET departments written especially for you—The Girl of Today. They give you new ideas on charm. Georgia Mason's up to the minute fads and fashions, Helen Woodward's helpful advice regarding your career and Elinor Glyn's wise and kindly advice on all your problems. Don't miss these New Departments for

The Girl of Today

in November SMART SET

WHEN Candida told Allen, the man she loved, that she was going to marry Jason Harper for his money he didn't believe her. But when she told him that Jason had pledged himself to win her love within a year from the day he married her or give her her freedom if he failed Allen only said, "What a line that is! No man would be such a fool." Was it a line? Or did Jason keep his word? Did he really give Candida her freedom when he failed to make her love him? You'll see when you read

Daughter for Sale

By GLADYS HALL
in November SMART SET

And here's a line that never fails to provide you with amusement if you say it to your newsdealer in time: "Please save me a copy of November SMART SET. It will be ready October first"

My Tires Cost Me Nothing!



This Little Invention Saves Me Enough Money to Buy My Tires... and then Some!

"THE money I save on gasoline more than keeps me in new tires. Figure it out. . . . I was getting 12 miles per gallon on my Nash. With gas at 18c plus 2c tax it cost me \$46 to drive 3,000 miles. Now I'm getting better than 26 miles per gallon. It takes just half the gas and I save \$23 to \$25 every 3,000 miles—more than the price of a new tire."

No matter what make of car you drive, the Stransky Vaporizer is unconditionally guaranteed to give you 50% to 100% more miles per gallon or it costs you nothing. As a matter of fact, it is not uncommon for the Stransky Vaporizer to more than double gasoline mileage!

Note These Records

Forty-three miles per gallon from a Chevrolet, reported by F. S. Carroll. Fifty-seven miles on one gallon in a Ford, reported by J. T. Jackson, Michigan. Forty miles per gallon in a Dodge from Brownsville, Texas, to Tampico, Mexico, reported by T. L. Brown.

Proved by Three Million Owners

Records like these are reported in every mail for every make and model car from 72 different countries . . . the world over. More than three million Stransky Vaporizers have been installed.

Easily Installed

No bigger than a dollar coin—no more expensive than a good wrench—no more trouble to attach than a fan belt! Attaches to the intake manifold of any car in five minutes. Anyone can do it.

**GUARANTEED
To Save You Gas
OR COSTS YOU NOTHING**



FITS ANY CAR IN FIVE MINUTES

Anyone can install this device in 5 minutes. Simply loosen one connection to the intake manifold with a wrench. You can do the rest with your fingers!

AGENTS, SALESMEN AND SPARE TIME WORKERS

Men are making wonderful earnings showing the Stransky Vaporizer to car owners in spare time and full time. Sells fast under our guarantee. Foster made \$35 in two weeks. G. F. Fuller earned \$114 in 5 days. Eberlein sold 23 Vaporizers in 35 minutes! J. W. Cronk actually earned \$51 in an hour. You should be able to earn at least \$3 every hour you put in. We offer demonstrators one Vaporizer FREE, under our unusual offer. Get full details. Mail Coupon at once.

43.8 Miles Per Gallon

Mr. M. E. Miller, Kansas City, writes: "You people claim a saving of 25% to 50% of gasoline. I have subjected the Vaporizer to a severe and thorough test. After installing one on a Chevrolet, I found I was obtaining 43.8 miles to a gallon whereas formerly I had been getting only 19.5. That is not a saving of 25% to 50%, but 124%. So you see that the actual test surpasses your claim."

Less Gasoline—More Power

The Vaporizer supercharges your gasoline after it leaves the carburetor. Completely vaporizes the gasoline. Under this ideal condition you get more complete explosion. Both power, pickup and speed are noticeably increased. Starting is not interfered with as the Vaporizer automatically shuts itself off when the motor is idle.

Make This Test

Test the Stransky Vaporizer on your car—and expect results that will amaze you! Double your mileage—get flashing pickup and power—forget carbon troubles, sluggish motor and fouled spark plugs from over-rich mixture—and save enough on your gasoline to more than keep you in tires. These results are guaranteed or the test costs you nothing.

Mail the coupon below for full details, guarantee and amazing trial offer, which is even more remarkable than we can tell you here. There is no obligation whatever.

J. A. STRANSKY MFG. CO.

M-1150 Stransky Block, Pukwana, So. Dakota

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Pukwana, So. Dakota

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Why
Mary
Pickford
BOBBED
Her
Hair



*A*MERICA'S SWEETHEART has parted with her beloved curls—and there is a real story behind the bobbing. Adela Rogers St. Johns, who knows Hollywood so well, will tell you all about it in the September PHOTOPLAY.

There are other notable features, such as the first chapter of Joan Crawford's fascinating life story and the final installment of Jack Gilbert's remarkable self-revelation. And the big \$5,000 Cut Face Contest reaches its climax in this issue.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

On Sale At All Newsstands

"Quick! Unlock that Door!"

A MOMENT of hesitation—then from Murette's slim black revolver there leaped a spurt of smoke and flame.

The special constable lurched back against the cell bars as the others stood bewildered before the sudden fury of this girl; while behind the locked door Jim Kent watched in tense silence, every nerve alert, every drop of blood in his body on fire.

Who was this "girl of mystery"? What had lured her, alone, into the remote wilderness? Why should she, rich, educated, beautiful, risk her life to save a self-confessed murderer from the hangman's noose? What strange story lay behind her own dark secret?

To know the answer—follow these people through their swift, wild, thrilling adventures—such as you can find only in the wonderful stories of

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

—whose famous *Out-door Stories of Adventure, Mystery & Romance* are Known and Loved Throughout the World. New Uniform Edition Now Offered for the First Time and at A Splendid Special Bargain

Now Is Your Chance To Hit the Trail to God's Country—with CURWOOD!

For here, indeed, is a rare opportunity. Here, at last, is your chance to get in permanent library form the great books that lift you from humdrum cares and affairs and carry you off to a balsam-scented wilderness.

Here You Meet Real Men and Women

Men and women who glory in danger, who laugh at death and fight their battles in the open—men and women of the Northland which Curwood knows as does no other living author.

That is why every new book he writes is hailed by countless thousands of eager readers. Each year for the past six years he has written a book that has sold over 100,000 copies. No other author has such a record. That is why you have in store such a treat as you have never dreamed of.

For Curwood is no "front porch" nature writer. He has spent years and has travelled thousands of miles in that country where men battle against cold and hardship and lurking dangers, sharing their adventures, living their lives,

inspired by one great purpose—to take his readers into the very heart of nature, that they may know and love it as he does.

CURWOOD'S Readers Number Millions

That is why his stories are so real that millions of people thrill to them, feel themselves taking actual part in the breathless adventures with which his pages are crowded. That is why his stories have been translated into a dozen different languages.

Here Are Worth While Books for Worth While People

Books for You and Every Member of Your Family—Books to Read Over and Over Again with Ever Increasing Delight.

As Curwood lures you into his beloved Northland, you meet red-blooded heroes, daring heroines, mounted police, Indians, half-breeds, criminals, refugees, cryptic Chinese, mysterious and beautiful girls. As you witness a succession of dramatic and vivid experiences of life in its wildest forms, all flaming with the fire of the elemental passions of that rugged country, you feel that never was there such magic writing!

McKINLAY, STONE & MACKENZIE

Dept. J 39

114 E. 16th St., NEW YORK

Important—

As this Introductory edition will be snapped up quickly, we advise you to **ACT NOW!**



**12 SPLENDID VOLUMES
4000 THRILLING PAGES
Entertainment for 100 nights
if you sign the coupon now.**

As you are swept along in the irresistible rush of swift-speeding incidents, rough adventures, heroic moments, you realize that here indeed are books that will be boon companions for a lifetime.

First Uniform Edition Special Low Price Short Time Offer

And now—the first uniform Edition of Curwood's Romance and Adventure is ready. Publishers, manufacturers and Curwood himself have combined to cut down costs and sacrifice royalties so that we could offer this first edition at a price within the reach of all.

Complete Sets FREE on APPROVAL

All these Great Books are Included

Back to God's Country	The River's End
The Ancient Highway	The Flaming Forest
The Gentleman of Courage	The Alaskan
The Country Beyond	The Black Hunter
The Valley of Silent Men	Kazan
The Courage of Capt. Plum	Swift Lightning

SEND NO MONEY—just sign the coupon where the arrow points and mail it today. Enjoy these books at our expense for ten days. If you do not find, in them, recreation, relaxation, Nature lore and education rolled into one; if you do not consider that they hold more thrills for you than the best show you ever saw at the theatre; if you do not feel that they will make a valuable permanent addition to your library; if you do not consider them a wonderful bargain—then send them back at our expense! Otherwise keep them at our very low introductory price and on easy monthly payments.

**But don't wait!
Mail
coupon
today!**

Name _____
Address _____
Occupation _____
Purchasers under 21 should have parents sign this coupon.

YES, I would like to examine free your beautiful new Uniform Edition of James Oliver Curwood. Send me at once all charges prepaid, a complete set of 12 volumes, gold stamped and handsomely bound in cloth. If at the end of ten days I am delighted to keep them in my library, I will send you \$1.00 promptly and \$1.00 a month thereafter for only 14 months. Otherwise, I will return them at your expense and the examination will have cost me nothing.

McKinlay, Stone & Mackenzie,
Dept. J39
114 E. 16th St.
New York City

CUT THE COUPON HERE

When
LOVE
 Spells
RUIN
 for the Man—

how many Women
 will say — "No!"

THROUGH a lifetime of great loves she had come to this one great devotion. **Q** Circumstance—and her matchless beauty—had made this child of the streets the fragile plaything of men—and fame. **Q** And now the first true love her fevered young life had known lies close upon her heart . . . Ready . . . Hers for the taking. **Q** To her, a passion more precious than her honor . . . But what of *his* great name—England's foremost naval hero—Fame, duty and all else forgotten, while the fleets of France thunder

down to challenge his country's mastery of the seas. **Q** Not for her sake, but for his—must she **SAVE HIM FROM THEIR LOVE?** **Q** While her heart cries "Yes!" must her lips say "No"? **Q** History has known great Loves . . . Women have stolen, suffered, slain for men . . . **Q** But can there be *any* love so great as that which sacrifices **LOVE ITSELF?**

CORINNE GRIFFITH

Q The true romance of Lord Nelson, deathless hero of Trafalgar, and Lady Hamilton, supreme beauty of her time, fills one of history's most dramatic pages. And all America discussed it when E. Barrington's "The Divine Lady" became a best-seller overnight.

"THE DIVINE LADY"

Q Now you can see it *lived* for the first time upon the screen, framed in the splendor of imperial courts . . . See and *hear* the blazing Battle of Trafalgar that changed the destiny of Europe . . . In a lavish First National Sound production that will be one of the most talked-of films of the year!

A FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE
 TAKES THE GUESSWORK OUT OF "GOING TO THE MOVIES"



Beautiful Corinne Griffith as Lady Hamilton, the one famous siren in history whose love was great enough to sacrifice love itself.

With
5 STARS
 Corinne Griffith
 H. B. Warner
 Victor Varconi
 Ian Keith
 Marie Dressler
 Produced by Frank Lloyd, who made "The Sea Hawk"
 Presented by Richard A. Rowland

JOHN HELD'S Own Page of Wit and Humor



The Fountain of Youth As Our Elders See It

Can This Be TRUE?

Some Musings

On a Battle-Scarred Subject

By That Cynical Fellow

CHARLES G. SHAW

BY MAN'S vanity woman is attracted; by man's confidence woman is won. It is by his pride that she is lost to him forever.

THE sentimentalist in love fits his illusions around the object of his desire. It is the realist who fits the object of his desire into the frame of his illusions.

BEWARE of the woman who loves with her head—and the man who thinks with his heart.

HE WHO would adopt the same technique with all women would with equal logic adopt the same costume for all the months of the year.

RARELY do we love for the reasons we tell to our adored one. Nor, as a matter of actual fact, for the reasons we tell to ourselves.

ON THE battlefield of love the victory is usually to the vanquished.

HE WHO would shatter a romance in full bloom is most assuredly a fool—almost as great a fool, in truth, as he who would resurrect a buried one.

WERE it not for deception of the rankest brand, Cupid, all in all, would have a pretty hollow time of it.

HOW often has the sweetest of stories written on the sands of romance been erased by a single wave of jealousy.

IN LOVE, as in life, we learn most through our mistakes. Some we catalogue under the head of experience. Others we speak of as conquests.

IN THE matter of woman it is usually far less than a step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

BY THE gentlest words, by the tenderest glances, by the most caressing sighs love's mightiest cruelties have been wrought.

WE FALL in love to the blaze of fireworks. We woo to the strains of violins. When the romance is ended, all is still.

THE beginning of most romances we garnish with hope; the end with self-sympathy.

HE WHO believes all that is whispered amorously is, without doubt, a pitiful case. Yet hardly quite as pitiful as he who is able to believe nothing.

FEW women have ever been fooled by a man's boasting of his amorous powers, though many have tried their best to be.

Smart Set's Gallery of Beauty



Camera study by Fredrich

MISS MARY NOLAN

Can a fallen star rise again? Yes, and to greater glory, says this lovely blonde who has learned how much more beautiful is the smile that shines through tears



Cecil B. De Mille

Mlle. SONIA KARLOV

She heard that Russian song about the Volga Boatman so she decided the best way to get her oar in the movies was to become Russian. Isn't she a Russian beauty? Yes, but in name only. She is really Jean Williams and the nearest she ever got to Russia was the Samovar Restaurant in New York



Camera study by Edward Thayer Monroe

MISS ELSIE GERNON

A Study in Black Lace is the title of this picture. Perhaps it was his study of her soulful pose that prompted George White to add this beauty to his latest Scandals



Camera study by Alfred Charles Johnston

MISS NAOMI JOHNSON

Do you recognize her? She constantly looks out at you from beneath alluring hats in the advertising pages of the magazines. But there her crowning glory is hidden so you probably didn't know that she never bobbed



Universal

MISS LAURA LA PLANTE

With every star in Hollywood yearning for a chance to play the role of Magnolia, that lovely lady of another day in "Show Boat," the opportunity fell to this lovely lady of our day, not only because of her blonde beauty but because of the intelligence that lies back of that beauty



Camera study by Hal Phyls

MISS DOROTHY KNAPP

One Queen of Beauty upon whose head the crown rests securely. A favorite artists' model, Dorothy Knapp once more lends her charm to Earl Carroll's new 'Revue

Have a Laugh with **IRVIN S. COBB**

And Maybe Father Knew Best

HERE just the other day I heard a new story. It was my friend Phil Ruxton who told it to me. For a living Ruxton makes printers' inks, any color you want, and on the side he makes his share of the joy and good fellowship of this world. He's a benefactor to his kind.

We were out on his yacht sliding along the green shores of Long Island through the sheltered bay that opens out behind Sag Harbor. From the galley below came pleasant clinking sounds and also the smells of food cooking. We sat in the forepeak enjoying the breeze and developing our appetites for luncheon.

WHEN we set out there was an understanding that we would do some fishing. Rods and reels lay on the cabin roof and live bait wriggled in a bucket upon the deck. But, of course, we did no fishing; we merely said we meant to fish. There is one neighbor of ours who no longer is included as a member of these parties. As Ruxton puts it, the fellow's too literal.

"It's like this," he explains, "we organize a fishing trip and I stock up the ship with plenty to eat and a little to drink and we pull out from the dock and head for the fishing grounds. And then when the bridge game is going strong and my man is shaking the cocktail shaker and everything is wagging along just perfectly lovely, that blamed fellow wants to drop everything and start fishing."

This day the souls of the company were perfectly attuned. We were rippling along when our host was moved to tell this story I intend to repeat here. He introduced it with a preface.

"THIS is no tale for mixed company," he began. "Not because it is smutty because it's not that, but because, for some reason, the average woman doesn't in the least care for the way it finishes. Women seem to like it at first but somehow when you get to the tag at the end of it, they curl up and quit on you. Listen now, you boys, and when I'm through tell me if you can, why the ladies, God curb 'em, don't enthuse over the way it turns out?"

This is the yarn he told. A Yale senior wrote his father.

"Dear Dad, (he wrote) I have a surprise for the family. I've fallen in love and I want to get married. I know you



Pirie Macdonald

have your hearts set on seeing me graduated but I feel that my prospects of future happiness depend upon my taking this momentous step right away.

"The girl I love is named Dotty Dare; she's in the Follies—in the chorus of the Follies. She has had a lot of hard luck and several distressing experiences in her life—things which gave her some notoriety—but I know she has a heart of purest gold.

"SHE tells me she cares for me as she never cared for any other man and for my part, I realize absolutely that she's the one woman in all this world for me. Please send me your blessing and your approval.

"Your anxious son, Bob."

In reply there came back the following:

"My Dearest Boy, Yours of yesterday from New Haven telling of the great beautiful romance which has come into your life was received promptly. In the bosom of the family, so to speak, I have just read it aloud and your dear mother is leaning over my shoulder as I indite this reply.

"If, by the remotest chance, the girl you love can make for you a helpmate and a companion one hundredth part as wonderful as your mother has been in this home, I hasten to tell you that you are wonderfully blessed and I beg that you lose no time in making Miss Dare your wife.

"IF YOU believe that there is the slightest hope that she can be, as the mother of your children, a mother such as my wife has been to you and to your brothers and sisters, please hurry her to the nearest minister before she has opportunity to change her mind because, in such a case, you are sure of a lifetime of perfect and unalloyed domesticity, with never a cloud in your sky and never a rift in the lute. Lovingly, Dad."

"P. S. Your mother has just left the room. For Heaven's sake, kid, don't be a dam' fool."

A Romance of the World of Big Business



"No"

The No

*A New
Serial*

By MAY
EDGINTON

DAVID HAMMOND never dreamed of days under bluer skies, two thousand years ago. He never awoke trying to remember the dream, to hold it, to photograph upon his vision the weak, beautiful, impetuous, ardent young face of Manus, citizen of Rome. Consequently he never said to himself on seeing his own handsome, ardent young face before his mirror, "Why, that might be I—the mouth and the eyes, the way that fellow Manus acted—and—what was it he did? Would I have done that?"

Nor did Ralph Carey ever dream that dream; nor the smooth intelligent manservant Bertrand. At least they did not dream it so far as they were aware. But we dream many things of which, in the morning, we remember nothing.

Lila Golden, tapping her typewriter in a city office, on hot days and cold days, green spring days and red autumn days, did not dream it either.

She dreamed of frocks behind Bond Street windows; of experiences which she had never, at least in this twentieth century, tapped; and of her marvelous David's kisses. But

And of the More Fascinating World of Gaiety



Girl

she never looked in her mirror and wondered, "In what shining sheet of steel or silver did I see that face two thousand years ago?"

Bertrand waited with every appearance of undeviating respect and devotion upon Ralph Carey; and Ralph Carey went on amassing money, uninterested by the stare of Sirius, the Roman, behind him. So dim, so lost, so dead was Sirius who died two thousand years ago!

But suppose they had all had one dream upon one night, and thought the same thought, and looked into one mirror in the morning and seen:

The slave market of Rome where the slaves awaited their purchasers.

There were old men and women, worth very little, at whom the prospective buyers cast only contemptuous looks. There were gleaming eyed boys lusting to spring upon their captors, and kill, and fight their way out of the terrors of captivity, or die fighting. There were sad matronly women with the children who were to grow up into slavery clinging about

Lila, walking before them, caught Carey's pleasure loving eye. "Make that beautiful girl's acquaintance," he commanded David, "and bring her to me." David didn't dare admit that he not only knew Lila but was engaged to her

them. There were lovely young girls whom the traders pushed most eagerly forward. They were the best wares.

And the shifting colors of the dream would have shown the Roman citizens coming to buy and the slave masters sent by the richer citizens to buy dancing girls to dance at their feasts.

A famous courtesan, who loved to show herself to the populace, came in her chariot to buy herself a personal serving-maid. She bought a young trembling Spanish girl.

Young men moved about the ways of this dream. They were scribes, clerks and traders of all kinds. They came in about noon just to look at the high priced beautiful young girl captives. They could not buy but they could point them out to each other and discuss their perfections.

Roman soldiery moved in this dream also. And one or two rich young tribunes who came down to the market for the fun of such a fair.

AND then, in this chaotic dream, would stand forward various personalities. There was a bitter faced middle-aged man, from Gaul probably, who seemed to try to stand a little apart from the rack, the chains of his life-long defeat upon him. All his thoughts and agonized anxieties centered upon his daughter Xonia among the women captives.

He could not reach her nor help her, save by his fierce thoughts. For himself he was patient and resigned. But for her he kept thinking. "Oh, my daughter! Oh, my daughter! Oh, my daughter!" maniacally.

The dream was full of the sun of noonday when Manus came in. He was in the employ of a judge as clerk. He was as modest as he dared be, and beautiful. Roman ladies looked at him as their chariots passed him in the streets and he knew it. This was his hour of rest and he had come to see the slaves. It was entertainment.

And he paused, with his vain, greedy, joyous heart suddenly hurting him, before Xonia. "Lovely!"

As he strolled about the market, jesting here and there with a trader, or with a centurion whom he knew, his gaze would return to her, so meek and proud and silent.

Suddenly, a great stir around the market! Sirius, one of the richest men in Rome, had sent his slave master—most brutalized of all types, a slave ruling over slaves—to buy human cattle both male and female.

Young Manus had sometimes seen Sirius in converse with his own master the judge, and he shared in the general excitement of traders and idle members of the populace. Sirius had more than once regarded the handsome, obliging youth graciously, and Manus had before now, imagined himself joining the circle of flatterers that hung about Sirius, that paunchy, gross and sensual Roman, already some fifty years old.

Oh, for a rich indulgent employer and soft living!

Sirius's slave master selected a

The glorious Cleo, who belonged to Carey, was being most alluring. But David, thinking of Lila away in London, was untempted

terrified small child — two, an Ethiopian, and Xonia's father from the wares of the fawning traders.

The dream here is a chaos of colors and emotions. It is Manus crying to the slave master:

"Look you. There is a girl."

For Xonia had cowered behind the other women.

And the dream showed Xonia taken to Sirius's palace for inspection before the slave master paid the high price that the trader saw he could ask; and Manus following; and Sirius, delighted, feeling her arms, and examining her teeth, and the thickness of her hair; and the haggling bargaining; and the youth Manus cleverly taking the conduct of the bargain on himself; and Sirius's inordinate gratification.

There was a voice in the dream which was queer, for dreams are generally voiceless — saying



graciously, "I could use thee, boy!" Sirius's voice. So Manus became one of his sycophants.

The curious dream! The girl Xonia was looking very wistfully at Manus as she sat beside the couch on which Sirius lounged, playing her lyre and singing to him. She must have been in the splendid mansion for a while by that time, so accustomed had she become. And Manus looked very, very wistfully at her. But the new delights of his soft living, the minor pomps of his position must have been very dear to him.

The situation was delicate, tantalizing, even an agony. He, a Roman citizen, was Sirius's obedient servant; she was

Sirius's slave. Only with their eyes could they speak to each other.

And the dream showed the girl from Gaul frantic and suffering with fear and misery. The master was, for the brief time of his caprice, her lover. Then the figure of her father, now also of that household of slaves, came forward into the dream from some dark background, loomed over all other figures, became gigantic, tried to kill Sirius at a feast he was giving to his friends, to which Xonia had been ordered, and told to sing.

But in this terrible dream the slave could not kill his master; he stabbed and stabbed, but they frustrated him. He was seized and manacled and dragged out amid uproarious merriment. The dream became Bacchanalian; it became an orgy. Only clear across it rose the figure of the bitter faced, middle-aged slave from Gaul who presently was crucified for his offence.

David Hammond used to think and to say with a swell of gratification, "My God, I'm in luck to be in with Carey. The actual salary may be a flea bite, but the privileges are marvelous, and there's no knowing what mayn't turn up for one with a man like Carey."

If Lila asked, "But is it worth while? Is it getting anywhere, darling?" he would always reply confidently, "Of course."

And to Carey, "Yes, sir; yes, sir," whatever that magnate wanted. It was worth while.

"Oh, summer at Redwood is divine, Lila."

Divine summer, divine flowers, trees, gardens; and inside the huge house every luxury the heart of an acquisitive young man could desire! At the end of the gardens, he told Lila, was a swimming pool of the utmost beauty that architect and landscape gardener could devise. It had walls and floor of thick colored glass; could be lighted from below at night. He had seen it on nights when a beautiful girl looked like a mermaid from a tropic sea. The swimming pool had been the stage of revels that possibly scandalized the countryside but who cared about the countryside? At either end of the pool, he told Lila, were luxurious dressing cabins. Around it were banks of flowers; beyond it cedar trees of great age, very dark against the summer sky. At night fireflies would come out and shine like dancing jewels about this pool.

But Lila was far off, weary and not too hopeful in spite of all that David had told her, when on this perfect day in July the manservant Bertrand might have been seen standing looking into the pool with no expression at all on his face.

And yet, in spite of its mask, Bertrand's middle-aged face had a special quality; a very bitter quality. It seemed to smile continually at life and yet had seldom been seen to smile.

He waited on the narrow veranda of one of the dressing cabins, just beyond the diving board.

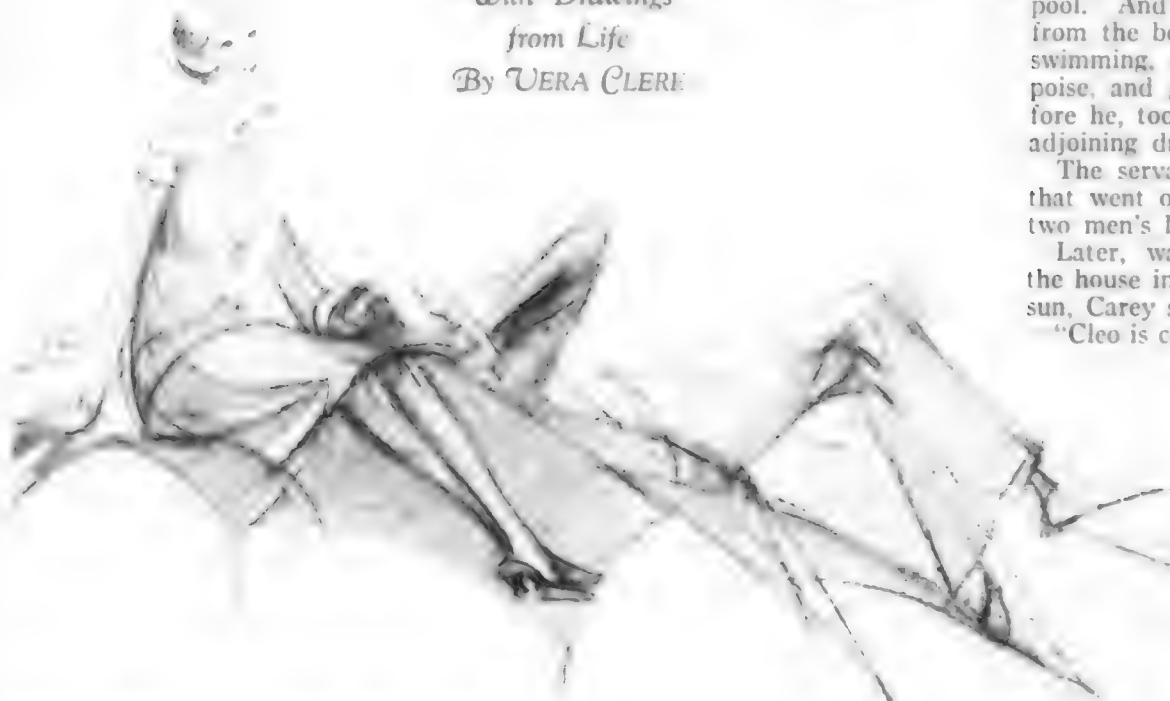
He watched two men walking towards him through the gardens of heavenly beauty to the bathing pool. Over their swimming suits they wore the most expensive of bathgowns, and one man walked, as if naturally, a pace or two behind the other.

The servant noted his master.

Carey was too heavy. He

Vera Cleve

With Drawings
from Life
By VERA CLERE



looked half comatose with the continued contentment of having every desire gratified; yet he was not comatose. Oh, not at all. He was exuberantly, belligerently alive and the servant knew it.

Bertrand thought, "He takes what he wants from life and pays for it. Shouldn't we all do the same if we could?" Yet his upper lip lifted a little when his look passed to Mr. Hammond, the private secretary. Young, athletic, healthy . . . "and a rich man's toady," said Bertrand to himself. And added, "Well, like me."

They passed over the lawns, Carey splayfooted, and the young man moving like a stag, till they came to the opening in the hedge of flowers that nearly circled the pool.

The contempt, the ribaldry had passed entirely from the servant's face. He came forward to meet them, and took their bathrobes, and moved into the men's dressing cabin at one end. He continued his survey unobtrusively from behind the silk window curtains.

He had seen lovely women run across the lawns to swim in the pool, and it looked none too luxurious for them. But in the two men, in their tight suits of woven silk, in his servile attendance on them, in the carefully laid out flower banks above them and the lazy luxury of it all, there was something faintly suggestive of orgies. "Orgies might be the word," thought Bertrand. "They don't half indulge themselves!" He allowed himself, unseen, a full smile.

"I'll go first, boy," said Carey, walking out on the diving board.

"Which dive will you do, sir? The back spring?"

NOW the vanity of the rich man was apparent. He wanted applause; he was used to it. He poised with difficulty and yet with complacency upon the diving board. He dived.

"By jove!" cried the secretary in simulated admiration. "What a dive! If I could only do that like you!"

And he imitated the dive clumsily.

Bertrand laughed without sound.

Then for awhile they swam, Carey making great play with his variety of strokes, David attempting them with the air of a respectful pupil. And all the time Bertrand watched, his face a study in derision.

With Carey exercise was ostentatious but not prolonged. Soon he came out of the pool, sleek as a porpoise, and the servant stood ready to hang the bathrobe about his shoulders. He went into his dressing room and lay on a flat couch under the windows to be rubbed down and given a body massage.

A very excellent and accomplished servant, this confidential butler-valet! He knew everything and said nothing. A cosmic upheaval would leave him unsurprised. Wide awake,

Lila sat with David's head in her lap, stroking his hair, as she dreamed of a cottage for two

standing over his master, Bertrand could see the length and breadth of the swimming pool. And he saw the secretary, released from the bondage of his deceptions, diving, swimming, using every stroke, playing porpoise, and generally delighting himself, before he, too, ran up the steps and into the adjoining dressing room.

The servant seemed to know so well all that went on, both on the surface of these two men's lives, and below it.

Later, walking slowly together back to the house in the blaze of the late afternoon sun, Carey said:

"Cleo is coming down this afternoon boy."

"Yes, sir."

"We'll dine alone. You'd like to run up to town, eh?"

"Thanks, sir. At your convenience."

"Got a woman up there, haven't you? Fool if you haven't half a dozen with your figure. God, I wish—"

"Women like men of your age better than mine, I assure you, sir."

"Well, you're right there. They do. Miss Martine will be staying a couple of days. Tired. Wants country air and some swimming."

"She'll love this weather."

"So I'll let you know when I'll want you back in the morning."

"Certainly."

The young man answered smoothly, easily

and adequately. Of course he knew exactly why Carey would dine alone with Cleo Martine that night. Bertrand would know too. It was a normal wish on the rich lover's part and yet there was a special reason for it too. There was perfectly natural jealousy. If one were fat, short of breath, and rather inordinately tired with fifty years of living, one might in spite of vanity, have qualms about a gay young man, with the light of youth in him, who moved like a stag.

A car came swiftly up the drive and stopped before the portico of the house. Out of it stepped Cleo Martine, a Parisian sure of her charm and unreasonably exacting.

Carey was growing tired of Cleo's moods, which she had never yet curbed or quelled for any man, but he was not tired of her. He still desired her sparkle and her beauty and the stimulation of her company. At Redwood she looked particularly and peculiarly wonderful, so incongruous in the old house which he had bought from an impoverished duke, with her white face, black hair strained back from her narrow brow and knotted on her neck, and her blue eyes that looked so soft. She wore a long string of diamonds on her black lace gown. He could not remember having seen that string before and he fretted over it, which was the reason why she had put it on.

Bertrand waited upon them with some vague footman trained by himself in the distance.

They dined alone and she asked him, "Where is that boy, David Hammond?"

He answered her pettishly and evasively.

"I want him," she said, "to swim with me tomorrow, perhaps tonight, if there is a moon."

"I don't pay my secretaries to swim with you. I'll swim with you myself."

"Ah, you!" she said in a weary voice.

Bertrand thought to himself, "She is going to break with him."

All through the dinner the Frenchwoman, who could be so enchanting, tormented her elderly adorer. She scolded



Lila wanted to consecrate all her beauty to David's advancement. So between midnight and dawn she made herself a gown worthy of meeting David's rich employer. The thought that she was going to help David was a melody through her mind

him subtly and found every fault with him. And after dinner she took a cigarette and said, "I am going to walk in the garden. That is what I came for." She went out to the terrace while Carey was still rising from his chair, still trying to find an answer to her last soft thrust. She called back to him that her maid should be asked for a certain wrap.

David Hammond was supreme in the art of effacing himself out he was not expecting Cleo on the terrace so soon. He

had expected her to be shut away with Carey over one of their long, lingering dinners. But here she was saying:

"Ah, you have come out for a smoke too. Why didn't you dine with us? Because you never do. That's no answer. My cigarette has gone out. Will you light it again for me? Thanks. Shall we walk?"

She wanted, he understood, to inveigle him to the darker part of the terrace, out of range of [Continued on page 97]

What Is She Really Like?

JOHN K. WINKLER Gives You the First Intimate Picture
Of the Most Talked About and the Least Known Heroine
Of Our Times—AMELIA EARHART

The Golden Girl

WHEN twenty-one blows were sounded on the fire alarm of Medford, Massachusetts on the morning of Monday, June 18 last, by Fire Chief Tom Qualey, Amy Otis Earhart realized that her daughter, Amelia Mary, had accomplished something out of the ordinary.

"Muriel?" asked the tall, slight old lady of her second daughter, "what's that?" She leaned towards the window and cupped her ears, for she is a trifle hard of hearing.

"Why, mother," Muriel said, "that's the home town's tribute to 'Mely. It's a national salute only given when someone's done something awfully big. Mayor Nichols phoned an hour ago he was going to ask Mr. Qualey to sound the alarm in celebration of sister's safe arrival in Europe."

Mrs. Earhart smoothed her apron and kept at her task of tidying up the humble three rooms occupied by Muriel and herself on the top floor of No. 27 Princeton street, South Medford.

"Well," she commented finally, "I am glad 'Mely made it. But there's a lot going on these days and it's hard sometimes for us oldsters to realize how fast times are traveling and what goings on there are."

A fortnight earlier, Mrs. Earhart had accepted, with apparent equal placidity, news that her daughter, with Wilmer Stultz and Lou Gordon had left Boston for Newfoundland in the tri-motored Fokker monoplane Friendship with the avowed intention of flying to London. She appeared unperturbed but all that day, and during the day and night of the hop across the ocean, she clung close to the radio in her living room at 27 Princeton street.

In the mother of Amelia Earhart, there is an element of stoicism that one notices in the blood relatives of most of those who do great things. She was sewing the night I dropped in. More about that later. Let's first take a look at Amelia.

Amelia Mary Earhart has three sweethearts.

In the order of seniority they are: the "Yellow Peril," "Miss Providence" and the Fokker monoplane Friendship in which she and Lou Gordon hopped an ocean with their slim and



wiry little genius of a pilot, Wilmer Stultz.

The Yellow Peril is an ancient Kissel roadster, with cigar-shaped rear and battered body stained the color of a wet canary. It is positively the worst looking car on earth, bar none. Miss Earhart bought it in California five years ago. Even then it refused to give its age. Peril is usually parked before 93 Tyler street in the South End of Boston—heart of Chinatown. This is the Denison House social settlement, Amelia's personal and official abode for the past year. Under her loving care, Peril has regained some of the ambition of its youth and slips through traffic with astonishing ease and speed, carrying its mistress to the Dennison Air Port (no connection with the settlement house) where Amelia meets "Miss Providence."

Miss Providence is a single-engined, baby monoplane long flown by Miss Earhart for pleasure and instruction. In this cute little trick of a flying machine Amelia frolics above Boston Harbor and dances upon the blue ceiling of the sky.

Peril, Providence and, of course, Friendship are sensate creatures to Amelia Earhart. They respond to her moods and emotions, she to theirs. These, and similar outlets, have given her a certain ordered beauty of soul and brought her at vigorous variant with accepted ideas of womankind and her function. Even the most cursory examination of this young woman, whose eyes are like tranquil gray lakes, upsets the rather widely accepted masculine conception of woman as a sort of unfinished man.

Most of us, chameleonlike, take our color from the environment in which we live, the leaf that shelters us. Not so Amelia. From childhood she has been a person of controlled emotions and of extraordinary self-sufficiency. Rumor has read romance into her friendship for Samuel Chapman, a quiet young electrical engineer of Marblehead to whom she is reported to be engaged. Those closest to her are positive that love and marriage will not be permitted to enter her cool cosmos yet awhile.



Photos By
Wade Worrel

of the Air

Whether or not she will have made public announcement by the time this sketch appears, it is Amelia Earhart's ambition to pilot an all-feminine plane across the Atlantic. If possible she will go alone. Otherwise she will enlist the services of some aviatrix of proved ability such as her friend Thea Rashe. She fully realizes that the first woman to really fly the ocean, with her own hand upon the stick, must be able to fly "blind" through fog and mist, all the way if necessary. Accordingly after the furor that followed her feat (incidentally it's a safe wager said furor did not induce the slightest rise in her temperature) died away, she bent herself to the improvement of her technical knowledge.

Already she had learned at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology how to navigate by the stars. But when the stars are blotted out it is essential to obtain accurate flying data through a confusing array of blackfaced instrument dials spread over the dashboard of an airplane. Unless the instruments are dependable a pilot seeking to descend below a fog bank may at any moment collide with the hard, unyielding surface which water becomes when it is struck by a body traveling at one hundred miles an hour.

So, during the summer, Miss Earhart studied such novel devices as the gyroinclinometer, an instrument of French manufacture used first in this country on the Bellanca sesqui-plane Roma. The reading surface of this instrument is a quartered circle with a traveling light. The instrument tells the exact position of the ship in the air in any direction with relation to the earth. It shows whether the plane is nosing downward or upward, or is banking to the right or to the left.

SHOULD any woman, in our fast moving time, duplicate Lindbergh's perilous feat, Amelia Earhart, friends say, will be that woman. Her driving power is enormous, her energy inexhaustible. For ten years, since she took up flying at Glendale, California, she has overlooked no opportunity.

She accepted the opportunity to go across in the Friendship on twenty minutes' notice. The story is interesting. One afternoon last spring, George Palmer Putnam, New York publisher and co-backer of the Friendship venture with Sir Frederick and Lady Guest, of England, telephoned his friend, Capt. Hilton Howell Railey, president of the Fiscal Service Corporation of Boston. Putnam and Railey had been fellow adventurers for years.

"Hilt," announced Putnam, "Lady Guest has decided not to fly in the Friendship. Maybe you can dig up some woman in Boston who is willing to go."

Rear Admiral Reginald R. Belknap, U. S. N. retired, happened to be sitting at Railey's desk. He is a fellow member with Amelia Earhart of the Boston chapter of the National Aeronautic Association and said without hesitation, "I have the girl for you. She is a settlement [Continued on page 82]



QWhat are her interests?

QIs she a society girl?

QDid she go to college?

QWhat do her family and friends think of her?

QHow did she learn to fly?

QWhy was she offered the chance to be the first girl to fly the Atlantic?

QIs she as modest as Lindbergh?

QWhat are her future plans?

You will find the answers to these questions and many others in this fascinating article

*She Was Like
A Tea Rose
Among
A Bunch
Of Tiger Lilies~
No Wonder
She Was Only*

The Blind Date



*The Love Story
Of an Old-Fashioned Boy
By PERCY MARKS*

*Who Knows the Ways of Youth
As He Proved in "The Plastic Age"*

PERHAPS the most characteristic thing about John Morland was that nobody called him Jack. John he had been to his family and to his schoolmates; now he was John to his fraternity brothers. He had a quiet, reserved earnestness about him that made Jack seem a familiarity.

Of course when one is eighteen one really isn't dignified and John's dignity was only a youthful mask behind which he hid a shy wistfulness. Besides, he had Standards, capital "S" standards, that interfered sadly with his yearning to be friendly. He was in no sense of the word a prig; he never lowered his standards on anyone else but he abided by them religiously. John knew nothing about mixing drinks and little more about mixing with his fellows so he remained a quiet, courteous lad, asking no confidences and giving none.

The result was that he promptly acquired a reputation for being a "slick bird who pulled his stuff on the sly," and since he apparently managed to conceal his misdoings completely he earned a certain unwilling respect from the other Mu Omicrons. When repeated innuendoes had forced John to defend his reputation, his first instinct had been to deny it vehemently, but one attempt taught him that denials seemed to verify what had been merely suspicions. Shocked, he slipped into his usual silence, indignant and hurt. What did the fellows think he was anyway? They knew that he didn't smoke; he had never taken a drink in his life and he didn't know a single girl on the campus.

When he had said that he wasn't going to bring a girl to the fall dance, his fraternity brothers wanted to know why

not. He replied that he didn't know any girls and had then flushed purple before the shouts of laughter.

"Yea, listen," yelled Jerry Proctor. "Listen to the boy, will you? He don't know any girls, he don't! Say, John, ol' kid, who are those four women decoratin' your wall anyhow? All sisters, I'll bet?"

As a matter of fact two of the photographs were of sisters; one was of a cousin and one of a quondam high school flame, a flame that had guttered out fully a year before. John had tacked the picture on the wall because the girl was pretty and because he was in no way adverse to the envy of other fellows and he merely smiled at Jerry and said nothing.

Jerry was an irrepressible youngster with an extraordinarily facile mind and low grade morals. His abundance of spirit and bubbling good humor made him rather attractive but already there was more than a hint of the seasoned roué about him.

"Well," said Jerry, "I'm dragging a blind date to the dance. I asked four women and if you'll believe me they each and every one, separately and individually, declined my appeal. Can you beat it? So I'm goin' to drag in a freshman lassie



John wondered how such an uncommonly pretty wisp of a girl could have been ignored all evening. Boldly he asked her to dance and when she moved into his arms he took one step and entered paradise

that rooms with Wally Stocker's girl. Wally fixed it up and I don't even know her name. That's romance, fellows, and believe me that's courage!"

"Yeah," agreed Sid Garber, "for the girl. I hope she's fat and has pimples."

The Mu Omicron dance took place during that period when the fox trot was still considered the last word and the Charleston was unknown except south of the Mason and Dixon line and north of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, New York. The collegiate ruled the academic world, that calm contortion that made the sedate waltz seem a romping indiscretion. One step to each ten measures seemed to be the general method though some of the better dancers took only one step in twenty measures and some there were who never moved at all.

John watched the collegiate with awe. Fresh from a country high school he had never seen anything like it and the expertness with which his fraternity brothers performed the amazingly intricate step awed and abashed him. He felt hideously young and inexperienced. Shrinking from giving a public exhibition of Terpsichorean ineptness, he clung to the sidelines and watched the dancers, so supple, so suave, so languorous.

Several times during the evening he had noticed a girl sitting by herself and after an hour or two had passed she became conspicuously alone. No one spoke to her. No one danced with her. John wondered why not. At first glance she seemed rather colorless but three glances,



"You looked so young and decent and clean that I wanted to dance with you," said the tiger lily to John, "and then when we began to dance I wanted to get away from the mob and come out here"

then four, and finally a good long stare convinced him that she was not colorless at all. Quite the contrary, she was uncommonly pretty, a slender wisp of a girl with curly brown hair and large, wistful brown eyes. Her sheer dress of apple green, touched here and there with silver, was as fresh and dainty as spring itself.

She reminds me of Alice Adams," John thought, "sitting there by herself, all alone and trying to pretend that she's having a good time. Why don't the fellows dance with her? I know! These other women are all made up and she isn't. They just don't notice her at all; the others are so gaudy. Why, she's like a—like a—dog gone it, she's just like a tea rose in a bunch of tiger lilies. That's just what she is. She's . . ."

"I WANT you to meet Miss Bocarde, John," said a voice at his elbow that shattered his simile into fragments.

Miss Bocarde was a tiger lily, a girl with a flame of bronze gold hair, amber eyes, and small red mouth. Her gown was a flutter of leaf browns, scarlet and dull greens, like a maple tree in autumn; her fingers and wrists sparkled with gems; her gold slippers tapped impatiently to the rhythm of the band.

As John bowed in his odd formal way, she smiled and said softly, "I asked Harry to bring me over. I've been watching you stand right there for the past hour. I want to dance with you."

The rich color in John's cheeks deepened with pleasure, and his earnest brown eyes lighted happily. "Oh, that's kind of you," he exclaimed, "but I can't do the collegiate. I'm— I'm a freshman, you see, and I haven't learned how yet."

"Can you fox?"

"Oh yes."

"Come on then: let's go." She held out her arms invitingly and John stepped close, drawing the gorgeous creature into his embrace. The dance had just begun but they had circled the floor only twice when she whispered in his ear. "I'm tired.

Let's go out on the piazza. It's cool and quiet out there."

"I can't dance good enough for her; that's the trouble," John thought as they made their way between the couples on the floor. For a time they leaned against the porch railing and watched a few late fireflies sparkling over the lawn. Then suddenly the girl turned, put her arms around John's neck, drew his head down and kissed him on the mouth.

Startled and angry, John drew back. He was startled by the kiss and angry because his prerogative had been taken away from him. He had kissed girls before, three to be exact and he had no objection at all to kissing the lovely Bocarde girl. Far from being reluctant he was eager but the initiative was his by divine right and she had intruded shamelessly in taking it away from him. Furthermore, nice girls didn't kiss a fellow without waiting to be asked.

Sensing his displeasure the girl dropped her arms and murmured, "I'm sorry."

John writhed in an agony of embarrassment. "Oh, it's all right," he assured her in a whisper, furious because he didn't know what to say or do.

"No," she contradicted, "no, it's not all right. I shouldn't have done it. Let me explain won't you?"

Her humility gave him courage and it was with a dignity worthy of one twice his years that he replied. "There's no need. I'm sorry if you're disturbed about it."

"You funny, serious boy," she said. "No, I must explain. My name is Emily Bocarde and I'm not from Barnard at all as Harry told the fellows I was. I made him say that. I've never been to college. I'm a show girl in New York and I wasn't going to come down here and be stared at so I made him say that I was from Barnard. Do you see?"

SHE did not wait for him to assent but continued quietly but with an unmistakable undertone of intensity. "I was having a good enough time until I saw you. The other boys were all right and I liked them but you were different. I don't suppose you can understand but if you were run after all the time by slick haired sheiks and cake eaters and fat nasty old men, you might. You looked so innocent."

Now that was a stupid thing for her to say because nothing irritates an eighteen year old man more than to be told that he looks innocent but John was so startled by her acumen that he hardly noticed the insult. With one glance she had discovered the mystery that had baffled his fraternity brothers for two months.

"You looked so young and decent and clean that I wanted to dance with you," she went on, "and then when we began to dance I wanted to get away from the mob and come out here. You, you didn't say anything—and—and—well, I—I kissed you because I wanted to, because—because you were so different."

WHEN one is eighteen and has Standards, one is apt to miss some of the nuances of life and some of the pathos and sometimes one sees the black and white too clearly to notice all the challenging shades in between and until those are seen, charity and pity must stand aside.

Emily Bocarde's explanation did not impress John and there was something distinctly maternal in her attitude that offended him. He did not want to be kissed because she thought he was a baby; he didn't want to be kissed because he was different, because he was nice and clean and decent: he wanted to be kissed because he wanted to kiss; he wanted a girl to surrender to his ardor, to his demands. Judging coldly and mercilessly, he put Emily Bocarde down as a cheap chorus girl and let it go at that. Then all unintentionally he stabbed her with his courtesy.

"Please don't worry," he said. "It's nothing. Hadn't we better go in, though? The dance is over and it's sort of cold out here?"

"Yes," she replied, "let's go in." He courteously returned her to her host, thanked her for the dance but as he made his way out of the room he did not see how her eyes followed him.

For a full half hour after his adventure with Emily on the porch, John had forgotten the girl sitting by herself but he happened to notice her again and she looked more forlorn and prettier than before. An impulse quite new to him sent him striding across the room to her.

"May I introduce myself?" he asked. He wasn't afraid of this girl for some reason. Never [Continued on page 102]



Sally did not pause to answer but flung her parting words over her shoulder with a quick turn of her head that expressed more scorn and anger than a volume of expletives. John didn't dare to speak to her. He plodded home alone too hurt and confused to think

With Drawings
from Life
By C. R. CHICKERING

What Every Woman



Corinne Griffith has just completed "The Divine Lady," the story of Lady Hamilton, in motion pictures. Famous painters, writers and playwrights have made her immortal, and now she is to be brought to life on the screen. Millions of women will talk about her, but the readers of this article will know the soul of the woman

This
Remarkable Article
Should Be Read
By Every Girl
And Every Wife
It Reveals the Secret
Of Woman's Power
Over Man

The Second of a Series
By
ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS

IT TAKES a woman like Emma Hamilton, famous as the beloved of the great Lord Nelson and the subject of Romney's greatest canvases, to teach other women what can really be done with men.

To analyze the life of the Divine Lady is to produce a perfect primer for wives.

From her methods with men, instinctive and cultivated, from her early failures and mistakes as well as from her later dazzling successes, can be acquired more of what every wife wants to know than from any other source available today.

It was in holding men, through thick and thin, against seemingly insupportable odds, in the face of terrific opposition, under most adverse circumstances, that Emma Hamilton excelled.

The flattering, yielding, warm, kind, rainbow-hued Divine Lady!

We do not need to speculate on how to hold men. We can sit this woman's character and experience down to fundamentals and know. It is not necessary to depend upon personal

opinions nor to chance possible ways and means. Definite, historical facts about Lady Hamilton can be translated into modern language and give us accurate rules. And we can check and re-enforce these by such famous enchantresses as Cleopatra, as Diane de Poitiers, as DuBarry, and the immortal Ninon.

Nor do we need to consider that Emma's beauty separates her from the average woman or makes her methods unavailable for women who do not possess her loveliness.

For it was not her great beauty that held men.

When Emma had beauty only she got Sir Harry Featherstonehaugh, a drunken country squire, and Charles Greville, a cold and unimportant young blood, and lost them both. When she developed brains and understanding of how to please, she got Sir William Hamilton, British Ambassador to the court of Naples, and that great naval hero, Lord Nelson, and held them both until they died.

The proof that all that she knew can be learned is that she herself had to learn most of it.

n

Wants to Know



Romney's world famous portrait of Emma Hamilton, which he called "The Divine Lady." Daughter of a village blacksmith and a cook, servant girl at fifteen, victim of an early marriage to a drunken country squire, who literally kicked her out of his house at the height of her beauty. Later mistress of an equally brutal roué, she became, by her own cleverness, the beloved wife of Lord Hamilton, England's ambassador to Italy, and the most famous woman in Europe's diplomatic circles. Finally she became the great love of Lord Nelson and the inspiration of his glorious career



Every modern wife can learn from Emma Hamilton how to hold a husband. Lord Hamilton's hobby was Etruscan vases. It is highly improbable that Emma cared anything about them herself. But she made a study of them and helped him write a book on the subject. Today Emma would be up on her husband's business and would talk golf intelligently and sympathetically

Let us see first why Emma Hamilton is most valuable to wives, or to girls who will one day become wives.

The beauty who started life as a servant girl, who was Hamilton's mistress for years before she was his wife, who was the mother of Lord Nelson's children though she was never Lady Nelson, may at first glance cause the average wife to withdraw her skirts in horror.

If she does that, she will lose a fund of valuable information for the simple reason that no woman who ever lived held men against such odds and every modern wife must

figure that she holds her husband against odds almost as great.

In any morning paper under the heading "Vital Records" it will amaze you to find that the space occupied by divorce suits filed is almost equal to that of marriage licenses applied for. Women still get their men.

They don't hold them.

The hard-boiled modern answer to that may be, "They don't want to."

That is a mere sophisticated fallacy.

IT MAY be true that they don't want them in the unwholesome and unhappy mess into which they have allowed marriage to degenerate. But the primitive instinct of every wife is to keep her husband, to keep him faithful, happy and successful and to make romance survive the monotony of possession.

Once he has become stodgy, matter of fact, faithless, neglectful, unromantic, nagging or dissolute, she wants to get rid of him.

But it is her fault and her fault alone, in a large majority of cases, if these things happen.

The ordinary argument is that men, like movies, want new faces. That all men lose a sense of romance and come to take their wives as a matter of course and love as a mere habit.

'With Drawings
By RUSSELL PATTERSON



Exactly there comes her tie-up with wives today. For the initial advantage of every wife upon her wedding day is also tremendous.

In America, ninety-five out of a hundred men marry a woman because they want to marry her and for no other reason. They want her, believe her to be the woman superior to all other women so far as their happiness is concerned. They love her.

What more can she ask?

Man, who is by instinct a liberty-loving animal, has bartered his freedom for her continual society and has assumed certain obligations and responsibilities from which most men shrink except under the inspiration of overwhelming emotion. Man, who is by nature polygamous, agrees to live a life monogamy wholly for her sake.

The wife, in the beginning, has an initial advantage with her particular man as tremendous as that which Emma Hamilton or any other enchantress ever had.

Every opportunity to be with him, to study his tastes, to make him happy, to become part of his thoughts and actions, is hers. More-



That is not true, perhaps, to the extent which the lazy, selfish, exacting and stupid wife of today would have us believe.

But it is true in a measure. And the answer is that the wife herself must be the new faces. Must be not one flower only, but a whole garden of flowers.

Once more, as we found in the case of Cleopatra, the golden key to love-happiness, love-success, for a woman is founded upon variety. Only Emma Hamilton reveals to us many new and practical ways of using it.

The ways of this charming woman, if used by wives today, would cut down the number of divorce cases in this country fifty per cent.

IT WAS no trick for the Divine Lady to get men. The Duchess of Argyle, one of the famous Gunning sisters, said of her to Sir William Hamilton, "Take care that she does not leave you and take all Europe for her lover."

Her beauty—and even history written by her enemies, convinces us that she was one of the most beautiful women who ever lived—woke instant response in all men.

Therefore we admit that because of her loveliness her initial advantage was tremendous.

Later, Emma made Lord Nelson, England's greatest naval hero, her devoted slave, by exactly the same method. She interested herself in the welfare of his men and became his inspiration. His heart and soul was in his fleet, his battles and the Glory of England

over, he is himself on her side, her best and most loyal ally. The game is in her hands and she loses it only by her own mistakes.

Thus we come to the difficulties which a wife faces and which appear to have assumed gigantic proportions in the eyes of the modern woman.

What every woman wants to know, sooner or later, is how to make the much-sung honeymoon last until the golden wedding.

Romance, to be loved, to be admired, to be protected, to share joys and sorrows, to have happy companionship, are still deep desires in the heart of every woman. But marriage has become the antonym rather than the synonym of these things.

WHY has woman lost the art of holding man? Why has she lost the art of happy marriages? For no amount of economic readjustment, no amount of intellectual equality or social freedom can ever change the natural fundamental relations of the sexes and marriage is the woman's business and always will be. Its success or failure will depend upon her as it has since Eve.

Why has she lost the combination to wedded bliss?

Almost entirely because of the amazing egotism of woman today, the absurd pretension that because she is a woman she naturally rates romance and fidelity and care and devotion. The ridiculous assumption that because she is a wife she can demand them as her rights.

Yet such women as Emma Hamilton, Cleopatra, and Beatrice D'Este, knew better. With all their natural advantages, they knew that the holding of a man in a romantic state of first love or in a deep and satisfying companionship is as great a feat as conquering new worlds. They took nothing for granted. Nor did they think the battle beneath them.

And it took an Empire and an almost insane ambition to tear Napoleon from the side of his adored wife, Josephine. But the Empress of France, as we shall see later, took the business of being a wife very seriously.

Ninon de l'Enclos, who is reputed to have had a new and adoring lover on her eightieth birthday, once wrote, after she had ended a love affair with the great warrior Condé, "It requires infinitely more genius to make love than to command armies."

If wives will only realize this and stop relying on their divine rights as wives they will be ready for the lesson of the great charmers of history.

The divine right of wives should go the way of the divine right of kings. One must fight to hold power nowadays.

MARRIAGE as an institution has defied time and onslaught of every kind and it will continue to do so. But it has sunk today to the lowest level since the coming of Christianity.

Because of the ridiculous viewpoint which a breath of freedom has given women, marriage can be rescued from its present state of misery, lifted once more from a mere vaudeville joke to its rightful place as the highest of all human relations, only when wives learn from such mistresses of men as Emma Hamilton how to make their husbands happy so that their husbands in return will make them happy.

The woman who has no legal claim upon a man, no security but in his love, works night and day to hold him and to hold that love and often succeeds better in the face of her difficulties than the wife who has all social, legal and religious approval behind her.

The woman who through her legal rights feels that all things are hers without effort, neglects the simplest rules of pleasing and soon finds herself in the uncomfortable position of the man upon whose tombstone was written:

Here lies the body of William Gray.
Who died defending his right of way.
He was right, all right, as he sped along.
Now he's just as dead as though he'd been wrong."

In other words, the first thing for a wife to do is to forget that she has any claims upon the man and set out to hold him merely because he wants to be held, because he can't be happy without her, because he desires to live with her more than anything else on earth.

Let him be the one to remember and rejoice that she is his wife and that a sacred tie binds them.

It was necessary for Emma Hamilton to hold men without any outside support except what she herself created and engineered. Her mud-died reputation, her lack of social position in an age when class distinctions were much more sharply drawn than they are now, her neglected education and early ignorance of the most ordinary manners and customs were all disadvantages.

Could beauty alone make up for these things?

Never. And Emma Hamilton discovered that early.

"Beauty alone could only hold a fool," she said. "Men of culture and learning would demand much, much more. Oh, Sir William, I have tried, indeed, but I will try harder still to deserve your approval as well as Greville's and make myself an accomplished woman."

Accomplished in what?

The art of pleasing, no more, no less. And, oh, but Emma Hamilton learned charm in a hard school. The history of this girl is part of the history of England and it

is too well known, has been the subject of too many splendid biographies and novels, the best and most recent of them being "The Divine Lady" by E. Barrington, to need lengthy re-telling.

EMMA HAMILTON began life as the daughter of a village blacksmith and a cook. At fifteen, she was a servant girl in London. At sixteen, she had found an easier way of earning money. At seventeen, she was the mistress of a hard-riding, hard-drinking, coarse young Englishman called Sir Harry Featherstonehaugh.

The men she met during this period of her life do not seem to have been particularly impressed by her famous beauty. It caught but did not hold them and they loved her easily and left her readily. Her temper finally irritated Sir Harry more than her beauty enflamed him and he quite literally kicked her out.

But under Charles Greville, nephew of Sir William Hamilton and a favorite of London great ladies, she began to learn charm for it was necessary for her to please Greville not only because she loved him but also because she was entirely dependent upon him and he was a cold man and difficult to please.

She held him, precariously, for four years, and began gradu-



Adela Rogers St. Johns, who has studied famous women of history for years, says in this amazing analysis of women:

The game of love is in the woman's hands and she loses by her own mistakes

Most wives issue orders, whine and leave a feeling of resentment. Then the man calls her the "ball and chain"

As a beauty Emma Hamilton lost men. Her beauty gone, she used her brains and won them

Wives who lose their husbands are generally lazy, selfish, exacting and stupid

It's never too late to learn



Sir William Hamilton, England's Ambassador to Italy, married "The Divine Lady" against the wishes of his sovereign and against the traditions of his class. She made him happy and proud of her



Lord Nelson was considered woman-proof. Emma made herself indispensable to him. And he adored her. Dying, he bequeathed her as his legacy to England. "Take care of my guardian angel," he said

ally to subordinate her own wild, headstrong disposition and ways to his desires. But she had not acquired sufficient self-control, and in the end her beauty could not make up to him for her disturbing temperament, her failure to please him in her thoughts, speech and action. Only the great effort she made gave the affair so long a life and that effort was to be rewarded later for it was the beginning of her endeavor to please and to control herself. Too late, however, as far as Greville was concerned, so he devised the subtle experiment of getting rid of her by sending her to Italy as the protégée and potential mistress of his distinguished uncle, Sir William, thereby killing two birds with one stone for he did not wish him to marry again and Emma might prevent that.

But Emma had learned her lesson. This time she determined to win her game against any odds. The odds against her marrying Sir William were probably five thousand to one. We shall see how she did it. It was not Emma's beauty but what she learned to make that beauty represent that gained her ends.

The details of the problems which face a wife and the problems which faced the fair Emma may be different but the basic problem is to hold the man. And let us from now on do away with pretense on that score. Women do want to hold their men. No better illustration of that can be offered than the life of Ninon de l'Enclos, the most brilliant and talented woman of her age, surrounded by everything to make life happy and interesting, who yet was miserable when in one instance her charm failed to hold.

Emma Hamilton met this problem, once she had learned its necessity and set herself to accomplish it, by making the men she loved or depended upon utterly happy. She grew so into their lives, became so intimate and essential a part of their

work and play, that they literally could not live without her.

This, too, was the secret of the greatest of all royal mistresses, Diane de Poitiers, who kept King Henry of France in a love trance for twenty years, a love trance which her contemporaries could explain only by declaring she used black magic. The formula of that black magic, however, is an open book to us today and we shall read much of it later. The key to it was that she knew how to make Henry exquisitely happy.

The greatest enemy of the woman who wishes to hold a man, and especially of a wife, is that her husband may and probably will become bored unless she prevents it.

You may call it by some scientific name or clothe it in a mass of Freudian terms, but boredom it is. Boredom drives men into the arms of other women, drives them to immerse themselves in business, golf, cards, drink, or any of the thousand things that disrupt a home.

This is not because the offense is so strong but because too often the defense is pathetically weak. It is a wife's business to see that her husband isn't bored.

When the new Dauphiness.

Marie Antoinette, asked some courtier what the special function of Madame Du Barry was, he replied, "Madame, to amuse the King."

And how well the little milliner, with her impudence, her wit, her merry laughter, her love of excitement and drama, succeeded in amusing the old roue. Madame Du Barry lost her power over the kingdom of France, as Nell Gwynn lost hers over England, only upon the deaths of the kings they knew so well how to amuse.

The first enemy then, is boredom.

The second is the wife's utterly tactless assumption of authority. Or to bring it down even finer [Continued on page 84]

Emma Hamilton had what today we call a "line". The modern woman can learn it and use it to win the man of her choice—and hold him. The author gives it to you in this brilliant article

Necking! Petting! What Horrid Words!

Of Course ~ Nice Girls Don't Do Such Things

THERE are some things nice girls do and some things nice girls don't do. There's a sharp line between them.

By nice girls I mean the girls with whom I go about in the New York social set and girls like us.

We may live miles apart. Some in the East, some in the West, some in the North, some down in Dixie but society is the same the world over. Pleasure is but one of its facets. Fundamentally it stands for culture and achievement. It demands much of us girls.

It isn't enough to be beautiful and dumb nowadays. We must be attractive. We must be physically fit. We must have a brain and use it. We must be useful as well as ornamental.

It isn't enough to be a pleasure chaser. We must show what we can do on our own merits.

We must be clever, snappy, peppy. A good sport and a good fellow yet we must not transgress the rules of good breeding.

We're live wires, all of us. We have to be or get lost in the shuffle. There's no sit-by-the-fire quality in any of us. We don't wait until life comes to us. We try out life to see which phase of it suits our fancy.

We may wreck a few old foggy ideas. We may turn up our noses at a few moss-grown rules. They're dead anyway. We may shock the prudes but that's good for their systems and we never descend to vulgarities. We do not drink to excess. We do not indulge in petting parties. We do not disregard our parents and our early training.

Each of us knows what we want. We each go after it in our own way. We usually get it. If we don't the fault is not ours.

Certainly we want a husband. All girls expect to marry one eventually just as all boys expect to annex a wife. But getting a husband is not the sole object of our existence. We know we'll get one someday but we're looking for a good one. We don't nab the first man to offer himself unless we happen to want him. We do other things until Mr. Right comes along because pleasure is not

enough as an outlet for our energies. Many of us go into business after our first gay fling. I'm one of the girls who have.

We're out for a good time. We want to get the most out of life but we want to make the most of ourselves.

You have no idea how busy we are. Our activities are many and varied. Versatility is the secret of popularity. Naturally all of us want to be popular.

We play tennis. We play golf. We swim. We ride horseback. We do them well, too, for two reasons. First because we regard our bodies as the temples of our souls and we want to keep them fit. Secondly because we want to share these sports with our men friends.

We drive cars. A few of us have taken up aviation. Grace and Madge, two of my friends, are licensed pilots. They are keen for long distance flights but their parents object through fear for their safety.

Most of us speak several languages. We meet so many foreigners in our social life. They speak our language. Why shouldn't we speak theirs? If we don't know it, we study it.

We read the latest novels. We keep up on current topics. We want to be able to converse intelligently on any subject. One does not know when one's dinner partner will have a hobby about which he talks constantly. It would be too stupid not to know enough on the subject to answer him. If our knowledge is faulty we immediately read up on the subject. We are never caught unprepared a second time.

A man with a hobby appreciates a good listener but he considers a girl with ideas of her own on the subject a pearl without price.

I remember Lillian. She made her debut with me. There was nothing especially fascinating about her, yet at the end of her first season she walked away with the catch of the city. Everyone wondered how she did it. I'll tell you a few words.

John was good-looking, clever and the last of an



*We do many things well because we know
that versatility is the secret of popularity*

ALICE LEE BEADLESTON

Of New York's "400"

Tells You

Through MAY CERF

How Society Girls

Meet the Exacting Problems
of Modern Life



That you may know Miss Beadleston speaks
for the socially elect note her listing in
the directory of the exclusive smart set

New York Social Register 1928

Beadleston M^{rs} Edith
Beadleston M^{rs} Hy Colwell (Alice Lee Beadleston)
Beadleston M^{rs} Alice L. J. [R.Y. '93] 166 E 61
Beadleston M^{rs} Randolph (Florence Harper) Rm. Snc. Cw.
Beal M^{rs} Gerald F. (Dorothy McHugh) J.I.H. '16
Beal M^{rs} S. Blain [R.Y. '16] 1083 Park

old and wealthy family. He was a lovable soul, too. He met many beautiful women but his attitude toward them was polite and indifferent. One evening Lillian sat next to him at dinner. She discovered he had a hobby for studying archeology. The next morning Lillian sent out for all available books on the subject. Now she's Mrs. John —

We dance, many of us as well as professionals. We take dancing lessons. A girl who is a poor dancer finds herself without dancing partners. Even the most polished man of the world becomes rude on the dance floor. He will not dance with any girl who does not dance well. We dance the Charleston and the black bottom and any new gyration even though they shock our elders because of the muscular abandon they entail. Why not? They're fun and certainly good exercise.

We go in for politics. We know the platform of each party. We know the current abuses and the need for reform. We vote conscientiously. No one can influence us because we're using the ballot according to our best judgment.

WE ARE interested in the arts. We go to the opera. We go to concerts. We go to the drama. If we have a talent in any of these we develop it. You see each of us has a definite goal in life. Marriage first, of course, but unless it is the marriage we want we refuse to accept it. In that event we take up a career until the right marriage presents itself. Sometimes we hope to eventually find ourselves with both a happy marriage and a successful career.

Besides there are many different calls on our time and energy. Charity is one of them. Almost at any time we are asked to work in a bazaar or pose as a model in a fashion show or give personal service to a family in distress. We never refuse no matter how crowded the calendar may be.

There are clothes. One must be correctly dressed for dinners, theater parties, balls, the country clubs, the seashore, the mountains. There's the beauty parlor and the daily dozen. There are lessons in one thing or another and for some of us daily work in the business and professional world.

So you see how busy we are. We haven't much time, now, have we, to get into mischief? Nevertheless it's incredible the misbehavior of which we are accused. One would think us a lot of rowdys instead of girls with a social position.

As if there aren't all kinds of girls. Some are one type.

Some are another. Some girls do one thing. Some do another. No two girls act alike. So why class all girls together?

We're not perfect. We do some of the things of which we are accused but they're in the minority. We're normal and we're modern. Ultra modern, I should say. We must be up-to-date to keep pace with the world. We like fun but we do not turn fun into license. There's a golden medium in everything. We find it and keep it.

We belong to a conservative set that does not overstep the bounds of decorum. We're seeking a higher goal than mere fun. We don't intend to damage it. We don't go to extremes in any way. We have too many angles to our activities.

It's the hangers-on who cut capers. They give the rest of us a bad name.

They go to the same cabarets we do. They sit at the next table from us. We dance shoulder to shoulder with them. How is anyone to tell us apart? Only by actions and the cut-up is in the limelight. No one has eyes for the well-behaved girl.

YES, we go to cafés and cabarets. Also to road-houses or any place where there's good music and dancing. The social world no longer confines its amusement to its own realm. It has emerged. It seeks its fun where it finds it.

Even débutantes go to public places. And why not? There are many interesting people who refuse to come into the social world, so we go to theirs. Hence the mistaken idea that all girls are hoydenish and disorderly. [Continued on page 89]

The modern society girl looks upon her body as the temple of her soul. She plays golf and tennis. She swims and rides horseback. She does everything to keep fit.

With Drawings
from Life
By HARVE STEIN

LOVE

By VINA DELMAR

Famous At 23

For Her Novel, BAD GIRL



IF THERE was going to be another fight in the house Sand was going to take a walk. She listened a minute to see if there really was going to be a fight; then she reached for her red hat with the quill, the coat with the monkey fur, grabbed her beaded bag, and rushed out.

Downstairs in the hall Sand fumbled in her bag for her compact, her rouge, her lipstick and eyebrow pencil. The combination switchboard operator, elevator man and errand boy watched her with fascination as she coated her lips thickly with lipstick. The tiny cerise puff hurried again and again over her cheeks. Next her nose was rendered a frightening, shocking white. Lastly, Sand raised her eyebrows and accentuated them with the little cosmetic pencil.

While her eyebrows were raised she thought she might as well lay this bird out!

She turned to her enchanted audience.

"D'ye see something startling?" she asked.

The audience nodded. "Girls is startling, all right," he said. "What do you want to put all that junk on your face for?"

"To make fresh guys ask questions," Sand retorted. And feeling that she had handled that situation neatly, Sand clicked on her very high heels out of the house.

Two doors down there was a full length mirror in a drug store window. Sand paused before it. She turned around to see if her coat was drawn snugly enough across her back. For a moment she lingered before the mirror. Then she noted that the two golden crescents of hair that showed beneath the red hat were not exactly even. A little pulling on one side and the trick was done. Now everything was fine.

A TRUCK driver from his high perch shouted. "Hello, Beauty." "So's your Aunt Tillie," shouted Sand back at him. That would show him that some girls couldn't be talked to on the street with impunity.

A tall wiry man with a straw hat tipped rakishly over his left eye strolled toward her. He smiled, showing a set of very expensive teeth.

"Fresh, these truck drivers," he commented. "Which way are you walking?"

"Quickly," said Sand, "and alone. And I got a brother who's a heavyweight fighter and he's licking the devil out of my stepfather right now and it won't tire him none and he'll be passing this way in two seconds. Good night. I'm pleased to have metcha."

Sand walked on down the street. She was very angry. Men sure were the cat's meow. How did they get that way? Couldn't they tell a decent girl when they saw one? There was her stepfather for instance. Did he appreciate a good, hard

Common and Preferred

The Career of a Girl Who Longed for the Finer Things of Life

Sand was very angry. Men were the cat's meow. How did they get that way? Couldn't they tell a decent girl when they saw one?



working wife? He did not. Sand knew that only too well.

She felt the seam of her stocking working around toward the front. She stooped over and gave it a little pull. It settled back to normal and that was all right. Only some bird standing there thought that she stopped on his account.

He raised his hat politely and stepped deliberately over to her.

"Like to take a little ride?" he asked.

"How can that concern you?" Sand asked.

"Well, I have a car."

"Go use it, brother. I'm a hard hearted Hannah and I just love to break fellows' faces."

"You're pretty tough, ain't you?"

"Those who aren't die young in this neighborhood."

"What's your name?"

"Who cares?"

"I do."

"Go on, Buddy, run along. You're too nice to smear all over the pavement."

SAND smiled at him and walked away. She didn't believe in picking up fellows but when they were half way decent she tried to be half way pleasant. No use being nastier than necessary and this one had at least raised his hat.

Sand kept walking. Soon the familiar scenes and sights were behind her. Eighth Avenue was becoming Central Park West. She knew that later it would take back its maiden name again but she didn't expect to keep walking until it did.

The evening was very pleasant. The stars were beginning to glint silverly through a mauve sky. A thin young moon sailed dreamily above. Ladies and gentlemen stepped briskly from the apartment houses. Well dressed, contented looking people. They amused Sand. One lady in an evening wrap flung a petulant voice at her escort. "Oh, just let's do something different for one night instead of seeing a show."

Sand giggled a little at that. She had no idea why she was so amused.

The blocks fell behind Sand. She was getting close to Ninety-sixth Street now. Well, maybe she'd walk to Seventy-second. No use in going back to the house just yet.

She felt isolated here. There was little ogling with which to cope. Most of the men who passed her had ladies with them. The others hurried about their business. In passing they gave Sand the most perfunctory of glances. She was not exactly pleased. Did it mean that she was not pretty to these downtowners? Or were they just naturally unsociable?

One chap asked her if it wasn't a beautiful evening and after squelching him with the observation that any evening was a beautiful evening to bust a fresh guy's jaw Sand's

faith in her beauty was restored. Life was interesting again.

She went on her way rejoicing and presently she crossed the street and entered the Park. Her feet hurt, so she picked out a nice smooth bench and settled herself. She looked disgustedly at her shoes. Nice shoes but the heels were too high for such a long walk. Still, what else could she have worn with a red hat but those shoes with the red heels? Besides the bows that bubbled so attractively on her insteps were too pretty to keep in a closet on a lovely night like this.

SAND looked up with a sudden suspicious glance. She was no longer the lone occupant of the bench. There was a man beside her. A different sort of man. A man with quizzical gray eyes and a slightly superior smile. Something different about his clothes too.

Sand wasn't the kind to be chased away from anywhere, especially when her feet hurt. She sat quietly looking between the trees at the passersby.

The man lighted a cigarette. He did not speak to her. Sand eyed him speculatively. He didn't look as though he might be a mute still you could never tell. He was certainly good looking. Sand dropped her beaded bag. The stranger retrieved it for her.

"Thanks," said Sand.

"And now since the beaded bag is a mutual friend of yours and mine, I presume we can go on from here?" said the stranger.

"Huh?" said Sand.

"Never say huh," he admonished. "It's rude and stupid and I've heard that in time it spoils the shape of one's mouth. What is your name?"

"Sand Thompson."

"Sand?"

"Oh, Sandalwood."

"Highly diverting notion that. From whence did it come?"

"It's the name of the horse that came in a hundred to one the day before I was born," Sand gave the information with the bored air of one who has repeated the same words numerous times. "Everybody calls me Sand."

"I shall call you Sandalwood."

"What's your name?"

"I'm Shanley Creighton."

"Oh, are you? No kidding. I thought you were going to say you were the Pope when you started out."

He moved closer to her and looked earnestly into her face. "Jesting aside, my dear, haven't you ever heard that name before?" His tone urged her to consider before replying.

Sand obligingly wrinkled her brows in a manner which denoted deep thought. At length she was forced to shake her head.

The man laughed. "Heavens, such fame," he said.

"Are you supposed to be famous?" Sand asked.

"I wrote 'Orange Blossoms,'" he replied.

"I haven't heard it," said Sand. "My stepfather hasn't brought home any new records since the week he married me."

"But, dear child, it isn't a song. It's—." He hesitated and studied her closely. "Are you having me on? If so it's a welcome change from the technique of the American ladies I've met."

"Oh, you're not an American? I thought you had an accent but I wasn't sure."

"You have the accent," he said.

"How d'ye get that way?"

"Don't you know that your English is impure, corrupted by many contributing languages and dialects?"

"Say, I guess I went to school," Sand moved away from him and he continued to stare at her curiously.

"Will you take a little walk with me?" he asked.

"You know I don't usually pick up men."

He merely smiled at her and rose from the bench.

They walked toward Broadway. At crossings he offered a helping hand. Sand found this a very pleasant habit. Usually fellows pulled and yanked at you, or else walked ahead asking you if you had lead in your knees.

Her escort brought her to a halt in front of a tiny, smart shop where greeting cards added a gay frivolous touch to a window crowded with books.

"Behold," he said.



Sand had worked relentlessly for two years to she loved that she wasn't common anymore. lifted her eyes. The man wasn't her Shanley.



prove if she should ever meet again the man
Now she was in his house, facing him. She
He was a very much nicer some one else

Sand beheld. In the center of the window stood a volume in a gold and white jacket. The other books were merely ladies in waiting. They found steps, paths and arrows, all busily calling attention to the fact that the proprietor of that shop actually had 'Orange Blossoms' by Shanley Creighton.

"Gee," said Sand, "you write books, huh?"

He nodded.

A little imp danced in each of Sand's gray eyes. She looked up at him and laughed. "Gee, it must be awful to have to trot a girl to a book shop everytime you want to impress her."

"Most people nowadays are familiar with my name and my books," he said stiffly. "It just happens that the one American girl I've considered worth impressing hasn't taken a deep interest in modern literature."

"It seems to me that's a blow below the belt," said Sand. "I suppose you're one of these fellows who never had nothing to do till you left college at the tender age of twenty-two or three. I guess you think everybody's a dumb bell who don't know Shakespeare by heart. I got a brother who's been working since he's thirteen. I was in a factory when I was fifteen. I'm in an office now but I got no time for modern literature. There's work to be done!"

"A nice speech but a little loud considering that we're on Broadway at nine o'clock in the evening. You're a blonde and I'm a gentleman so it's a case of click at first sight if you learn to keep your voice down."

"I like to be taken as I am."

"Well, darling, you won't be."

Sand wondered why the devil she didn't lay this bozo low and go on her way. Was it because he was so good looking? Or was it because he knew things she didn't know? Things that it would be pleasant to know. Perhaps her voice was too loud. Nobody had ever told her that before. Now she would watch that voice of hers carefully. The people who were her friends wouldn't appreciate a quiet voice but inside of her she would feel all warm and comfortable.

They walked on together. A shop with cheap hats in its window drew Sand's attention. Her steps grew slower, hesitated.

"Come. Never look at cheap things," said Shanley.

"Why not?"

"Get your eyes accustomed to beauty if you must look at clothes. See the lines of that opera cloak in the [Continued on page 120]

"ANY Youth Will Get That Way If You

Can You

By LLOYD



"You say such AW-fully sweet THINGS, Speedy, but I never beLIEVE them because I just bet you say them to EV'ry girl you meet"

KITTY was sitting out a dance with Ransom Towner at Fifi Glending's coming out party. She hadn't wanted to sit out with Ransom but he was insistent and had led her to one of those oases miraculously created by florists for such occasions with the help of potted palms and other exotic vegetation.

"WELL?" said Kitty, interrogatively, settling herself in a corner of the deep lounge and lighting a cigarette.

"Oh, Kitty!" murmured Ransom, taking her hand and sitting close beside her. "You're so adorable! I..."

"MUST we go all over THAT again, my dear?" said Kitty, coolly withdrawing her hand. "You KNOW I simply LOATHE petting, Ransom, and I HONestly wish you'd be yourSELF. REALLY, my dear, you SLAY me; you're so deFUNCT, sort of! I mean you're YEARS BEHIND with that sentimental tripe. I've told you HEAPS of times I'm awfully FOND of you and all but I can't BEAR you when you go SOFT on me, you fat TIRE!"

"KITTY, are you—are you in love with anybody?" asked Ransom, tremulously.

"HEAVens! What a perfectly riDIC IDEA, Ransom! Of COURSE not, my dear! Just because I won't let you NECK ME DO YOU s'pose I'm enamoured of somebody ELSE? I simply don't NECK, my dear, because I mean NECKing is a RELic of BARbarism or something and it simply isn't DONE at this point!"

"Well," pursued Ransom, stubbornly, "everybody's been saying you were engaged to Speedy Ives. Are you, Kitty?"

"OF COURSE not, silly! GOSH, I've never heard of ANYthing so POSitively perVERTed, my dear! I think SPEEDy's a perfect LAMB, but he's TERRibly intrigued with a girl in NEW YORK and he simply SLAYS me because I mean all he ever wants to see ME for is to get my ADVICE on how to WOO her. Can you BEAR it, my dear?"

"Oh!" said Ransom, profoundly relieved.

"Now THAT'S all settled, how about being a DARling and getting me some punch, Ransom? I'll wait right HERE until you come back."

AFTER Ransom had departed on his errand, Kitty decided she ought to fix her hair but she met Speedy Ives on her way to the dressing room.

"I've been hunting you everywhere, Kitty," said Speedy. "I want to talk to you a sec. Do you mind?"

"I'd ADORE it, Speedy," gushed Kitty. "Only I'm simply FURious with you! You haven't danced with me ONCE all evening. Are you trying to be strong and inDIF'rent?"

Speedy took her hand and led her back to the lounge. "I could never be indifferent to you, Kitty," he said, as they seated themselves. He pressed her hand and thrilled pleasantly as the pressure was returned.

"You say such AWfully sweet THINGS, Speedy, but the trouble is I never know whether to beLIEVE them because I just bet you say them to EV'ry girl you meet."

"Kitty, you know I adore you! You're wonderful. You're the loveliest girl I've ever known—I—"

"What about your heavy crush in New York, Speedy?" challenged Kitty, accusingly. "I think you're a terrible flirt."

"GOSH, Speedy, you mustn't. No! I'm sorry but you know exactly how I FEEL about PETting Speedy! Be GOOD, will you? LISTen, Speedy! You MUSTn't! No. Kissing spoils FRIENDship and I'm TERRibly fond of you and I wouldn't want ANYthing to— STOP! Oh, PLEASE! You're so ROUGH, Speedy! You're mussing my HAIR! OH, LISTen, you MUSTN't Speedy darling! PLEASE! But, DARling, somebody might see us! Do you REALLY love me? But I thought—Oh-o-o, Speedy!"

"My dear," confided Kitty to Betty Ames in the dressing room later, "I'm all of a TWIT! I mean I've been FRANTically dodging Ransom TOWNER all night because he's in an AM'rous MOOD."

my dear, having partaken HEAVily of the whoopEE and being practically PLUSHED to the SCUPpers at this point, no less! REALLY, he's simply obNOXious when he's TIGHT, my dear, and the FUNny part of it is that he's the most inoCCuous soul in the WORLD when he's SOber, my dear! But I mean he's been purSUing me reLENTlessly all EVening and trying VioLEntly to NECK me and everything. Can you BEAR it, my dear? I mean I think there's NOTHING so FOUL as being made LOVE to by somebody who's TIGHT because I mean it's all so SORDid, sort of; it just de-STROYS all the



Sketches by
ROBERT ORR

"In a rash MOMent I let Speedy INveigle me into sitting out with him and b'lieve me, that youth is a FAST worker"

Encourage Him My DEAR," Says KITTY

BEAR It?

MAYER

ROMance and everything. Do you know what I mean?"

"Why, my dear, Ransom was perfectly all right when he danced with me last," said Betty. "I tell you who's positively swizzled, though. Speedy Ives, my dear! Can you bear it?"

"You positively AMAZE me, my dear!" gasped Kitty. "I've NEVER seen Speedy tight in my life! Are you SURE?"

"I should say I AM! Gosh, talk about Ransom getting am'rous, my dear! In a rash moment I let Speedy inveigle me into sitting out with him and, b'lieve me, that youth is a fast worker, my dear! I mean he must have been tight the things he said and did or rather tried to do!"

"GOSH, my dear, I can't underSTAND it at ALL!" fluted Kitty, incredulously. "I mean I know SPEEDY AWfully WELL and I'm PERFECTLY SURE he'd NEVER try to get away with anything with a girl unless she invited it, sort of,

because I mean he's NEVER gotten fresh with ME and I know him as well as ANYbody, my dear—I mean I ACTually DO! Of course ANY youth will get that way if you enCOURAGE him, my dear, but I know you're the LAST person in the WORLD to make yourself CHEAP, my dear, even with anybody as inTRiguing as SPEEDY, which is why I'm comPLETELY BAFfled about his trying to get aWAY with anything with YOU. He's the TYPE that never TRIES unless he's practically CERTAIN he CAN."

"What are you trying to prove at this point?" replied Betty ominously.

"Not a darned THING, my dear! Have you got a guilty CONscience or something?" said Kitty, sweetly and vanished.

Meanwhile, Ransom Towner had been wandering around vaguely



"That's the whole REASON I simply NEVER trust MEN"

balancing a glass of punch in one hand and asking people if they'd seen Kitty. He couldn't understand why she hadn't waited for him.

"Ransom!" Her voice at last! He turned, brightening.

"I've been looking for you EV'rywhere!" purled Kitty.

"BUT you left. You weren't there when I came back with the punch," stammered Ransom.

"I didn't BUDGE for HOURS, my dear. Then I couldn't underSTAND what kept you so LONG so, Finally, I began FRANTically SEARCHing for you, my dear. I thought you'd deserted me for the PUNCH or something. Thanks AWfully."

"I didn't think I was gone so long, Kitty," said Ransom when they had returned to the lounge in the cosy corner once more.

"Well, maybe it WASn't so terribly long, Ransom, but it seemed perfect ages to me, my dear. I simply couldn't BEAR it another MINute, so I had to go SEARCHing frantically for you. Isn't that a SHAMEless admission?"

"GOSH, Kitty, you're wonderful!" said Ransom.

"I'm not at ALL, Ransom, but it's awfully sweet of you to SAY so. You say the LOVELiest THINGS to me only I never know whether to b'lieve you because I bet you say them to EV'ry girl you MEET. I mean that's the whole REASON I simply NEVER trust MEN, Ransom. They're too FICKle and they're not sinCERE. F'r instance, Speedy Ives, he's s'posed to be madly inFATuated with an awfully sweet girl in NEW YORK and practically enGAGED to her and all, and yet somebody saw him in a cosy corner necking Betty AMES right here toNIGHT. Can you BEAR it?"

"Gosh!" said Ransom, horrified.

"ISN'T it disGUSTing, my dear? Of course I think Betty DOES make herself awfully sort of CHEAP with men and all, and I think she kind of enCOURages them to get FRESH with her but just the SAME I think Speedy ought to be aSHAMED OF himself acting like that when he's s'posed to be crazy about this girl in New YORK and I mean that's just the WHOLE reason I don't think you can EVER trust MEN because they're just NATural philANDerers."

"Well, some of 'em are, Kitty," admitted Ransom solemnly.

"But there are lots of men who just have an ideal girl."

"Gosh! It must be simply marvelous to have a man think about you like that, Ransom," sighed Kitty. "I'd aDORE to be some man's iDEAL!"

"Well, you're mine, Kitty!" mumbled Ransom.

"AM I?" asked Kitty wistfully. Oh, Ransom, you're just saying that to be nice. I don't b'lieve I'm your ideal at ALL, my dear, but it's AWfully sweet of you to SAY so!"



A Story
of Society

In the South Seas

By NELL MARTIN
and
DON BLANDINO

The Girl Who

With Drawings
from Life
By LESLIE L. BENSON

THE sing of tires doing fifty on a moonlit ribbony road, a recklessly turned wheel, a gasp and a shriek from a girl's throat. A wreck! Worse, a wreck on the wrong road!

On Tantalus Road where Cassia Holden shouldn't have been.

At the Nuana Country Club a party was in progress. The cream of Honolulu society, forty or more of the night-blooming frivolous of the Island City who had come from Dora Wainbridge's curry dinner.

"Gorgeous party, isn't it?" Claire Lunberg, called Clair de Lune, smiled to Grace Cameron.

"Gorgeous party and a gorgeous night," Grace nodded. "But volcano weather, my dear."

"Volcano weather?" said Claire. "Due for an eruption, you mean? Why, Mr. Wainbridge said he had just come back from Hilo and the volcano was dead as a door nail."

"I was speaking socially not geologically," Grace smiled.

"What do you mean?"

Grace leaned down. "Agnes Belcher," she whispered.

"Oh," Claire looked over at Agnes Belcher across the room. Unmistakably Agnes was angry.

Well if Agnes, being married to Randy, will try to punish him by riding over here with Tod Killigrew, surely she could expect Randy to do something husbandly in retaliation."

"But darn it, Cassia shouldn't have ridden with Randy," Grace groaned. "I didn't dream she would or I'd have brought her with us. It wasn't until we got here that Agnes said she was in Randy's car but I wish they'd come."

"Don't worry so, Grace," said Claire. "It isn't as if Cassia has committed a crime by riding over here with Randy Belcher. After all, Randy is Agnes's husband, and Agnes is a Lee herself. Yes? Well, doesn't that make Randy a Lee? Well, Cassia is engaged to a Lee, so doesn't that make Randy her cousin?"

"Oh, all that is true. And even if it weren't, Cassia is not committing a crime riding over with a married man. But you know the Lees were none too pleasant about their



Cassia's eyes of hate saw a Lee. Her feminine glance showed her a handsome man wanting to be friends

Was Cast Out

*When the Darling of Flapper's Acre
Got in Bad with the Night-
Blooming Frivolous, She Learned
What It Meant to Fight*

Dallas Lee looked with the eyes of love and saw not the lurid figure Cassia had been painted, but a gallant girl victimized by his family

darling Buol falling for Cassia for they wanted him to marry Juno Beal, with her money. Nothing would please them more than to have Buol's engagement broken."

"Heavens, Grace, Cassia doesn't have to take the veil just because Buol is out of town looking after a plantation, does she? What a prospect for her, if she marries him and he spends much time back country."

"Claire, darling," said Grace, "if you girls were Island girls, things like this wouldn't matter. But you and Cassia are from the outside. You live in Flapper's Acre and you are not allowed the privileges of the local belles."

Claire grinned but she knew that Grace, speaking from the entrenchment of twelve years of married life on the Island, was right. She knew that the little settlement of cottages huddled down on the beach at Waikiki, housing the hordes of teachers, newspaper girls, stenographers, sales ladies, all lured to the Islands by the wide-spread fairy tales of romance to be found there, was hated and feared by the women of Honolulu. She knew, too, that the reason these girls were immediately included in the social life of the Island, when they arrived, was a matter of self defense on the part of the local damsels.

A maid touched Grace's arm.

"Mr. Cameron would like you to come out on the lanai," she said.

Grace grasped Claire's wrist. "I tell you, I'm psychic," she hissed.

"What is it, Kemper?" she demanded. "What's happened to Cassia?"

"How did you know?" Kemper showed his amazement.

"How could I help knowing something? Agnes Belcher has been in there putting a kahuna on her ever since she arrived."

Kemper had to smile but he was grave again at once.

"It's a smash. Randy must have wrecked the car. Some one phoned and Cassia asked them to——"

"Where is Cassia?"

"Stayed."

"She would, the poor little fool. Where are they?"

Kemper shook his head. "That's it," he said. "On Tantalus Road."

"Tantalus Road!" Grace groaned. "Lover's Lane on a Mountain! Oh, damn Randy Belcher!"

"I fancy Agnes will attend to that," said Kemper. "I've got to tell her, I'm afraid. Randy is hurt."

"Is that all you know about women, Kemper? It isn't Randy, it's Cassia she will damn. We've got to get to Cassia

just Kemper. You beat it out here wiki-wiki when you've told her the bad news and I'll get our car."

The instant Kemper was back, Grace slid in the gears and they were off. Claire pulled her cape about her and shivered a little.

"Mum for Cassia," she said. "And she's such a good, gay little kid."

"And quite square," Grace nodded. "And Buol Lee is not half good enough for her but it Agnes makes a mess over the the Lees will be tickled to death. The Lees have run this Island so long they think they're supreme. If Agnes starts a real rumpus, it will be thumbs down for Cassia."

"Tantalus Road," cried Claire. "Not even the right direction for the Club. What on earth—"

GRACE swung her wheel expertly and threaded the sinuous curves of the mountain road. Then suddenly in the glare of the lights a pathetic little figure stood with a broken match-like bit of fence for a background. Grace Cameron slammed on her brakes and stopped.

"You poor, plucky little idiot," she cried. "Cassia! Where is Randy?"

"Under the car," whimpered Cassia. "He isn't making any noise. I couldn't lift him out." Her face was colorless and there was a patch of red on her arm.

"You hurt?" Grace demanded.

"No, I rolled out when we turned over."

"Listen," Grace interrupted. "No time to talk. Agnes is right behind us. You can bet she will rage. Randy will be the prodigal son and you'll be—never mind, kid, keep a stiff upper lip and don't believe anything they tell you about yourself."

"I begged him not to drive up here," said Cassia. "He was crooked, you know, and pulled me into his car. I didn't want to ride with him but everyone else seemed to have gone—"

"It wasn't your fault, of course, but it will be, now," said Grace.

At that instant other brakes screamed to a stop, and Agnes came running, screaming, "Randy! Randy! Is he dead?"

"No, he isn't dead. He's coming to. He's all right." It was Kemper's voice from over the edge of the overturned car.

"I suppose we should be glad of that anyway," said Grace.

Kemper came into the circle of light, supporting a staggering Randy. There was blood on Randy's face and his shirt front but sobered by the accident he was quiet and shame faced. Agnes threw herself upon him.

"Randy darling," she screamed. "How did this happen?"

Randy quailed. He, a Lee by sufferance, charged of Agnes his wife, was in danger of losing his standing with the family. And Cassia Holden was just a girl from Flapper's Acre!

"I don't know," he said weakly. "I wasn't driving—"

Grace Cameron could scarcely believe her ears but Agnes Belcher could believe hers easily.

"Why, what a lie," cried Cassia. But Agnes turned on her.

"You!" Agnes shrieked. "I knew Randy would never have come to Tantalus! I knew you were to blame. You brought a married man—"

"Oh, Agnes!" Grace Cameron actually laughed.

"Randy in the role of young husband lured to lonely spot by adventuress is a little too much!"

"She shouldn't have been in that car at all," said Agnes with an air of delivering sentence.

"I notice you rode with Tod Killigrew," Grace accused.

"That was perfectly innocent," said Agnes.

"Oh, Agnes," Grace laughed. "You're talking to a woman!"

"Well, I didn't come to Tantalus Road," said Agnes. "I went where I was supposed to go. If I were lucky enough to be engaged to a Lee, I'd be very careful how I took a married man out on a mountain road the minute my fiancé was out of town. Honolulu has been generous to Flapper's Acre too long. I'll see that it knows the truth about this. Buol will be amazed."

Agnes was enjoying the role of wronged wife. That was plain.

"It's no use, Cassia dear," said Grace turning away. "You're convicted on three counts. You're an outsider, you have red hair and you have laid possessive hands on one of the money-blood royal—and she led Cassia toward their car.

"I'll see that she isn't received in a Lee house," Agnes screamed after them. "Let alone marrying a Lee."

"Oh lord, the growth of family trees in the tropics," Grace sighed. She put Cassia in the front seat and went around to climb into the driver's place, while Claire and Kemper got in back. There seemed nothing to be said just then.

After a while Cassia asked, "Where are we going?"

"Thought we'd go to my house," Grace replied. "How do you feel?"

"Oh, I'm all right. I wasn't even scratched. Why don't we go on to the Club? I haven't done anything to run and hide from. Randy Belcher was lying. You know I wasn't driving that car."

"Game youngster," said Grace.

But Cassia Holden was to learn, quickly and cruelly, that Honolulu, lovely, generous, hospitable Honolulu which she loved and which had extended open arms to her, first as a newcomer and then as the betrothed of one of its own sons, could be brutal, bitterly and coldly brutal. But just now, she was unafraid.

Cassia's chin was up when they entered the Country Club and she did not mind the whisper that went the rounds of the bystanders. Cassia Holden had been caught out with Randy Belcher by Agnes, his wife. That was meat for the gossip. And it thrived.

Before the evening was over several things hit home rather bluntly. Alicia Trent, who had been [Continued on page 123]

**"I haven't
done any-
thing to run
away from,"
Cassia said
and she laid
Buol's ring in
his hand**





All the girls who belonged to that little settlement on the beach at Waikiki—teachers, stenographers, newspaper girls, lured to Hawaii by tales of romance—were hated by the Island society women. But Cassia Holden was convicted on three counts. She was an outsider. She was beautiful and red-haired. And she had captured one of the money-blood royal, a Lee, as a fiancé

AFTERMATH

ON A train traveling west a few weeks ago the editor of *SMART SET* and this hired hand were discussing the strange matrimonial alliances that have been cradled in the hectic canyons of Broadway.

The enticing glamour of so-called beauties of the stage has always been to me of the strangest of the metropolitan phenomena. Now there have been some really brilliant chorus girls. I used to work for Ziegfeld and I know.

But the brilliant ones do not remain in the chorus long. They go up in their profession and quite a number have had their names etched in lights against the Broadway night.

Candor compels the observation, however, that the great majority deserve the appellation "beautiful but dumb." Yet the circle of lights seems to blind so many hard-headed men to their imperfections that "to join a chorus and grab a millionnaire" is a part of the Broadway credo.

We all know of one illustrious chorus girl who has three millionaires' scalps dangling, well wherever a chorus girl keeps her millionaire scalps.

I TOLD the editor of one marriage which involved a friend of mine. He said, "Why don't you write a piece about that for *SMART SET*?" And so here it is.

This friend came from an excellent family in a Kentucky town across the river from Cincinnati. He won many student honors at college and developed into one of those clean cut young men so often a whiz in the business world. He didn't smoke nor drink and so far as I know had no interests outside of his rather prosaic business of manufacturing laundry machines.

From time to time I heard of him and he was always climbing. He finally built a factory in a town near New York. His leisure was spent in addressing manufacturing organizations on scientific methods. He had become a success.

Consequently it was a slight surprise to see him one night in a rather frantic night club with a colored paper cap stuck rather foolishly on his head and beating the table with a wooden clapper. He was adding to the accolade that had just been accorded one of those Venuslike ladies who appeared clad in "a smile and a head."

At the entrance were panels of her pictures in seminude attire and about Broadway they whispered that her wriggly midnight dance for the bald-headed old rams of the ringside



He peers deeply into the heart of things. That's why he has the largest following of any man writing today

was pretty "hot" to say the least.

My friend seemed a little nettled to see me when I went over to his table. He did not ask me to sit down and after returning to my table I saw that the dancing lady, now fully clothed, had joined him. Broadway breeds a tolerance and I mentally classed the incident as one of those "nights out" the most astute business men seem to think they need.

Then in one of the weeklies catering to salacious gossip I read about a month later a brief paragraph that coupled a nameless business man with this undraped beauty of the cabaret. The description fitted my friend. Several times I thought of throwing caution to the winds and warning him of the danger to his career but did not.

That he would ever marry her never entered my mind. But that is exactly what he did in one of those midnight romps to Greenwich that always reach the first pages in thick headlines.

It was just two years later that he gave her a substantial sum and she divorced him in Reno. He is still rich but he gracefully resigned as head of his concern—a gesture which was, of course, welcomed.

I have talked to him twice since his divorce and in all my experience I never met an unhappier man. The explanation can be left to psychoanalysts, yet he is convinced that he still loves her and always will.

"It was after the glamour of our honeymoon wore off," he said, "that I became conscious of an increasing distaste to appear with my wife in public. It seemed that every eye turned toward her in a semiknowing and suggestive way. I felt sorry for her but I was also ashamed when I thought of all those glances implied."

I AM convinced that she was a loyal and faithful wife in every way, but despite the fact that I sat at ringside tables and applauded her during our courtship I could not rise above my revulsion. There were times when people gazed at her in public when I wanted to strike her and run away. Then when we were alone I would be overcome with remorse.

"The climax came at a party one evening. We arrived late. A servant piloted me to the bedroom of my host to leave my hat and coat. There was a hyena half circle of men in the room gazing and chuckling at the picture of a seminude lady over my host's bed. The picture was that of my wife. That night we separated but I still love her."

The Spectre that Haunted a Romance of Broadway

By **O. O. MCINTYRE**

At Last—A Magazine for The Girl of Today

*Her
Charm*

*Her
Fads*

*Her
Career*

IT WAS a wise man who recently said, "Every age has its day of youth. This age is the Age of Youth." He is right. And thinking has come to make a thing so. Think beauty and be beautiful. Think health and be healthful. Think youth and be youthful.

Yet, recognizing the dominance of youthful spirit, the supremacy of youthful thought and action, how strange that youth has had no voice, no magazine to cater to its needs and its problems, as well as to its entertainment.

For the last year, the Editors of SMART SET, conscious of this lack, have been developing a magazine that would be of actual service to The Girl of Today. So with this issue SMART SET presents several new departments. These departments will cover each month, in a manner as chatty and unusual as its stories and articles, all that has to do with the charm and beauty, with the fads and fashions, with the careers and with the problems of The Girl of Today.

The editors commend your attention to the following twelve pages as an indication of what you may expect in future issues of your favorite magazine.

W. C. L.

*Her
Beauty*

*Her
Fashions*

*Her
Problems*



This Article Will Help
Every Girl to Learn

The Secret of Good Make-Up

IT'S better to be ugly but natural than to be ugly because of too much make-up. That is something that most women of America have yet to learn. That is, so to speak, the a b c of beauty culture. There is much beyond that, however. The final lesson, the most important one, is the appreciation of the fact that the art of make-up lies in its subtlety, in its simulation of the natural. Between the first lesson and the last lesson there is a long way to go, a very difficult way for those who believe that beauty is a matter of drug counter purchases.

Nobody is more in need of a complete revolution in beauty sense than the American girl. There is nothing so obvious in the world as the make-up of your compatriots. Your girls do not need to carry American passports or American flags to show their nationality. Lipstick, powder, rouge and nails, in colors that must have been created in the nightmare of a scene painter, give them away. I see your girls in the restaurants of Paris, in the theaters, in the Bois, and I could weep with distress at what I see. The Lord has been so good to them in giving them beautiful, slim bodies, piquant features, charm, brains, smartness and what do they do with all of them? They spoil everything by going to work before their mirrors with a trowel and paint brush, slapping and smearing on pounds of make-up in careless rou-

tine until all natural beauty is obliterated and nobody but a person with the patience of an archeologist whose job is to dig in ruins can tell what beauty is hidden beneath.

Ganna Walska, wife of Harold McCormick, is no amateur at beauty. She knows what she is talking about. She has been on the stage for many years and, offstage and on, her beauty has been the byword of European capitals. Today she is running a theater on the Champs Elysée in Paris and to help support the theater she has a little shop on the Rue de la Paix where she

sells make-up. All of the fashionable world of Paris as well as of England and America go there to learn the art of make-up from Ganna Walska who uses it in a way that brings a thrill of delight to every man that looks at her and a pang of envy to every woman. You know the make-up is there but you do not know what magic has put it on. Ganna Walska says it isn't magic, it is common sense and an eye and a thought to individuality and individual needs.

She says that the secret of make-up is to look natural. That means one thing for me, another thing for somebody else. Smart Frenchwomen know that. Smart Americans, alas, do not. They seem to be obsessed by a terrible fear that if they do not look made-up in exactly the way that every one of their Ameri-



The secret of make-up is to look natural. That means one thing for me, another thing for somebody else. Smart Frenchwomen know that. Smart Americans, alas, do not. They seem to be obsessed by a terrible fear that if they do not look like every one else they are not properly dressed

Every girl should have two kinds of make-up. Daytime make-up and evening make-up. The evening make-up is stronger because electric lights kill all natural colors. Often a woman with an excellent skin and no make-up is outshone by a woman with a poor skin and good evening make-up

An Authorized Interview By ROSE FELD With

GANNA WALSKA

World Famous Beauty



Not content with being a reigning beauty and the wife of a millionaire, Ganna Walska aspires to fame in opera, manages a Paris theater and owns and operates a smart shop of individuality

can sisters is made up, they are not properly dressed. Most of your girls would as soon dream of appearing on the street or in a dining room without a pair of artificial lips as they would without a frock. Lips. They can be so lovely and expressive when let alone but what American girl will let them alone? In a little tube she carries what is more important to her than the rosary is to a nun; she has the means to paint ugly little cupid bows that are duplicated on millions of foolish little faces. I am not an extremist on the subject of lipstick. Some girls naturally do not have good color in their lips. They need a little color to enhance their beauty but in the name of all that is beautiful, let the color have some relationship to nature, let the line have the individuality of the owner's lips. Help nature, don't destroy it.

The same thing is true of eyebrows. I haven't seen a natural American eyebrow for years. Every eyebrow is covered by a curved line of ugly, dirty grease paint which for some strange and wholly incomprehensible reason the American girl thinks beautiful and fascinating. It's neither. Neither is it an eyebrow. It's a common little smudge about as rare and charming as a five and ten cent store piece of pottery.

About powders your girls know nothing. In Paris, where the world's best make-up is made, manufacturers make a brand of powder that no French woman will buy. It's greasy powder. The manufacturers call it American powder for it's that which your American women insist upon having. They think that

because it's greasy, it will stick. It doesn't. It gets more greasy when it mixes with the natural oils of the skin and it comes off all the time.

I will say this for the American girl. She observes no union hours in working on her face. Her powder puff and rouge compact are in evidence every hour of the day. It doesn't matter where she is or what she is doing. Nations may rock and kings may topple off thrones but make-up goes on forever, plagues of rouge, layers of powder, dabs of lipstick, smears of eyebrow pencil. What's the result? Millions of little girls turned into stupid little replicas of a moron's cheap idea of beauty.

You don't stop at faces. America has the best manicurists in the world and the worst looking finger nails. It's the same trouble all over again. You won't give nature a chance. Your girls have their nails filed into fantastic shapes, long and pointed, and then they

lacquer them blood red and shiny to a terrifying degree. Why? I can't understand it. You are supposed to be the cleanest nation in the world; you insist upon your daily bath, your private bathroom. That is fine, excellent! But why go to all that trouble of making yourself clean when you are going to spoil all the cleanliness by messing it up with horribly, sticky, dirty paints and pastes.

I think your beauty shops are mostly to blame for the things that American girls do to themselves. No country in the world has as many beauty shops. Every little town, no matter how small, supports several but they never turn out beauty. Never. They turn out horrible [Continued on page 106]

Make-up should begin at night when a girl goes to bed. She should use a good cleansing cream to rid the skin of all the dirt that has accumulated during the day. She should never go to bed with any powder, rouge, lipstick or pencil on her face. When the dust has all come off, she should apply a little cream which may stay on all night to keep the skin soft

When you are finished with your make-up, you should look like a beautiful woman whom God has favored with his gifts. Too much paint, too much rouge, too much lipstick, too much powder, too much pencil won't do it. You simply paint a mask on your face and if you are a bad painter—and most women are—the mask is hideous

Fads and Fashions

What the Smart Girl Will Wear This Fall
As Shown in the New York Shops

By GEORGIA MASON

THE real style problem of the smart young American woman is to know what to buy and how to buy it.

For the American girl is an individualist. She has little patience with arbitrary fashions. She is not ruled by the style vagaries of so-called authorities or the pronouncements of expensive modistes.

The American girl dresses to suit her own personality. But while she dreams of buying her clothes on Fifth Avenue, New York, she actually shops on Main Street, Hometown.

SMART SET wants to bring to these girls each month the newest and finest originalities displayed by the best New York shops. The same manufacturers who supply the large department stores of New York supply hundreds of shops in other cities. The discriminating shopper, given the right style knowledge, can get New York modes in her own city.

This department plans in no way to invade the field of the women's pattern magazines. It will be a guide to intelligent shopping. It will be a department of style information.

The days when "a new dress to wear" was

sufficient for chic are as departed as the hitching post. The ensemble now rules. The smart young thing must be correct from hat to hand-bag. There must be nothing wrong with the picture.

SMART SET will show what is right each month, from the newest costume jewelry to the latest shoes. Its ambition is that this department will aid every girl to dress smartly on a moderate expenditure.

Nothing is individually more important to a girl's wardrobe than the right winter coat. This garment will always out-cost every other thing you have and it must be worn day after day and date after date. So the girl who studies smart dressing will shop more carefully for coats than gowns.

Let me caution you, then, against buying your fall and winter coats too soon. Owing to the "peacock silhouette" being retained for many evening gowns throughout the fall and winter, the short coat, reaching just below the hip line, as well as the cape, will still be good. It is impossible to look graceful in a long wrap covering the uneven hem line, which makes me believe that short coats of



Chokers are best for slender throats and crystals are best for chokers. This one in carved crystal and carnelian will dress almost any type of gown in your wardrobe

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The latest cable from Paris stresses the arrival of these Agnes poke bonnets. If you have a youthful face and a demure expression such news should delight you



Agnes trims the one opposite with a large velvet bow. The one above is of two-toned velvet in beige and brown. Only for girls with a large millinery allowance

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Capes should be correctly wrapped around the figure to accentuate their real smartness. Here you see the proper way to wear one. Don't be above practising this carriage before your mirror

This shows the complete cape costume. Developed in tan and brown mixed tweed it has a sweater blouse of soft, cream wool. This is a most useful frock for you to have as it is equally adaptable to office or sports wear

Courtesy of Nancy

Photo by K. L. L.

Another ever serviceable dress for fall and winter is this tailored model in two tones of tan. Worn with tan lizard shoes and a dark brown felt hat, it will set off your school girl figure

Courtesy of Best & Company

Photo by Vandamm



fur and fabric will be developed. These would be very chic and generally becoming except to the wide-hipped.

The lines of street coats promise to be changed a bit from the straight silhouette which has endured for so many seasons. I fancy coats will branch out in imitation of the tiers and flounces that dresses have been showing. The majority of wraps will be elaborately fur trimmed and full effects will be obtained by the use of rippling fur borders.

In the lines of gowns this same unsettled condition prevails. The "peacock silhouette" is still with us. The long, flowing back line has been seen on almost every evening dress for the past year yet the better shops are still carrying this style into their early autumn models. It has been offered in taffeta, tulle, chiffon and lace. Because it has been the easiest style to copy that we have had in an age, gowns of unbelievable cheapness have been featured in this model. I believe a more subtle use of it will be discovered before the season is well under way.

But hems will remain capricious. There can be no doubt of that. Side dips, back dips and trail-



ing ends will all be shown but this monotonous skirt that hits you in the knees in front and then makes a wild dash for your heels is bound to be adjusted to something more human before snow flies.

As persistent as this silhouette is the use of transparent velvet. It has been featured for summer wraps and dresses and while I see it shown everywhere in every variety of gown and wrap for fall, I have the feeling that such indiscriminate use of it is bound to kill it. The really modish are bored with it already. I can not advise your buying frocks developed in this material until you see just how

common it is to become.

At the moment brown seems to be the favored shade for new things, with chocolate and negro brown predominating. Dark blue is being favored and black is like the proverbial poor and always with us. There is much talk of gray, but so few women find gray becoming I see small chance of its attaining real popularity. If you can wear it, nothing promises to be smarter, but do remember there is no chic comparable to being dressed to

accentuate your own coloring and charm. Gray krimmer fur is staging a definite comeback and as this is very youthful and will be used extensively, both for trimming and for full length coats, it may give gray a real send off.

Shoes seem simpler in design and lower in heel. Extremely high heels will always be favored by the few but the medium heel, gracefully narrowed, standing straight where a heel should stand instead of doubling under one's instep, is the heel that will be most popular. While on the shoe question, here's a tiny fashion tip. Round garters are now being manufactured to match all the popular shades of hosiery. This to me is a great relief for I dislike the shock of observing red and pink garters nestling coyly above the knees of beige clad limbs.

The washable slip-on glove in suede or hamoisette continues to rule. This is natural enough. For the well groomed girl, soiled gloves are an impossibility, and kid gloves necessitate dry cleaning after each wearing. Don't buy gloves with fancy stitching. The plainer they are, the smarter.



As long as you are not dumpy you will find this satin and tulle model becoming. When developed, as here, in lemon yellow with contrasting flowers it is charming for the pale brunette. A topaz necklace and bracelet give the finishing touch

Costume by Milgrim Photo by E. J. ...

If you are a social butterfly you need this dressy coat. Don't go in for it if you are a tiny business girl. It requires the grand manner but then it is very impressive. Flecked tan on brown velvet with kolinsky trimming

Costume by Milgrim Photo by E. J. ...



This and the little hat across the page are two contrasting variations of the familiar French beret. If yours is a mature face this draped model has dignity, suitable to the formal occasion

Costume by Worth Photo by Vandamm



If you are tall and very slim you may attain the perfection of simplicity in a frock like this of lustrous plum colored satin. The tight hip line, ending in a circular fullness over the left knee, is very new. Avoid jewelry and brush your hair very close to your head

Courtesy of Milgrim Photo by Koshida



This hat is too impudent for any but the very young. Also, you must have a perfect nose, and an excellent marcel. If that description fits you the hat should win you a perfect date

Courtesy of Mitzel Photo by Vandamm

In contrast to the coat on the opposite page, this costume is designed for you to wear to the office. It is of soft wool, tailored but feminine, and its red, white and blue scarf gives it great chic. Becoming to all figures

Courtesy of Nancy Photo by Koshida

Crystal is still holding its own for chokers and some few long strands. Mixed with other small colored stones, it is very flattering.

Lalique, the famous glass manufacturer of Paris, is now making stunning neck pieces and bracelets in Lalique and before long they will be in all the smart shops in America.

Old gold and silver mesh makes charming necklaces. They are usually done with jade, cornelian, or some rich colored stone to add life.

Somehow, it is difficult to find a jewelry that takes the place of pearls. They were so good for all occasions and for most all frocks, but costume jewelry has supplanted the pearl in smartness. Occasionally, one finds a pearl choker blended with something else, like the one illustrated, which has small cylinders of gold between each pearl. This adds enough individuality to make it smart.

One word about your shopping problems. Always go to the best store in town. In the end you will find it the most reasonable.

[Continued on page 94]





Do you know the story of Helen Woodward? It is one of the most inspiring records of a woman's achievement in our day. With no training, with handicaps that would discourage the average girl, she fought her way upward until she became the highest paid woman advertising writer in the world. Every ambitious girl should read her book called "Through Many Windows." And no girl anxious to get ahead in business can afford to miss the helpful articles Helen Woodward has agreed to write for SMART SET each month. The first one begins on the page opposite.

Let HELEN WOODWARD Help You With Your Career

WHEN I began my business life I was only nineteen years old and terribly frightened. The good education that I was supposed to possess had a sort of Fiji Island remoteness from business and its requirements. But I did not know that at first. It took some time for me to discover it. As I went around looking for a job I always mentioned the facts that I could read Latin and that I had once been awarded a school prize for the best essay on Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales."

No wonder the astonished clothing merchants and wholesale grocers shook their heads sadly. Yes, I knew the campaigns of Caesar and the Odes of Horace, but could I take shorthand dictation? No, I couldn't, I had to admit, but I could learn.

"Well, can you operate a typewriter?" No to that also. And I didn't know anything about office work or how to run a telephone switchboard or keep a set of ledgers. I always said brightly after these confessions of inability that

capability. It didn't; it never does, though willingness and enthusiasm when combined with definite ability, are enormously effective.

What I needed was the advice of experienced people. I needed somebody who could tell me what my particular ability was and show me how to make use of it. But there was nobody to tell me and I had to work things out through trial and accident.

My inveterate persistency eventually had a kind of feeble reward. I encountered a meek little man who ran a meek little wholesale business. I cannot say that I impressed him. I feel sure that he was an altruist and gave me a job because he wanted to help me.

I was to be what he called the bookkeeper's assistant. As I did not have the faintest notion of the art of bookkeeping, I thought I ought to tell him so, and I did. He assured me that it would be all right. The bookkeeper would attend to that. All I had to do was to write down entries in a book known

WOMEN are quite as able in business as men, and most up-to-date men know it.

YOU can tell when you are fitted for a job easy enough. When you are passionately interested in your work, and when you accomplish it without strain or weeping or undue worry—then you may be sure that's the job for you.

LOVE of one's work is, I believe, the greatest factor in success of any kind—and I do not mean simply business success.

A PERSON who is willing to do anything can hardly ever do anything well; it is merely a proof that he or she is floundering in uncertainty.

MOST people who are considered incompetent are not really incompetent at all; they are simply out of place.

BE HONEST with yourself. Do you really want to do something worth while in business, or is there in the back of your mind a sort of hope that you can dawdle through and get

there anyway? If you expect to take business as a side issue you should not complain if you fail to accomplish much in it. I say this because there are a great many young women who look at business as merely something to kill time and earn a little money until marriage rolls around.

PEOPLE who weep over their work are invariably misplaced. There is no hope for anybody who approaches a job with tears in his eyes. It is a confession of failure at the start.

I knew I could learn and would dearly love to try. Most employers, with a flock of troubles of their own, have no time to teach the A B C of business to high school graduates. I realize now that some of these business people would have given me a job if they could, for they let me go reluctantly, and in memory, I can see them reflecting on ways and means to make me useful.

I had more difficulty in getting started in business than any sensible girl ought to have. The main trouble with me was that I did not know anything about the structure of business. My family had never had anything to do with business life and they were as ignorant about it all as I was. None of us knew exactly how commercial affairs are carried on, or what is done in offices, or how goods are sold. You may smile at this, but I assure you there are many families like that today.

I had no aim. I was willing to do anything and always said so instantly when I was applying for a job. This is the most discouraging statement that one can make to a prospective employer. A person who is willing to do anything can hardly ever do anything well. Such an attitude is merely proof that he or she is floundering in uncertainty. I dimly realized this even in those early days but I thought that my rather abject willingness would take the place of

as the journal, which records the day's transactions.

It took me just a week to ruin the journal. My mind is not in the least mechanical. Even today I cannot do anything well that requires close attention to detail; my handwriting has always been execrable. I started on Monday and by Saturday noon the hitherto neat journal looked like the battered and besmeared register of a country hotel. There were blots and erasures in it and some of the entries were wrong. My gentle employer had to tell me that I wouldn't do. I believe he felt worse over my failure than I did and goodness knows I felt gloomy enough.

However that depressing experience taught me something of value. I came in contact with actual business for the first time and I observed what was going on in an office. Everyone's duties were clearly defined and limited. It was then I realized that I would never get anywhere until I had some definite accomplishment. I decided to be a stenographer.

My family could not afford to send me to a business school, so I taught myself all the curious hooks and dashes of shorthand. I rented a typewriter and learned how to use it. The stenographers who are reading this article are probably saying to themselves that my stenography could not have been much good and they are quite right. [Continued on page 107]

A Straight Talk
To Young Women By **ELINOR GLYN**

P How to Acquire Personality

PERHAPS some of you who read these lines may already know my works and realize that *I love youth* and want to help all young things to happiness and success. Now for the first time, I am going to have a department in SMART SET wherein I can express all my views entirely unhampered. If I want to tell you to go to a certain moving picture, or play, because you will see in it some point which may teach you something, either of appreciation of beauty, or worldly success, or heavenly success, or what not—I shall be allowed to tell you to go, quite irrespective of the fact that the producer of it may be a friend, or an enemy, or my editor. Or if I want to suggest to you some method of making yourselves more attractive I may do so unquestioned. If I want to scold you for being stupid and losing your game I may do so, you understanding that I have no aim, never have had any aim, and never could have any aim, but to help you on to success and joy.

And now if we understand one another on this point, in this first number, I truly believe that since I have helped hundreds of individuals to happiness, I may be able to help you—all the unknown girls and women who will read this—to happiness also. And that is a crown more worth having to me, than one of priceless rubies.

FOR so much of happiness is thrown away because of lack of understanding the principle of it. People so often confuse happiness with a number of other things.

Now pay attention! I am going to begin by defining happiness with an aphorism.

Happiness is what we feel when whatever interests us the most is being fully satisfied.

But alas! What interests us one year may not interest us the next, and so our ideal of concrete happiness must obviously change, but if what interests us could be fully satisfied all the time and during every change, that obviously would mean happiness.

So if we agree that this is a definition of happiness—what I mean to do is to try and tell you girls how to train your minds to secure it—should it be worldly success, or spiritual advancement. For it is perfectly stupid to imagine that all individuals are on the plane where spiritual advancement is their aim. That is a grown up aim whereas half the world are still children! So do not think I shall be highbrow or too abstract. I have asked our editor if I may not just talk to you as if you were my own children, whom I was most anxious to place well, and aid in becoming beautiful,

attractive and successful in life. He has said I may talk to you as I like and believe me, having lived many, many years all over the world, and among the great ones of the earth who have made history, I can truly be of real aid to you—because time and cultivation give one a sense of values and a knowledge of what is worth having and what it is best to throw away.

For my principle is that with will any girl can achieve anything she desires, whether it is to be a queen of the social world, a Helen of Troy or a splendid mother of a noble race.

Only she must not lay up for herself limitations, hampering things which will impede her progress. And it is to elucidate viewpoints and teach a sense of values that I mean to write these articles in SMART SET.

So girls, understand me I am not Aunt Jane, thundering moral precepts at you, telling you that heaven is a place of sing song on glowing clouds and earth a vale of tears, but just a friend who has made a fair success of life and wants to help you to make it too.

For our souls are in keeping of God who looks after them but our mentalities and the beauty and success of our minds and bodies can all be regulated by will. And it is in learning to exercise will to benefit that I want to be of use to you.

I, personally, have lived through twenty years of frequent misrepresentation. I could not have done so if I had been a sham in any way, because some of the shafts would have hit through the joints of the harness. But none ever have and I have now arrived at a stage when I do hope I can aid many young people to success and happiness.

Perhaps I have a madness in me to create beauty. If I had an enemy and I could see that some-

thing in him should be altered to render him more beautiful. I believe I could not prevent myself from pointing it out to him! So how much more to you girls for whom I feel the warmest friendship.

As we go on in the numbers which follow through the year, I may touch upon morals and manners, European ways—perhaps, indeed, universal ways—of culture and good breeding. And I may talk of topical events, or fashions, or ethics, or humorous aspects, but what I want absolutely to saturate your subconscious minds [Continued on page 113]

This is the first of a series of intimate articles by this world-famous author.

Probably no woman in the world is more sought after for personal advice in affairs of love and marriage than Elinor Glyn.

A citizen of the world, a favorite among European royalty and nobility, the most sought after woman in the Hollywood picture colony. A true cosmopolite.

No girl can fail to profit by reading her words of worldly wisdom and practical advice.



Most of you know Elinor Glyn as the writer who gave new meaning to the pronoun "IT." Or as the author of that sensational best-seller, "Three Weeks." Or because of her motion picture plays. Or through the many articles she has written for SMART SET. Yet you do not really know her! No one really knows her. But SHE knows the ways of men and the ways of women. Stern and unrelenting in her stand on the moral code, she is at once wise and sympathetic. She understands the perplexities of The Girl of Today, and no one is better equipped to act as chaperone. That is what Madame Glyn will do in this—her own—department each month in SMART SET.



With Drawings
from Life
By JOHN H. CROSMAN

Evidence for Divorce

MARLOWE could hear her from his dressing room. The closed door symbolized their definite separation, a gradual drifting apart that had become absolute in the last six months. Aided by her maid, she was dressing for dinner and singing in a light careless tone. He could visualize, imagine, the lift of her shoulders, her slender, rounded arms, the exquisite balance of her pert little head with its raven-black hair, its roguish eyes.

"Sometimes I'm happy; sometimes I'm blue-hoo;
My disposition depends on you-hoo;
I never mind the rain in the skies,
If I can find the sun in your eyes. . . ."

Yet Marlowe hated the song. Its refrain, words, played the demons with him whenever she sang it. It was in a way her method of telling him she loved somebody else, that she had married him because she and her mother considered it the only way out of their difficulties, that she had tried her best to play the part of wife to him, to like him and had failed.

"That's how I am, so what can I do?
I'm happy when I'm with you."

The you was downstairs waiting for her with a party of

friends. Henderson had just announced them. All were members of the set in which Chita revolved and seemed to find inexhaustible pleasure. Alan Brett was the man's name and Marlowe knew him of yore. Brett, ten or twelve years his junior, was one of those men living on an assured status in society and an income of three thousand a year. He had been very attentive to Chita Howard before he, Marlowe, ever met her, and now, two years after her marriage, he was more attentive than ever.

He wasn't the sort who proposed to aristocratic but impoverished young ladies, no matter how beautiful they were.



*A Story
With a Lesson
For All Men and Women
Who Fancy
They Are Mismatched*
**By LLEWELLYN
HUGHES**

Had he done so, Chita might possibly have taken him despite the hysterical protestations of her mother. But no, Alan Brett didn't go in for that sort of thing. He had no desire to dig in and build up a respectable income for himself and was too much of a gentleman to offer her his pittance.

Where Chita went to, night after night, Jeff Marlowe had only a confused idea. Dinner parties, theaters, dancing, four o'clock breakfasts at Child's, the sort of thing he found hopelessly boring as a steady diet. All her friends did the same thing over and over again. They ran in a groove. He really had nothing in common with them, put up with them

Jeff Marlowe realized that he didn't fit in with Chita's crowd at all. He was a grumpy old bear! That was why Chita had transferred her affections elsewhere

only for her sake. Occasionally she had them to dinner, presented them with a willful determination to her "grumpy old bear of a husband" as she so aptly phrased it. Then off they'd go somewhere, the whole lot of them and she'd arrive home at five, just as animated as she had been ten hours earlier; he would invariably hear her singing in her room. At five in the morning! And out again by ten thirty, riding in the park. How she stood it he didn't know. And her jet black eyes were always clear, her freshness of beauty hadn't suffered one whit. She was, in anything, more attractive than on the day two years ago when reluctantly she had promised to be his wife.

Reluctantly! He hadn't been aware of it till long afterwards, all long after their honeymoon when they had returned to town to take up residence.

THE trouble was that her description of him just about fitted. A grumpy old bear! Bear, as a reminder, probably of his hobby for hunting, his annual trip to Maine and the Rockies, or possibly something to do with his size, height, breadth of shoulders. Grumpy he hardly conceded. As a rule he was a pretty amiable sort of chap and dug up a tolerant grin no matter how she hurt him. But he was, most certainly, clumsy as a bear, danced with about as much grace, growled every now and then when her friends stepped on his toes.

No, they'd just drifted. He could see it now. Chita had never cared for him, never would care for him. She had kept to her part of the bargain with rare courage until, he supposed, it had become practically impossible and he couldn't force his attentions on a woman, even his wife, who merely tolerated him. He was a sensitive cuss perhaps but anyway that's how he looked at it. It had hit him with all the damaging effect of a bullet.

The thing that rankled was Chita's pathetic efforts to keep up the pretense of things. It pained Jeff Marlowe to observe how desperately she tried to hide her unhappiness behind a mask of gaiety, laughter and song. To compel her to continue a life like that wasn't fair. It was cruel. God knew he loved her and wanted her to be happy. She was welcome to everything he had.

The fact was he lacked the ability, the likable qualities, a way with women, that Alan Brett, for instance, possessed in abundance. Pictorially these two were made for each other and if she wanted the fellow—well he was willing to step out of the picture as gracefully as a grumpy old bear could.

There was a knock on his door. It opened. Chita, lovely in a crimson and chinchilla wrap, suddenly revealed herself on the threshold.

"Henderson said you wished to see me." She spoke coldly, indifferently. "I'm in a fearful hurry and Alan's waiting. D'you like my new dress?"

It was, he replied, truly a thing to wonder at.

"Glad you like it. All right, Jeff, come to the point as the tack said to the fat old lady, because I'm horribly late," she said.

"Then I won't keep you," he smiled. "Another time will do."

"I do wish you weren't so frightfully amenable, Jeff, so placid."

"I know," he admitted. "It's about that."

What is?"

Marlowe colored. "My amenability as you call it." He wondered why this slip of a girl beside whom he towered could reduce him to such incompetency of speech.

"I don't understand you," said Chita.

He nodded. "The fact is I'm sailing for South Africa on Saturday," he told her. "I thought you'd better know."

South Africa?"

"Yes. I'm joining an Englishman at Cape Town and we're going up to the Kivu district."

"You seem devoted to the pursuit of wild animals," she observed. There was a slight rebuke in her voice. She seemed crosser than usual with him yet she was doubly attractive.

"Besides, you've only just finished massacring the ducks up in Maine," she went on.

"That was hardly true," he answered. For some reason the ducks hadn't favored that state this year.

"Well, I'll say this for you, Jeff. You spend most of your time wandering—" She stopped. "No, I won't say it. Saturday? Very well. I may come and see you off."

There was painful silence. He looked at her. She was more beautiful, desirable, than anything in the whole world. Any man would go to his death for her.

"I expect to be gone a long time," he said. "I merely wanted to talk to you about it. My absence, I mean, before I go."

His manner was serious. Chita continued to survey him for a moment, then she turned her head. "Never mind," she said to her maid. "Leave those things until later." She waited still standing in the doorway until the woman had left the room.

"Very well, Jeff, what is it?"

Marlowe unconsciously squared his shoulders. "The real fact of the matter is this, Chita. We—that is—I mean, this sort of thing must be very unsatisfactory to you. We've given

it a fair trial. Almost two years. I'm looking at it from your angle entirely. God knows I'm an awful dub to get along with. I'm all you say I am and a darn sight worse, probably."

"Well?" Chita's tone was positively aggressive.

"Well, there it is, if you know what I mean. I'd like to see you happy, Chita. Clothes, money, jewelry and all that, but they're not everything, are they?"

"No."

"You see the fact is—" He was getting stupidly nervous about it. "The fact is, Chita. I've been thinking quite a lot about you lately."

"Have you?"

He nodded. "About your future happiness. Please believe that. I mean, I don't want you to think I've any other motive up my sleeve."

She looked at him steadily. "I don't quite see what you're driving at," she said.

"No, it's my cursed awkwardness, Chita. It's simply this. I know you are awfully dissatisfied, unhappy here, so I—"

"Are you suggesting a separation?" she interrupted.

"Yes, in a way. I mean, it's quite possible that you care for another man. And there's no sense in your being miserable about it, when by a slight consideration on my part you can marry him."

Again her eyes challenged him but she said nothing.

"That's all I wanted to say, Chita. I'll give you a divorce. After all it's the only decent thing to do, isn't it? And I hope to God I'm not such a tyrant as to keep you if you want your freedom. You could hop over to Paris, get the thing on grounds of cruelty, incompatibility, anything you say."

"Mother," she pointed out, "would have a fit."

"My lord, it's fashionable enough," he swore. "And I'll arrange matters so that you and your mother won't exactly starve. That's the least I can do." [Continued on page 110]



"What big eyes you've got, grandma," said Little Red Riding Hood. "The better to see with, my child."

"What big ears you've got, grandma!" "The better to hear with, my child."

And who do you suppose grandma turned out to be? Right you are! Ole Lloyd Mayer himself.

Take a look at Lloyd. Doesn't he seem to be "all-of-a twit"? He just sees and hears everything.

Turn to Page 42.

Can You BEAR It?



Chita's eyes challenged him. "Are you suggesting a permanent separation?" she asked. "Well, you're not happy with me," Jeff answered. "It's quite possible you care for another man. And I hope I'm not such a tyrant as to keep you if you really want your freedom. I'll give you a divorce"

Is It Right to Keep

"I am against Y. M. C. A'S for men and Y. W. C. A'S for women because I think they make a lot of bachelors and old maids. What I want to see is more old-fashioned love making. That's why I am throwing open my church to modern youth for its social activities because I want boys and girls to have a chance to really fall in love, and marry early"



I AM old-fashioned about love. I am against all modern improvements in courtship and marriage.

In other things, I am as progressive as any. I have not hesitated to make innovations in the very form of God's temple, the church edifice itself. Up on Washington Heights, in New York, we are erecting a "skyscraper church" which will reach nearly as high as the Woolworth Building and cost six million dollars. It is being built by money invested at five per cent and it will pay off its own mortgages and later support its own activities and social and religious work in other sections of the city. It is known as Broadway Temple.

All that sounds modern enough, doesn't it? Keeping up with the times is possible in religious work, as in other things.

But on that one institution, love and marriage, I don't want to see too many new-fangled notions. I am for the new-fashioned church because I want to save the old-fashioned home!

The home is in a dangerous state. Other forms of modern life have eaten horribly into it. For millions of people the old-fashioned home has disappeared already. Physically it has gone, morally it is in danger. Where you have the one room apartment, economic independence for the wife, voluntary parenthood with no offspring, and all of the home activities handed over to such institutions as the delicatessen, the laundry and the movie, marriage becomes a legal fiction and the home only a faint remembrance.

A MERICA'S divorce court record is a proof that something has happened to the beautiful old relationship between boy and girl, man and woman, father and mother. In England there is only one divorce to every ninety-seven marriages; in Canada, only one to every one hundred and sixty-two marriages. But in America, mark you, there is one divorce out of every seven marriages! Isn't that a disgrace on the face of it? Doesn't that make you sad? The sheer sorrow and distress of so many ruined homes, with all of the preceding discord they reflect, are evidence that something has gone fundamentally wrong with married life in this country. And that is a record, merely, of the ones that have gone to pieces in court. For every one which broke up, there must have been other, merely unhappy marriages, which beget despair, which unloose upon the world undisciplined, half-educated, and often delinquent children, which breed cynicism and low morale in our national life. Is anything being done to counteract this evil? I can't see it.

I look around and I see instead much in our modern life to produce this condition, and the worst thing I see is the late marriage.

Most people nowadays don't get married till they have learned to do without a mate. Marriage has given up its precious ingredients, one by one, to other institutions. It has been robbed of its sanctities one by one by insidious attacks upon its separate commandments. The result is that it has lost most of its meaning for some people even before they enter it. For them, it brings no surprises or rewards, because they have come to lean upon makeshifts in advance.

On the material side alone, consider what modern life has done to rob marriage of its trade! What young man will



Boys and Girls Apart?

As Told To BOYD FISHER

By CHRISTIAN F. REISNER, D. D.

Look around for a girl to cook his meals, while all the flappers are being trained in Brown's Business College, and the cafeteria just around the corner will give him a better dinner than any of them can? What chap will leave the comfort of a room in a well-conducted bachelor apartment house, or even a Y. M. C. A. dormitory, with at least a dependable radio for company when marriage will simply establish him in two rooms shared in joint discomfort by two people? And, as for selecting a feminine companion to make a home to come to in the evening after work, what's the use? Probably his wife will have been at work all day, too, and will have to go to the movies in the evening to rest up from the strain of business. A man doesn't have to get married to go to the movies. He can always get a girl to let him pay her way in. Yes, as things go nowadays, sometimes the girl will take turns at buying the tickets.

YOUNG men don't have to get married for company any more; they can't get away from company. Day and night, they live in company, with other men, with girls, crowds of them, in the dormitories, in the rooming houses, in the offices, in the movie shows, in the subways. Companionship, in the sense of having some one always at your elbow, is something you can't get away from. And the trouble is that the mere pressure of crowds tends to keep us from cultivating that sweet solitude of mutuality between any two people, between lovers, between friends, between husband and wife, which nothing else can give. It doesn't answer, therefore, to say that all this miscellaneous and promiscuous company will not take the place of a single, steady and dependable companion. Of course, it won't, but what's your chance of establishing such a relationship nowadays? You have to fight to preserve one already formed against the intrusion of other people. The shocking thing is that most of the boys and girls don't really get a chance to cultivate close individual friendships. They don't really get to know any one other



Here is a Minister who is old-fashioned enough to believe in old-fashioned love, yet modern enough to promote and build a six million dollar Temple of Worship

person, or themselves for that matter. Once they are released from the fetters of an over-conducted infancy, they fly to one another's company in squads. They are educated in platoons; they are sent off to work in regiments; they take their entertainment in armies. It is hard to make friends when you have too many acquaintances.

I AM well aware of the fact that when a proper job of courting is to be done, it takes only two people to do it, and I am credibly informed that modern life has produced no essential change in the taste for this pastime. A change has come in the meaning of the ritual. In my day, back in Kansas, it seldom went further than holding hands and swinging in the hammock on the front porch in the evening. It was conducted with more privacy but with more decorum. Nowadays New York boys and girls have to do their love-making either on a bench along Riverside Drive, surrounded by sailors on shore leave and street urchins tossing pennies, or they must sit in an auditorium with five thousand others, unnoticed in their own embraces merely because every one else in the row is watching John Gilbert and Greta Garbo.

I am not very much surprised nor even greatly shocked that petting nowadays is a somewhat more intimate procedure than courtin' used to be in my day because I know that it is only too well chaperoned! The harm I see is rather the fact that, in

spite of all of its demonstrativeness, its outward show of ardor, it remains so often unimpressive. It becomes just one more crowd phenomenon, just another thing to do in company. I am pained, not so much because a nice young girl pets as because she will forget five minutes afterward that she has done so. The difference with courting nowadays, therefore, is that it doesn't really lead anywhere. It ought to lead to steady companionship and early marriage but it now leads to nothing more than a choice between movies.

We can see from this that we cannot depend upon the natural mating instincts of the young [Continued on page 126]



Now Comes the End
of the
Sweetest Story
Ever Told

By SHEILA
DONISTHORPE

You My Beloved

All That Has Gone Before in Nona's Story

I REMEMBER so well that introduction on the tennis courts when I looked at you and said, "Rather nice man, this Richard Brading!" Your eyes said, "Not a bad looking woman."

We went to your flat for tea and you sang to me. That was the beginning. After that I saw you often until you told me of your engagement to Olive Desmond. I told myself it had to be, but a strange sickness came over me. Queer that I didn't die.

I did not hear from you all that summer but in October you phoned me again. I knew then that Olive must be boring you and hope was high in my heart.

In August 1914 war was declared and you left me heart-broken. In April Robin Anderson came into my life. I wrote you of my engagement and you wrote back of your marriage

to a Miss Edith Howard. I never expected to hear from you again.

Those first six years with Robin were the happiest in my life. Then out of a clear sky I received a letter from you bringing back all those memories of the wonderful times we had had together.

I shouldn't have answered, but I did and we had one golden day together in London. I could not bear to have such happiness and then lose it, but you promised there would be other times.

For months I waited, hoping, but no word came from you. I could endure it no longer. How good it would be to die I thought. I turned over a bottle of veronal. I swallowed eight tablets. Strange palpitations came from my heart. I closed my eyes.

With Drawings
from Life
By G. D. SKIDMORE

Nona's Story Continues:

I OPENED my eyes to find Robin bending over me. Then I was violently sick. Elsie was doing something with hot water and towels. Brandy was being poured down my throat. I was being dragged back. All the lovely, light airiness had left me. I clutched dizzily at Robin's hand. His face looked gray and set.

"There shall be no more of this," he said. Was there ever such overpowering sickness! And cold too! My teeth chattered with it; beads of sweat dropped from my forehead.

A strange, black coated man appeared from the other side of the bed.


"Now I want you to take this." His voice was kind and persuasive.

I closed my eyes. The horror then was to begin all over again. Even the sweetness of death had been denied me. This was life. Spun round without the dropping of a single thread.

A week later I lay on the couch by the open window, listening to Robin. There were chrysanthemums in the vases. The trees were splashed with bronze and gold and flame. They were dying. It was autumn: all Nature was allowed to die. I alone, who needed it so much had been defrauded of death. Robin's voice was low and steady. He held your letters in his hand: queer Robin should hold your letters in his hand.

I glanced at his face. It wasn't angry. It looked just as it always did, indomitable, remote, infinitely kind and gracious, a little drawn and exhausted.

ROBIN was talking. I must try and listen, try and understand. He might be going to say, "I'm through with you. You're a thief and a cheap and ill bred one at that. You're degrading and I'm going to leave you." He might say this and that and more, and it would all be true. And he would be dreadfully courteous about it and unrelentingly kind. He would see that I was provided for and had all I needed and would go on working for me till he died. I shuddered. And yet, had I not touched a depth where nothing would really matter very much again. Robin, Richard? Richard, Robin? Love and life, life and death. It was all so empty and so meaningless. But one still had to go on fighting somehow for courage and a little measure of hope.



You had gone, Richard, but I seem to see a trail of broken women dragging after you, hurt with the fateful unsought agony of having known you, paying the penalty of having been tricked by your grace and beauty

"So you see," Robin was saying, "this must be the end for always." How silly! It had all ended so long ago.

"You're going to leave me?" I asked.

No. I'm going to stay with you. And we're going to stop fooling. Both of us." He gave me a quick vivid look. "Understand?"

I nodded.

All these years, lonely years too, I've stood by seeing you so unhappy, so wretchedly unhappy and knowing it was all for nothing, to see you hurt like this and to know—

Why didn't you tell me?"

Would you have believed it?" Robin asked.

I suppose not."

Do you believe it now?"

Believe what? I asked with a feeble attempt at interest.

"BELIEVE that you have given all of your best, to a—"

Robin fingered your letters, "to a paper clown whose vile selfishness and cruelty must have always been apparent in spite of his ability to perform a few tricks which would sicken any decent man, and any decent woman too." Robin kissed my fingers one by one, "who wasn't an absurd little donkey."

You've read all his letters?"

Yes."

And you think they are all lies, that he's never loved me at all?"

My poor dear, that's not love. I think you exercised a certain attraction over him."

"I see," and because I suppose I was still weak my eyes filled with silly tears.

Robin was on his knees. "Don't you see, Nona, how incapable he is of caring for any woman. He could never think of anybody but himself. He's foul, rotten through and through. All these years I've watched you and seen him making you unhappy and miserable and known that I mustn't tell you because you had to find it out for yourself through the darkness and when you did, I should be here waiting for you with my arms round you just as they are now. Don't you see I've been waiting for you all the time. I'd have given my eyes to have saved you some of this unhappiness and, listen, little love, if you'd died I should have died too even though my body and arms and legs might have gone on pretending to be alive."

Robin's voice was wrapping me round with beautiful things that I needed so badly, compassion and sympathy and understanding. Every word he uttered felt like balm on an open wound, healing, protecting.

"Richard Brading! Well, he won't spoil any more of our lives. Men have a name for that particular brand of cad who can write this sort of stuff and behave as he's done."

EVEN then my smouldering loyalty was awakened. For Robin to despise you so utterly! Pressure of association even now denied the possibility of allowing this to pass unchallenged.

"Oh, Robin," I cried, "it's not true: it can't be. All that was bright and beautiful sprang from those years. Richard's selfish, I know—weak, perhaps, but in his heart I believe he cared, still cares."

How futile to be still so blurred by the ecstasy and agony of memories, to be unable to visualize the hard definite outline of actual facts, to wallow in our own blindness and pray we may never be given the power of clear vision, of seeing the insignificant drab truth of things.

Robin kissed me and rose to his feet.

Still unconvinced?" He gave a wry smile. "Well, I'd hoped that you wouldn't want further proof."

Dear Robin. I looked into his light gray eyes, that, unguarded, suggested hunger, solitude and a beauty belonging to both. "You're so good to me and I've been such a swine."

He bent down and pushed the hair out of my eyes.

Look at me, Nona," he said. "I'm going to divorce you."

My laugh was arrested almost as it began. Open mouthed I searched for the reassuring smile that I was sure I should find in his face. There was none. His mouth was set and serious, his eyes harder than I had ever known them.

Then we talked. We talked for hours. The twilight came

and closed in upon us and still we had not finished our talking.

In the end I gave Robin a solemn promise and a few days later the maid announced, "Mr. and Mrs. Brading."

I rose from my chair by the fire.

Obediently calm, my eyes rested on you as you stood there



before me all unchanged after this year's separation. A little paler, eyes more deeply shadowed than I remembered them but otherwise the same Richard. And the tall gaunt woman by your side in the black and white pin stripe costume and vague felt hat, put on apparently as it fell off its peg, was, of course, Edith!

I stiffened my trembling knees. No need to charge my expression with amazement as I looked from the one to the other of you. I was devastatingly amazed in spite of all the repeated mental rehearsals of this tense moment.

"You wanted to see me?" I asked.

My heart and hands went cold. You gave me a queer

sheepish smile and opened your lips to speak but Edith interrupted with:

"Yes. Dickay and I thought it best to come up."

Oh, that indescribable nasal twang! Shall I ever forget Dickie would have been enough but Dickay! I can hear now. Her face almost void of expression with its round hard eyes looked sphinxlike in its wax immobility. With her angular figure and high cheekbones she was like some Indian squaw, doomed and reconciled.

SO THIS was your wife. How often in the old days I had pictured her, graceful, radiant, not beautiful, perhaps, but with an air of charm and well bred dignity, a woman at least of birth and education.

Could this second rate person with a voice that set all one's teeth aching really be the woman with whom you'd chosen to make your life? I jerked back my chain of thoughts.

"Well, won't you sit down? Perhaps," I addressed you, "you will explain why you have brought your wife here." I avoided the pain in your eyes.

"My wife had a letter from your husband this morning."

"A letter!" I echoed on a high note. I must go in more for private theatricals. I'd no idea it was so easy.



**I had thought
you would say,
"Sweet, what's to
become of you?"
But now that I
needed protection
there was
fear in your eyes.
You were crushing
my dreams**

"Yes. He also sent her copies of my letters to you."

"He did that! Oh, that was unforgivable." Real horror here. Your voice sounded dead. "Oh, I don't know. I suppose he felt justified."

I saw the misery in your face, the utter helpless despair, and my heart gave a lurch of compassion.

"May I see my husband's letter to your wife?"

"Here it is." You took the letter out of your pocket quickly. "No," snapped Edith as you put out your hand to pass it to me. "I'll read it."

I wasn't sure whether it was you or me she wouldn't trust to handle the precious document.

"I regret to inform you," she read, "that on finding the enclosed letters written by your husband to my wife, I am taking immediate steps to divorce her citing your husband as co-respondent."

I turned assured of finding you with chin up, unconquered spirit, steadfast eyes, loyalty and clearness of action, possessing at least the veneer of civilized manners shown by men of breeding in such nightmare situations.

YOU were gray and shaking, a whipped dog. You avoided my eyes. I felt suddenly sick.

"Well, so it's come at last," I laughed.

Your pale lips moved. "What does it all mean?"

"Yes, what can it mean. Mrs. Anderson? Your husband can't drag Dickay into this awful thing and besides he's got no grounds for divorce really. You've never done any actual harm. I know you've both been foolish. I've known all about you ever since we've been married and have often wanted

Dickay to invite you both down to stay so that we could all be friendly together. It's silly to talk of divorce, besides, I'd never divorce Dickay. I love him too much."

It was actually going to be funny. I had heard lately that she "wasn't quite—er—well—not quite—but a well meaning sort and probably domesticated," but I never expected to find anything quite so commonplace as this. I addressed you.

"Really, I can't very well discuss all this in front of your wife; you must realize it is most painful for both of us."

You seemed to be looking for a hole to creep into—a corner in which to hide.

"It's quite all right. Edith knows everything now. I told her last February," you replied while your eyes pleaded, "for heaven's sake don't let me down!"

"Of course I know everything," she said. "I have known all along and I've always wanted to know you and thought how nice it would be if we could meet and talk it out."

Talk it out! Was there no end to this woman's stolidity? I had been prepared for hysterics, rage and fury and I found her quietly eating out of my hand. Having all the advantages of the "other woman" I should have been perfectly capable of dealing with a storming, injured wife who was ready to pull my hair out in handfuls, but this mild, reasonable, friendly attitude left me completely defenseless.

I turned my back on Edith's last year's pin stripe and in a voice of ice told you that I should prefer to discuss this with you alone.

"There's nothing that you can have to say to Dickay that I can't hear," bridled Edith.

As well try and snub a lively cold in the head or a roll of linoleum as your Edith. She was furtively watching our faces as if she expected us to be making signs which gave me all the information I needed as to how much you had really told her about us.

"It can't be true that your husband really means to divorce you. He couldn't do this terrible thing," you pleaded, pacing up and down in true Pinero style.

"Of course he can't," twanged Edith. "He's got no evidence; you've neither of you done anything wrong. A few silly letters but they're not [Continued on page 128]"

In Every Crowd There Is a Soft Boiled Egg Like Dick Payne



With Drawings
from Life
By HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

The Poor

IT WAS a glorious party. The right crowd was there and everyone was having a good time. The eats were much better than usual.

Then Fluffy Powers, the hostess, went to the kitchen and looked into the ice box. The crowd had been dancing and wanted something cool to drink. She found plenty of oranges and sugar and ice but when she lifted the Gordon water bottle she groaned. By the time she got back to the bunch Fluffy's feelings got the better of her. She pointed to the almost empty punch bowl.

"Ladies and gents," she said, "that's all there is. There isn't any more."

"What was that?"

"That was that," said Fluffy. "The joy water is all gone."

"Well, then the party's over." The crowd was shouting in chorus.

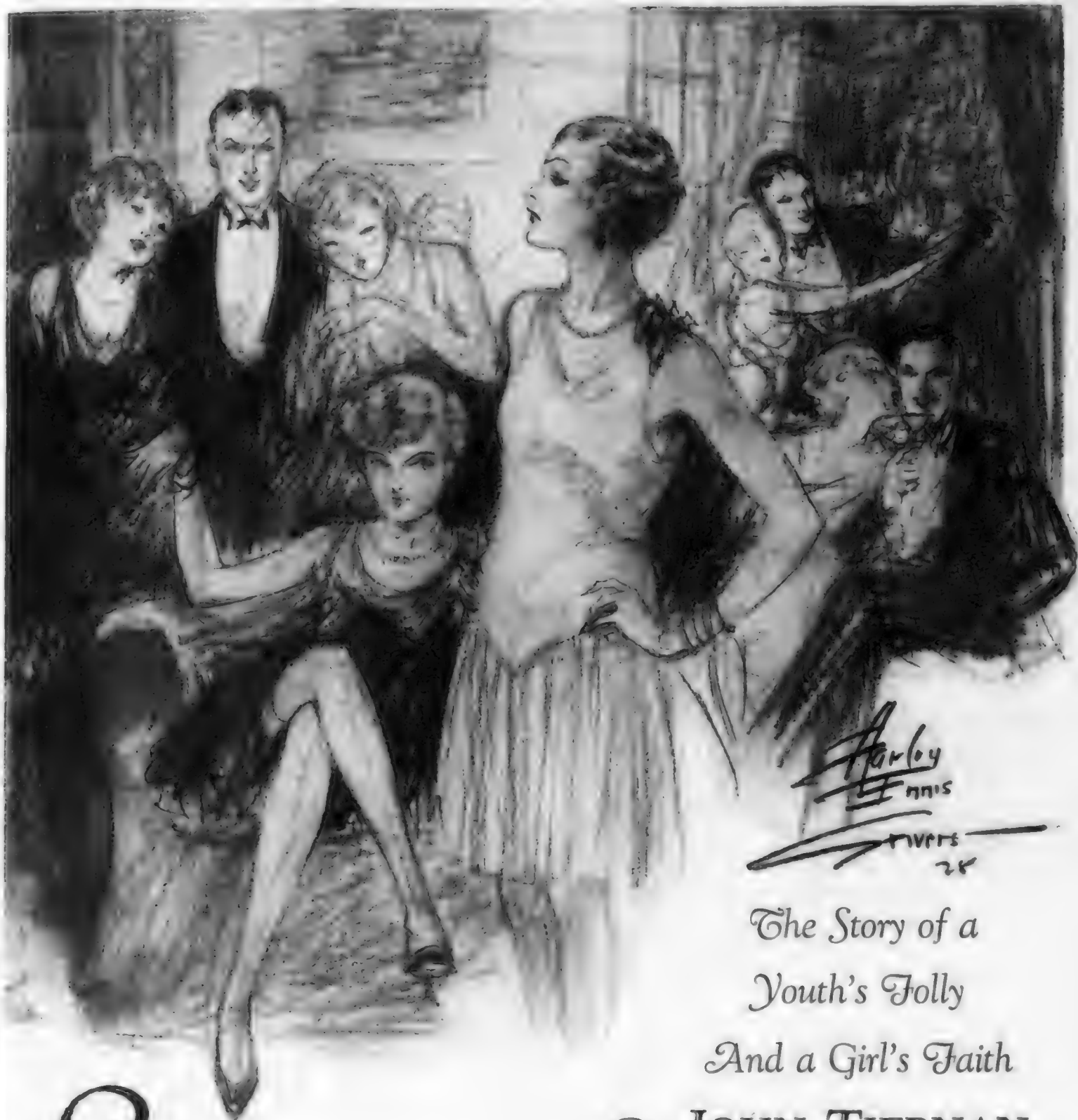
"Maybe, we can get some more," suggested Fluffy. "Maybe Dick has some money."

"No, he hasn't!"

The words startled everyone. Dick flushed with anger. It was Virginia Baldwin, the girl who was always butting into his business. For one moment he stared belligerently into her cool eyes.

"I wish
Virginia
"That,
brought to
"Oh, I
party I'm
Virginia
"The f
money for

But In What Crowd Would You Find a Pal Like Virginia?



The Story of a
Youth's Folly

And a Girl's Faith

By JOHN TIERNAN

Sap

"I wish," he said, "that you would mind your own affairs."
Virginia shrugged her slim, white shoulders.
"That," she said, "is a nice way to talk to the girl you brought to the party."
"Oh, I see!" said Dick, "just because I brought you to the party I'm supposed to let you lead me around with strings."
Virginia ignored the sarcasm.
"The fact remains," she said, "that you spent your last money for gas on the way over tonight."

"Say," demanded Fluffy, "are you bookkeeper around here?"
Dick felt a sudden warming toward Fluffy. He was glad she had made the remark. He joined the others in laughter. He had become convinced that Virginia was very disagreeable. But Virginia wasn't floored.
"I just happen to know," she said, "that this is once that Dick Payne isn't going to hold the bag."
"Are you being disagreeable?" exclaimed Fluffy.
Dick flushed crimson.
"Suppose I should tell you," he announced, "that I can get what Fluffy wants."
Virginia eyed him. "If you do," she said, "you are a poor sap."
"Well, I'm going to get it," announced Dick. He felt a



Dick could hear the shrill voices of the gang—all except Virginia's. But he didn't mind that

triumphant exhilaration. He had put Virginia in her place. He vowed he'd never take her to a party again. Once he had been crazy about her but now that he was running with this new peppy bunch she had begun to boss him. She said Fluffy and her crowd were a bad influence on him. Said they'd get him into trouble. My heavens! What did she think he was, an infant? Virginia had been his girl since their second year in high school but now as he glanced at her, sitting slim and chic in her white evening dress he disliked her because she was gazing right at him and smiling.

"I'll get some liquor," he repeated.

"Hurrah for Dick!"

"Hurry back."

"Don't forget the address."

As he turned toward the door, Fluffy Powers was standing there, looking up at him with an enticing smile. For a moment they stared at each other in the dim light.

"Because you're so nice," said Fluffy, "you can have—"

Dick was studying Fluffy. He realized she was pretty, probably as pretty as Virginia. He hadn't paid much attention to her before because of Virginia.

"Have what?" he asked.

"A kiss," said Fluffy.

Dick leaned forward and kissed her. There was laughter from inside the room.

"Oh, they know!" said Fluffy.

"What do I care!" said Dick.

"But, Virginia . . . ?"

"What do I care for Virginia?"

Fluffy smiled roguishly. "She is mean," she said. "She thinks she owns me because I take her out once in a while. You're my girl now," he announced. He kissed Fluffy again. He felt very much pleased. He had got himself a new girl in less than a minute.

"Hurry back," said Fluffy as he started for the door.

He took another kiss and then he slammed the door behind him. A gay cheerful light streamed through the windows. He could distinguish the voices of the gang especially the gay shrill voice of Fluffy. The only voice missing was Virginia's. But Dick didn't worry about that.

He jumped into his roadster and plunged his foot against the starter. The motor responded instantly, churning in a deep rhythm. Dick lit a cigarette and deliberated on the problem at hand.

WHERE could he get some liquor? Joe Rocca. He could probably swing Joe. He only owed him for two bottles. He could get a couple of bottles from Joe and be back at Fluffy's cottage within fifteen minutes. He could picture the greeting that awaited him. His ears rang with their words, "Attaboy, Dick." "Hurray for the hero."

He drew up at Joe's with a screech of brakes. He ran across the sidewalk and brushed through the swinging doors. "Joe," he called motioning with his head.

"What-d'ya-want?"

"Listen, Joe, I've got a little party on," said Dick.

"What about it?"

"Well, listen. Let me have a couple of bottles and I'll pay for them and the other two next Wednesday when I get my—"

"Nothin' doin'!"

Half a dozen customers turned their heads and grinned. Dick flushed.

"What's the matter, Joe?" he asked.

"Matter? Do you think I'm crazy. Ain't I got enough trouble with cops without giving my stuff away?"

"I've always paid you," Dick protested.

"Yes, you used to pay me before you went nuts," Joe exclaimed. "But now you're always bringing in a bunch of moochers and making me promises. It's two months now since you owed me for them two quarts. Well, I'll tell you now to get wise to yourself and that's all I'll do for you."

Dick stared at Joe, his mind numb with anger and mortification. Then he staggered out, flushed with humiliation. He went back to his car. Where was he going to get liquor? He couldn't get it from Joe, but it would be worse humiliation than he had suffered at the bootlegger's to go back to the gang empty handed. How that snip of a Virginia would crow!

Dick sat for a long time thinking. There wasn't another place where he had credit. If he only had money—if, if—

Dick Payne's lips twisted.

He had an idea where he could get money. The instant he thought of it he started his motor, drove down to Montgomery street, crossed to California street and slowed down. He was traveling at a snail's pace as he passed an office upon the window of which was written Richard Payne, Stocks and Bonds.

THAT was Dick's idea. The office of Richard Payne. He drove around the block, came back and stopped the car. Then he got out.

Dick let himself into his father's office with a key. When he closed the door behind him he had no trouble in distinguishing the outlines of counters, desks and cages in the dim light. He was thoroughly familiar with his surroundings.

He crossed to the cage where he worked, the foreign bond cage. Dick fumbled a key in the lock, finally opened the cage door. Inside, he hurriedly took off his hat and overcoat and the coat of his suit. Then he stood silent, listening.

He could hear nothing but the sound of his own heavy breathing. He ran his hand along a counter at his side, found an eyeshade, slipped it over his head. Then he rolled up his sleeves, slipped up on to the stool in front of the counter. He reached up an unsteady hand and pulled the light cord.

The flood of electric light revealed Dick in the rôle of a clerk engaged in night work.

With some difficulty he unlocked the cash drawer in the counter. He took out a bundle, clasped by a rubber band, and ran through it hurriedly. Checks. Dick didn't want checks.

In the center of the bundle, however, he found something that he did want. With nimble fingers he drew out pieces of currency, yellow and green. Swiftly he counted it. Eighty-five dollars. He deliberated. How much should he take? He smiled grimly. He'd take it all.

He reached into the cash drawer again and brought out his tally sheet, the one that he had made out that afternoon, one similar to that he had to make each day to balance his accounts.

Dick ran his finger down the figures on the tally sheet, past the numerous check items until he came to the figure 85 that stood for the eighty-five dollars in currency. Then he glanced at the bottom of his tally—\$23,138.66.

DICK'S lips twisted into a smile. He knew how to prepare a tally sheet that would balance \$23,138.66 without showing any trace of the item for eighty-five dollars in cash. It was dangerous business but he could do it.

He realized the need to hurry. The gang was waiting. He put the checks back in the cash drawer, placed the tally sheet on the counter in a position at his elbow. Then he swung around on his stool to the adding machine and began preparing a new tally.

One by one, Dick re-added the items. He pressed the keys for one thousand two-hundred dollars the first item and pulled the adding lever. There was a metallic click of machinery. Dick lifted the roll and there, on the face of the new tally sheet, was the figure 1200. Swiftly he pounded keys and pulled levers. The tally mounted.

When he came to the eighty-five dollar item, Dick stopped. Cautiously he pressed the keys for eighty-five dollars. Then, instead of pulling the adding lever, he lifted the roll with the [Continued on page 114]



Dick felt very much pleased. He had got himself a new girl in less than a minute

Comic Cut-Ups
By ELDON
KELLEY

Stepping Out



He leaped off the deck to please the girl friend

her nursing bottle over the bow. The landing stages will get congested over the week-ends!

So the boat's name is Gloria—Gloria Sponson.

YOU should see the One, sitting in the bow under a Chinese hat two full feet in diameter. Under the hat is a gay scarf from the Riviera (adv't) and below that is a middy blouse and my black swimming p-nts. Me you'll identify by a once white shirt, what's left of a pair of khaki trousers and a thin coat of oil over all. Dash over any time and shake-a-dey-dey. But don't carve your initials in Gloria's hull or ask to twiddle the flywheel. Papa spank!

Percy Crosby wants to have us both tattooed with an American flag apiece. On us on him, so to speak. Which is a nice thing about Percy. His ideas are invariably and invariably his own.

NOW Eustace, the gang's parrot, loves his shower! Particularly the other morning. Holding on grimly to my best typewriting finger, he took the down-pour like a little man.

"Wow!" said Eustace.

BUT his English progresses slowly at best. Favoring the manner of the younger generation, Eustace is inclined to hold forth out of the side of his beak with no proper regard for clarity, diction, or enunciation. Sort of talking-movie parrot, Eustace is.

And his favorite song, by the way, is evidently "Quark! Quark! The Lark!"

SPEAKING of larks. Freddie met a wonderful girl a few evenings ago. "Oh, a marvelous girl," said Freddy, "an actress—she'd been understudying Ethel Barrymore. We made time all through the evening, and I took her home—her home, you understand. She'd been understudying Ethel Barrymore. . ."

"Yes, yes, go on," exclaimed the assembled company.

"That's all there was," concluded Freddy, "there wasn't any more."

FREDDY is unique in that he is the only person who has discovered what to do with those silver balls you are supposed to freeze in the icebox and serve in drinks instead of ice. He plays a game with them. The game involves ash trays, a brass bowl, a tin measuring cup, several paté de fois gras jars and the top of a bridge table. Turned over to our research department, the report came back that the game is still in an experimental stage requiring superhuman skill.

ANOTHER game, though, that I'll bet you overlooked, is a dart board and darts. Darts have a long and honorable record of being part of the equipment of any good British pub. Properly installed in the home, competition waxes keen and betting disastrous. A lot of amusement parks feature darts and think, with a little secret practice, how you can clean up!

WELL . . . We did it! Across the Sound in the record time of two hot dogs and three bottles of Whistle. And not a thimbleful of water over the gun'le. What's more, we came back the same way, refusing to leave the boat to the mercies of frenzied souvenir hunters.

AS A matter of fact "We" can do it any time now, with my left hand and one cylinder. Which proves that the outboard motor is a practical means of transportation and not a rich man's toy or fad. The day of the old-fashioned rowboat is past!

AND the boat has been christened. With appropriate ceremony, little Minnie Schmulhauser, aged two, daughter of Rear Admiral Rudie Schmulhauser of the Dollie, sprang suddenly from her mother's arms, Mrs. Lemgarde Schmulhauser, and busted

There's one young man who won't always be a Roxy usher



with the Smarter Set

Wise Cracks
By H. W.
HANEMANN

A DEFI flung at Bart Gray of Life brought back the following response with the aid of an unidentified English paper:

"I shall be glad," wrote back Bart, "to beat you at darts, shovehalpenny, chalkem, flagiron, mopsy, dominoes, guvvel towley, wrestling, leapadown, ring-sail, coopy, double coopy (which is more difficult) walnut, banghead, boasting, lying, singing, reserve, habby, squarebasing, up-and-down, skittles, sagramaunt, napoleon, find-the-lady, butt, shuffle-board, lorro, pennycatkins, old-man-to-the-well, cockaday,

the girl friend thought it was a grand idea. The captain succeeded in fishing the young gentleman back on board again, and the girl friend said, "Really, I feel very badly about it. But it was a very brave thing to jump into the fog like that."

BUT I can commend the particularly snooty Roxy usher who kept his soul his own in the face of that pledge that, "We, the attachés, regard the Roxy Theater as a university and place ourselves in the position of students seeking better understanding and

which has been universally accepted as fit trappings for Galahad. P. S. We found the seats—plenty of them.

There's one young man who won't always be a Roxy usher!

ALSO recommended for a citation—from the League of Decent Morals and Upright Womanhood—is the Hidden Door Tea Room on Lexington Avenue, New York. The chairs in the Hidden Door garden are in the wood—handsomely painted, to be sure, but still in the wood. Consequently when the skirts ride too high, the wood scratches. Automatically the skirts are returned by their owners to a more decorous level. Probably for the first time in the world, here is comfort demanding propriety.

AND here, children, is a chance for you to earn some Christmas money by supplying the missing line in this limerick:

A marathon dancer named Maud

Said I think this whole thing is a fraud
But you can't make me stop
I'll dance till I drop

For the best line Smart Set will pay \$5 and \$1 for each of the five next best. The limerick editor will be judge and contest closes Sept. 30, 1928.

sevenpenny, hoff, comeaway, poocher's ring, Northwell, table-cricket . . .

. . . Rankin, dancing in a ring, hurryup, farmiloe, goundy, sludder, merrigale, boil-curing, pip, chess, take-a-chance, bangit, ludo, coinchant, utter, sparrowdrive, good-by, forkback, duster, sermons-in-stones, doggy, peppermint, julio, neckandcrop, Lady May, Will's-barrel, tantalow, gyves, diddle-Tom-Gray, trestlebelly, sawyer, fluke, tender, Dick's gone, rafter, never-never, watser-name and leapfrog."

And that ought to hold all of us for an indefinite period!

THE Boss has been anxious to find a report of some deed of valor by the y. g. indicating that the breed is still hardy and worthy despite gin and high dresses. It is my contention that the y. g. takes its valorous deeds in its stride and little fuss over it. The members save each others lives with the same casualness with which they endanger them and it's all in the day's randy-dandy. Witness the young gentleman who leaped from the deck of the Rochambeau simply because

appreciation of theater arts. Patrons of the theater are our guests and we place ourselves in the position of hosts."

PLACING himself firmly in our path, this indomitable attaché emphatically denied with petulant vigor the possibility of there being any vacant seats down front. When we suggested that we should like to determine that for ourselves, he expressed his appreciation and understanding of theater arts in the manner of a subway guard expressing his understanding and appreciation of the rush hour. This, mind you, in single unsupported, utter defiance of the Roxy tradition and in the Roxy livery

We made it across
the Sound in record-
breaking time



Wooden warn-
ing for high
riding skirts



A Story of a Doughboy In the City of Romance And Heartache



WE'RE in Paris on the last couple of days of our furlough and we're sitting out one of those entr'actes at the Folies Bergères when Pete sees her. It takes one look to tell you she's pretty and when you've had two you know she's got something more than just good looks. We're both having our third when Pete says kind of suddenly.

"Egan, that girl reminds me of Harriet."

And right away that set me against the kid in the corner. Harriet's the jane that was Pete's girl and gave him the air for a cake eater just before he joined the outfit—as if there's a guy anywhere that can stack up with Pete. I never met this Harriet but I didn't like her and the way Pete was staring across the room made me feel she was sort of rubbing it in across the sea.

"I'd like to talk to her," says Pete.

"Have a drink instead," I tell him.

But just then the girl looked at us and I'll be darned if she didn't get up and come over to our table.

"Is it that I have made your acquaintance before, Messieurs?" she says.

She talked that educated English you hear from high hat Frenchmen. I wasn't voting for her but I tried to tell her so as easy as I could. So I says kind of high hat myself, "Who knows?"

SHE looks at me for a time that couldn't have been more than three seconds. And I see Pete get red and white and look as if he's seen the morning star come tripping down Broadway. He gets up and sets a chair for her.

"Surely I am not mistaken," she says.

"What of it? Surely you will sit down."

"Monsieur is too good," she says but she sits down all the same, smiling a thin smile that's as thin as her cheap little dress and as limp as the lace she'd rigged around her neck.

Pete hails a waiter and orders drinks. It was champagne. She glances at me once or twice, half as if she's scared and half as if she doesn't give a darn. And Pete just sits and looks at her and doesn't say a word. This not saying a word business begins to get me worried. I know Pete. When he talked to them in high and fancy language so that they'd think he's a Homer Shakespeare himself I could go off and shoot crap in peace but this looking!

Marguerite had Pete all persuaded she didn't love him but when he buys her a bunch of violets from an old flower woman, she throws one arm around his neck and kisses him. "Good-by," she says and rushes away

So I says, "My friend thinks you are very charming."

"Monsieur, your friend is too kind."

"Yeh," says I. "It's his weakness."

Pete gives me a wicked crack in the shin from under the table.

"You are a Parisian, are you not, mademoiselle?" he says.

"Yes."

"Then it would perhaps not be too much to ask you to show us the places of interest? We have never been in Paris before and who knows in this war when anyone will be in Paris again?"

She turns to me half afraid that I'd spoil something. And that was what I was wanting to do. Believe me, I'd never seen Pete act like this before and I was figuring that here was one time I'd have to be leading Pete instead of Pete leading me as was usual. But then I figured he's a grown man and it's his war as well as the rest of the world's. I wasn't keen on even a second hand morning star horning in on our last night in the Big Town and I kind of wanted to feel that buddies like me and Pete had a right to what might be their last night together by themselves.

But then I remembered that Pete usually savvies what he's

With Drawings
from Life
By DE ALTON
VALENTINE



A Dress for a Lady

the promenade. And so far as I rated I might have been a door knob; they didn't even know I was there. Marguerite, that's what Pete had got to calling her, was translating a lot of wise cracks the actors were making and Pete was having the time of his life. I was too proud to horn in so I left to get a couple of cognacs. And when I came back they didn't even know I'd gone.

After the show we bump into a guy that Pete knows from back home. He's a captain and he's pretty well loaded and he's got a jane with him that's as flashy as a headlight. The jane gives Marguerite the once over. You know from top to toe and back again and I could see that Marguerite felt bad on account of her old silk dress with the sick looking lace. Finally we give the captain and his decorated girl friend

the air and amble towards the boulevard.

When we were getting close to our hotel I say to Marguerite, "Where do you live, mademoiselle?" And she says, "At home."

"Where is it?" I ask her.

"Monsieur Peters will get a cab when we reach the corner. Thank you very much."

It wasn't the cab I was thinking of and I suppose she didn't have to guess very hard that I was anxious to get rid of her. But when Pete called a cab she said good night as smooth as velvet and, "Tomorrow, mes-sieurs!" in a voice that would make a guy feel bad to know he was going to stand her tomorrow.

Stand her up was what I told Pete he should do when we got up in our room. "She's a nice enough kid," I tell him. "But if she's like Harriet I'm not for her. A war is no time to fall in love. Play around if you want to, corporal, but she ain't the kind you can play around with. You don't see a wise guy like your captain friend doin' the town with the kinda girl that'll expect you to write to her. Didja get a good look at the one he was with? No sir. Marguerite looks like a sweet kid down on her luck, an' I like 'er even if she

up to and all I was aiming to do was be a buddy who could let a guy alone if necessary. And she did look as if she'd had class, hands with fingers as pointed as almond nuts and a mouth cut sharp like chiseling. So if this is his idea of a good time it clicks K. O. with me for he's one deep guy. So I says, "Sure, I wouldn't mind. It don't make any difference to me."

She knows what's in my mind but I guess she don't care much and she says, "In that case I should be only too happy. Is it to be tomorrow?"

"If you will," says Pete.

It was time for the next act but instead of going back to our seats the three of us watched the rest of the show from

doesn't think so but she's got her guns pointed at you an' it's not in fun."

"And it's not your business," says Pete.

"Check," says I. "It's not. You're a bad guy to argue with an' I won't do it. But if you're thinkin' there's a chance you'll be doin' somethin' you'll be sorry for, wait till you know somethin' about 'er."

It may seem funny, a guy like me telling a guy like Pete a couple of hours after we meet a girl in Paris that she's liable to marry him. But as I said, I'd never seen Pete act like that before.

Pete takes his shoes off and lights one of my cigarettes.

"She never got the breaks," he says. "She told me all about herself while you were away during the second act."

"Didn't think you knew I'd gone."

"Oh, yes. We were glad you did. Otherwise she might never have told me."

"She'd 'a' told you, all right," I tell him. "Don't worry about that."

"SEEMS she came from a pretty good family but when the Huns got playful with the coal mines in the Saar basin the old man lost his dough and bumped himself off. Her mother died soon after. And then her brother goes half goofy with shell shock and gets his discharge but darn little pension because 'somebody's tied the red tape wrong. That makes him dependent on her. She'd been a helper in a hospital after staying with friends as long as she could—seems there weren't any relatives—but scrubbing floors and lifting pails strained her back and she had to quit. Hasn't got any talents but her knowledge of English and she can't find many people willing to put out their dough to learn it when there's so many soldiers willing to teach it for nothing. So she is living as well as she can and I know that living like that in Paris, or even in Podunk, is not so good."

"Think she's on the level?" I ask.

"I know it," he says.

"She may be at that," I say, "an' then she may not be. It's hard to believe that a good-lookin' girl like that—"

I don't finish what I was going to say because I see a deadly look on Pete's face and he says to me, kind of soft, "Private, I'm going to murder you surer than the devil."

We meet her the next day and she blushes up a little under the pale skin of hers. She's wearing the same black dress and the same lace around the neck. The lace has been laundered and it looked nice and fresh. But that dress! It must have cost a lot of jack once but washing it would have been like operating on a wounded guy that's got ten minutes to live and smoke a cigarette. Her eyes are like two blotches of midnight under her little hat. And she smiles at me as if to ask me not to spoil her party.

PETE flags a cab. Marguerite gets in, then Pete, then me. It's gloomy inside but not so that I couldn't see how sweet her mouth was now that it wasn't so tight lipped. But all I could see of Pete was the back of his neck all sweet with talcum and one ear a little nicked.

We drive up and down a lot of streets that look all alike. Their voices get lower and lower, talking about how wonderful this is and how lovely that is, but soft talk like that with a man and a girl isn't always what they're talking about. Pretty soon I see less and less of Marguerite because Pete's shoulder has shifted some more. I couldn't blame him because what a guy gets out of travel isn't all from the scenery. I'm enjoying it by myself when Marguerite's voice says:

"You sleep soundly in the daytime, monsieur."

"There's people that dream without sleepin'," I tell her.

"Perhaps that is their only respite if they have lived too

much," she says, and I realize I can take that as I please.

There's a break in her voice and I look at her pretty close. Her face is white. I drag out my watch. Two o'clock.

"There's better things than dreaming," says I. "Eatin's one of 'em."

Pete looks at me kind of queer. He'd always eaten pretty regular before the war and he can't read white faces like me but he doesn't say a thing.

"Where'd y' like to go?" I ask her.

She keeps quiet.

"Am I the only guy with a stomach?" I ask. "I could eat a can o' lye myself."

"You are too good," she says. "A dairy lunch will do."

"Not when you're with Egan. I'm for somethin' heftier than a dairy lunch. Don't you know any high grade, heavy artillery eatin' joint in this town?"

She argues a little but in the end takes us to a place where



PETE catches sight of Marguerite in her new dress dining with the Captain. With one bound Pete's at Marguerite's side and when she begs him to take her away I see his love-sick heart spill all over his face

the headwaiter gives us a menu as long as a parade and where they got a couple of old guys playing on a harp and a fiddle. "What'll y' have?" I ask her while Pete wriggles in his chair and looks sad at the menu.

"That is for you, thank you," she says bowing a little.

You can't eat dreams or drink pleasures but there being nothing to say I said it to the waiter. And he was an understanding waiter too. He brought us a raft of comestibles and things to drink with them that slid them home like a fireman down a greased pole. Now that there's chow Pete comes to and eats it but he was still so dreamy that he didn't catch on to the way Marguerite was holding on to herself to keep from grabbing and gulping.

The first couple of courses bring a little red to her cheeks and a little more tone to her voice but when the waiter brings her something or other trimmed with clover-shaped lemon slices her eyes look as if she sees something it hurts to remember. This poetry racket goes for food as well as home and mother.

I give her a cigarette and she lights it and blows smoke into three slow rings.

"Feel better?" I ask her.

"If I could only—" she stops dead and the red in her cheeks now isn't from food. Then she says prim and slow, "A most delightful repast. You are excellent hosts, messieurs."

"We do the best we can," says I. "Now in New York—"

I was going to tell her what a swell town New York is for eating when you know the right places but a guy in a Sam Browne belt was tapping Pete on the shoulder. It was the captain we'd run into the night before in front of the Folies

"What do you mean, annex?" she says while the color flutters in her face.

"I mean what I said," says I. "He's daffy about you an' whatever you do I wouldn't blame you. Pete's the best guy in the world and I like you but a girl like you—"

"I am sure you mean well but you are wrong, Monsieur Egan," she cuts in. "I have already refused to marry him."

She says that like a guy says, "It's a nice day." And honest I think I was more scared than if she'd said they were going to elope. I couldn't figure it was real.



"And when did he ask you?"

"A little while ago when you were dreaming in the cab."

Then she says with the words coming quick, "I am not for him. Nor is he for me. You are wise, Monsieur Egan, but I know of things of the heart and I know that he does not love me, not as women should be loved to be married. In twenty-four hours, think you, he shall know me to make me his for eternity? No, Monsieur Egan, he may speak to me of love and marriage but to him I am only a shadow of love. And afterwards, if I marry him, when I would be no longer strange, when I would be as irksome as a patched coat, what then? Figure yourself! They are not pretty, these alleys of romance. He is too good, too young for that!"

She looked at the tablecloth and because she's crying I look away. "Life is not easy at any time; it seems often unbearable for many reason but misjudgment makes it hardest," she says.

I put out my mitt across the coffee cups and she takes it and the two of us say nothing. Then Pete comes back, looking sore and growling a little.

"Damn him. I thought I'd never get away. Hope you didn't mind, Marguerite. You all right?"

"Yes, very well, thank you. Monsieur Egan here has been very kind."

"People like that disgust me," says Pete, meaning the captain guy. "He knows we have to leave tonight and he wants me to—I felt like punching his face."

"What is it, my friend?" [Continued on page 118]

Bergères. He gives me a tumble as I get up but he bows to Marguerite and says how d'ye do in French just to show what a classy guy he really is. Then he takes Pete by the elbow and steers him aside for a conference.

Marguerite smiled at them and then shifted the smile to me.

"What's the matter?" I ask.

"Nothing, Monsieur Egan. Does it seem strange that I should smile because for once I am not unhappy and I am grateful?"

"There's different ways of showin' gratitude, an' smilin' is a nice one," I tell her, "but annexin' a buddy o' mine just because he's crazy in love with you ain't so nice. You know that yourself."

Showing Good Form in a Love Set



No wonder tennis is a game that starts at "Love-All"! With Cupid as umpire it is always Advantage, Girl, and while the match may begin as mixed singles if your defense is not strong enough it may end with a life partner in mixed doubles

Drawn by the Famous French Humorous Artist Henry Journier

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If you really knew about PRINCESS PAT powder you'd surely try it

HERE WE SHALL TRY TO GIVE THE FACTS. READ CAREFULLY.

IN the first place, Princess Pat is the *only* face powder that contains *Almond*. Your accustomed powders likely have a base of *starch*.

This change of *base* in Princess Pat makes a completely different powder. Almond makes a more *clinging* powder than can possibly be obtained with starch as a base.

So *point one* in favor of Princess Pat is that it *stays on longer*. Every woman will appreciate *this* advantage.

Almond makes Princess Pat a *softer* powder than can be produced with any other base. The softer a powder, the better its application.

So *point two* in favor of Princess Pat is that it can be applied more smoothly, assuring the peculiarly soft, velvety tone and texture which definitely establishes Princess Pat as the choice of ultra fashionable women everywhere.

A deciding factor in choosing powder is *perfume*. Will you like Princess Pat—an original fragrance? Yes. For it steals upon the senses subtly, elusively. Its appeal is to delicacy, to the appreciation every woman has of finer things. It is sheer beauty, haunting wistfulness expressed in perfume.

So *point three* in favor of Princess Pat is per-

fume of such universal charm that *every* woman is enraptured.

Even beyond all these advantages, Princess Pat possesses a special virtue which *should* make every woman choose Princess Pat as her *only* powder.

For Princess Pat Powder is *good* for the skin. Not merely harmless, mind you, but *beneficial*! And once again the Almond in Princess Pat is to be credited—the Almond found in *no other* face powder.

You know how confidently you depend upon Almond in lotions and creams, how it soothes and beautifies, keeping the skin soft, pliant and *naturally* lovely.

Almond in Princess Pat Face Powder has the *selfsame* properties. Fancy that! Instead of drying out your skin when you powder, you actually improve it. Constant use of Princess Pat Powder is one of the very best ways to correct and prevent coarse pores, blackheads and roughened skin texture.

Princess Pat has been called "the powder your skin loves to feel." It is a most apt description; for the soft, velvety texture of Princess Pat is delightful—and *different*.

And now, if you have read carefully, learned the unusual advantages of Princess Pat you will surely want to try it.

Your favorite toilette goods counter can supply Princess Pat Almond Base Powder—in two weights. These are regular weight, in the oblong box, and a splendidly adherent light weight powder in round box. Both weights are made with the famous Almond Base.

Get This Week End Set!

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for **THIS COUPON** and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and **SIX** other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.



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PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.

Princess Pat Ice Astringent is the one vanishing cream that acts like ice to close and refine the pores. Ideal as the powder base—effective longer—cool, pleasant, refreshing as ice. Prevents and corrects coarse pores. Always use before powder.

The Golden Girl of the Air

[Continued from page 25]

worker and has taught university extension classes in factories around Lynn and other towns. Her hobby is flying. She has been flying since she was eighteen.

"Has she any nerve?" asked Railey. "This is a tough job you know."

"Try her," replied Belknap. "During the war he was too young to go abroad but she drove an ambulance in Toronto for the V. A. D. Her father, an American, was in the legal department of the Canadian Pacific at Toronto."

Amelia was instructing a class of children in English and citizenship at Denison House when George Ludlam, fellow staff worker, brought Belknap's message. In twenty minutes a tall, very slim young woman, of boyish figure and with bobbed curly blonde hair walked into Railey's office. She had a straight, steady look and there were strong, well modeled curves about her mouth.

"Would you like to fly the Atlantic Ocean?" Mr. Railey calmly asked her.

"Yes," she answered quite as calmly. "I've wanted to for a long time."

Thus placidly she signed for an adventure that had already taken the lives of many brave men and women. She got a brief leave of absence, went to New York and met Mr. Putnam and Lady Guest's American representatives. Putnam's artist, commissioned to draw her from life, said to her in astonishment, "Young lady, I have made many excellent drawings of you already—drawings of Charles A. Lindbergh."

A FEW days later, Mrs. Railey, called back from a Southern trip by a wire from her husband, entered their home at 16 Gardner Road, Brookline, to find Amelia sitting flat on a rug in her living room. "She was trying unhappily," says Mrs. Railey, "to help a secretary and my husband pound out on a typewriter a 'colorful' sketch of her life."

Between Railey's efforts to extract fresh biographical material from her, Amelia protested. "But I don't know how to make myself interesting to order! School, college, war-nursing, social work, a couple of planes of my own and a little flying, what more can I say? What is there to say?"

"She's been like this for two days now," despaired Railey. "She has a wonderful background and no appreciation of it whatever. A terrible person to work with. I wish you'd take her away from me, out to dinner somewhere, and see if you can get anything out of her. The story has to be done by noon tomorrow and so far I have about one acceptable paragraph."

Mrs. Railey, herself a social worker, says that Amelia's smile of apology was at once teasing and disarming. "One moment I thought how very feminine she was and the next how very like a charming boy, with her short, fair, curly hair, heels tucked under her on the rug and that teasing grin."

In a quiet, candle-lighted corner of the Old France restaurant in Boston, the girl said,

If I could just hop in and over for the adventure and to try out the use of pontoons for Commander Byrd, it would be one thing. But apparently it can't be done that way. The public has to come into it and they'll make it out just a stunt, I'm afraid. If I were pilot of the plane it would seem different, but I am not."

Once, during the meal, Mrs. Railey says she herself couldn't suppress the panicky feeling that swept over her at thought of all the men and women who had gone down in the attempt to span the Atlantic. Amelia nibbled her salad and said with apparent absence of fear, "What's a life? I believe this particular flight will be the safest yet

made. And it's such an adventure even if we do pop off!"

Amelia Earhart is a curious amalgam of the artist and the pragmatist. She seems to have been born with the gift of wisdom, a gift that lifts her above the "little tin gods with the little tin souls" as Kipling phrases it. Her education and her experiences in life have been orderly in a disorderly way. Born in Atchison, Kansas, of a family long nurtured on American soil, she was educated at a fashionable finishing school, the Ogontz, near Philadelphia and studied special courses at various universities including Columbia in New York and the University of California.

She would rather read than eat and has read "everything": Hume, Kant, Spinoza, Hegel, Darwin, Goethe, Voltaire, Schopenhauer, Rousseau. In her room at Denison

Is the Girl of Today a Super Girl?

Is she outclassing the average boy of her own age in physical and mental development? Sir Philip Gibbs, famous English novelist, is enthusiastically interested in young people—and especially the young girl whom he says is a "wonderful creature." Don't miss his article in an early issue of SMART SET

House are many of these titles, mingled with works on engineering and mechanics, navigation and novels, poetry in prose and verse. There are also pictures of Lincoln and of Lindbergh.

"She is a girl of tremendous feeling, yet of marvelous control," one of her fellow workers at Denison House told me. "A dozen nationalities live close packed in this part of Boston. Amelia is known to hundreds. Time and again she has gone into homes where the husband is a drunkard, the mother a discouraged slouch, the children unkempt and sneaky and she has succeeded in aiding them to better themselves. She has employed no other arguments than poise, charm and strength. She has been particularly successful with children."

"I have never known any one with such zest for life and with such uncanny ability to cultivate it in others. Yet, withal, one has a feeling that she has an inner life that no one has ever penetrated, perhaps not even herself."

MISS EARHART'S father, Edwin S. Earhart, is something of a rover. He is at present practicing law in Los Angeles and has lived apart from his family, through mutual acceptance of varying inclinations, for some years. I don't know him. But I have met the only other members of this astonishing girl's immediate family—the mother, Amy Otis Earhart, and the younger sister, Muriel. The mother is sixty-two, tall, slight, gray and partly deaf. She is of ancient New England stock. Sister Muriel's family nickname is "Snappy." Her resemblance to her sister is marked. For three terms she has taught civics, English and the history of civilization.

The mother and Muriel occupy a small apartment on the top floor of a three-family house at 27 Princeton Street, South Medford.

"They may see you if you send a message through the woman on the second floor," warned Sam Sayward, editor of the Medford Mercury, "but it's like boring into granite with a feather to get human interest material out of them about Amelia and the flight."

The editor was right in one sense, wrong in another.

The mother and sister were intensely averse to glorifying themselves through Amelia. But they were perfectly willing to discuss Amelia Earhart, human being, objectively. They said Amelia had been a self-reliant type since babyhood, almost. As mysteries unfolded before her child's eyes, Amelia sought to solve them herself.

Almost before she changed from rompers into gingham dresses, she manifested overwhelming interest in three things: books, sports, people. She read Dickens when most children were building blocks. She played tennis when other girls were toddling.

"It was perfectly natural," explained Muriel, "for Sis to become an aviation enthusiast. She went into aviation as she always has done everything else, with all her energy."

EVEN before Lindbergh proved the Atlantic flight could be made, Mely had dreamed of piloting a plane across the ocean. That flight put wings up on her dreams. Mr. Harold Dennison, president of the Dennison Aircraft Corporation, encouraged her. He had met her in California and knew about her breaking the women's record for altitude by going up 14,000 feet in a monoplane. When Mr. Dennison established the Dennison Airport in Boston, he made her an instructor.

"Sis was kept pretty busy and she couldn't get over to see us often. But she came in on Memorial Day. It was her last visit before the flight. She had been pledged to secrecy and she told us, 'I am soon going to make a trip to New York or further.' Mother and I paid no special attention to that. She'd often gone on short trips."

"When I learned from newspaper men that the Friendship was off for Newfoundland, I was a little shocked. I went outside and phoned Mr. Dennison. He said, 'Amelia has gone with Wilmer Stultz, one of the greatest pilots in the world in one of the safest ships in the world.' I didn't tell mother until evening. Then we watched and waited and listened over the radio. Were we frightened? No, I don't think so. We were anxious. But we were not afraid. We knew Amelia."

AT THE office of the Boston chapter of the National Aeronautic Association, several members gathered one evening in June, 1928. The radio and newspapers had carried Amelia Earhart's statement at Burry Port, Wales. "I was just so much baggage on the flight." A fellow board member in the Boston N. A. A. grumbled, "Darn Amelia, why couldn't she have taken the controls just once on the way over? She's perfectly capable of it and Stultz was more than anxious to give her some of the credit. Why does she have to be so explicit, with this 'just a passenger' business? She could have flown the Friendship at least a little while, by instruments or any other way, in perfect safety. Amelia's so darned honest she makes me tired."

Well, maybe. But Amelia Earhart is a spirit sister of Lindbergh. And the impersonal and objective attitude of mind of America's latest and greatest heroine of the air augurs well. When and if Amelia accomplishes the fine task to which she has set herself, her accomplishment will be worth more to womanhood than any other single exploit hopeful members of the supplementary sex, can visualize.

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LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES

Amelia M. Earhart

Amelia M. Earhart, first woman to fly the Atlantic by aeroplane
says—

"Lucky Strikes were the cigarettes carried on the 'Friendship' when she crossed the Atlantic. They were smoked continuously from Trepassey to Wales. I think nothing else helped so much to lessen the strain for all of us."

"It's toasted"
No Throat Irritation-No Cough.

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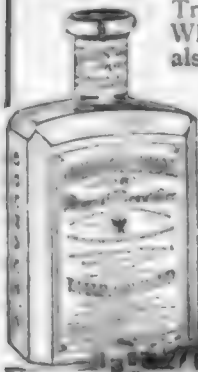
Tan, freckles, muddy complexions and coarse, wind roughened skins are passé for Fall and Winter social activities. Correct this condition now. Wipe out your summer blemishes and in their place give to your skin a pure, soft, pearly appearance of alluring beauty. Let

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prove to you the value of "Corrective Beautifying." In a moment's time it renders a bewitching appearance to your complexion that cannot be duplicated by any Powder, Cream or Lotion. Its effective astringent and antiseptic action discourages blemishes, wrinkles and flabbiness. The weak points of your appearance are yielding to its corrective properties as you enjoy the immediate effect of a new beauty to your skin and complexion.

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What Every Woman Wants to Know

[Continued from page 35]

her utter lack of tact with her husband.

Diane de Poitiers was a woman born to command, infinitely stronger than the King she ruled. For twenty years this woman was the real ruler of France, simply because the King loved her. And she was a brilliant power. But of her it has been written by those who saw her. "In her looks at Henry there was at once an order and the reward for obedience."

In other words, too many wives demand or command without offering that radiant reward. Or they nag and nagging is the one curse above all curses in domestic relations. Not drink, not infidelity, not even relations in law can equal it.

Instead of taking the time and trouble to win their way, to accomplish what may honestly be for the best good of both, they issue orders, whine, reiterate and leave a hidden feeling of resentment, a subconscious realization of the man's part of the "ball and chain."

SUPPOSE for instance a wife wants her husband to stay home and play bridge with the Smiths instead of going to the fights with that disreputable man Jones.

What would an Emma Hamilton, a diplomat in domestic as well as international relations, do under those circumstances?

Would she say, "William, you have got to stay home tonight, that's all. You've got no right to go to those disgusting prize fights with that horrible Jones. If you had any sense you'd know better. You leave me alone every Friday night and I won't have it. I'm your wife, you know. Besides, the Smiths are very important people. How do you expect to get up in the world if you don't take advantage of people like the Smiths?"

No, Emma would probably have approached the subject something like this:

"Oh, darling, Mrs. Smith just called up and wanted to come over and play bridge tonight. I told them I didn't think we could because this was my boy's night to go to the fights and of course I wanted him to go. But I was sorry because you know last time we had such bad luck and I played so miserably, but now that you've taught me so much about original bids I just wanted to show them what we could do. You know, they don't realize what a brilliant player you are, angel, because I did such awful things, but I've tried to improve since you told me all those things and I just bet we could show them a thing or two tonight. And it just happened that I had some nice cold chicken in the ice box and I could have made a little chicken à la king for supper. You know the Smiths are dears even if he is such an important man. I know he realizes your possibilities and they do seem to like to come here so much. I wonder why Mr. Smith doesn't seem to think much of poor old Jones. It's a shame, really. I think a lot of people misunderstand Jones' drinking and gambling and all and think he's no good and they don't know how many fine traits he has underneath. People are so apt to judge by appearances in this world, aren't they?"

Ten to one, William stays happily at home and everybody is better off.

The third project upon which infinite time and pains should be exercised by every wife is the effort to become an integral part: helper, inspiration, audience, sounding board, comforter of every enterprise which concerns her husband, whether it be fun or business.

The retort of many wives may be, "Oh, yes, but my husband doesn't want me to be interested in his business. When he comes

home at night he's tired and he doesn't want to talk business."

Fair enough, though often this is true only because the wife cannot display an intelligent interest or play an adequate "straight" for his triumphs or disappointments of the day or his plans for the morrow.

If the husband really does not want to talk business, it then becomes the wife's special function to amuse her husband. But if she looks very far ahead she will see that this phase will come to an end, she will see that she is allowing herself to be needlessly limited in her part in his life. There will be times, at least, times of overwork and danger, stress and worry, when no man can forget business, even though the woman be as skilled at amusing as Du Barry herself. Times when triumph to be really sweet must be shared with the one nearest and dearest.

The smart woman prepares herself for that time. She knows that comfort which does not include some understanding of the trouble is too often worthless. That praise means little unless the one giving it is qualified to praise. She studies things without intruding, asks intelligent questions, repeats compliments she has heard from others on his ability, reveals cleverness in some phase of his work.

Emma Hamilton was not content, once she had become the wife of the Ambassador, with merely amusing Sir William Hamilton. Even her world-famed attitudes, her glorious voice and her social graces did not satisfy her. She was not content even when the Queen of the Two Sicilies, Marie-Caroline, sister of the tragic Marie Antoinette, and Sir William between them had molded her into a beautiful figure of an ambassadress.

To hold Sir William who had married her against the wishes of his sovereign, the traditions of his class, in spite of the ridicule of his friends—for in those days a man of position and family did not marry his mistress—she had to make herself part of his life in every department and fill her difficult rôle much better than any other woman need have done.

Her husband had two deep passions, diplomacy and Etruscan vases, a profession, as it were, and a hobby.

THEREFORE, in spite of the fact that, as Mrs. Barrington says, "it puzzled her, wearied her a little at first," she began to study statecraft. At first she acted as his secretary, copying his papers or reading aloud his dispatches. Gradually, she came to understand the intrigues and the demands of those terrible times. Her friendship with the Queen became of vast diplomatic importance. Her natural wit was trained, her charm exercised, her impetuosity controlled. The time came when her husband was to inform Lord Nelson that Her Excellency was the key to the international situation at Naples.

His pride in her was enormous always, for when praise was showered upon her she said to him, "See what you have done?"

Thus it became impossible for him even in thought to separate his beloved work from his beloved Emma.

As for Etruscan vases, it is highly improbable that Emma cared a great deal on her own account about them but Sir William was writing a book upon that subject and Emma helped him. Indeed yes. She sat at his feet and wrote down his words; she listened while he talked; she asked questions.

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The nice thing about Listerine used this way is that the cost, compared to most astringents, amounts to almost nothing. The saving is really remarkable.

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There's no question of the importance of an astringent in the care of the skin, and we'll wager that once you try Listerine you'll like it above all others. Simply douse it on your face full strength. Results will delight you. Why not begin today? Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.

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He'll like it

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There is a shade of blush-rose which is a dream of natural loveliness for your lips, and Tangee gives it to you.

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Name
Address

Her artistic eye was excellent and she could give impressions after some careful study, criticism that was helpful. As an inspiration and an audience, she was perfect.

So his hobby became bound up with her, too. No one so thoroughly understood the beauty and importance of Etruscan vases as Emma. Why, she even refused to allow him to buy her a new diamond necklace that he might be able to purchase some art treasure which had caught his eye. That bread came back to her upon the waters later in London when she had somehow lost her grip and was spending too extravagantly.

But, says the wife, "My husband's hobby is golf. He is crazy about golf. He doesn't want me to play. He leaves me all the time for golf."

If that is the case she cannot take an active part in his hobby but she can use her reason, she can use the Hamilton method and make even that a tie that binds rather than a wedge that separates. That is if she cares more for her happiness than her false pride.

If she thinks clearly and without allowing her view of the situation to be obstructed by self, she will see that the reasons he doesn't want her are quite logical and honest and nothing but sheer vanity can be wounded by them. First of all, she will slow up his game. Second, he wants the change to man society, man voices, thought, background.

The woman who discourages her husband's contact with other men is a fool. There is no politer word to describe her. The time to worry is when a man loses his taste for the companionship of his men friends and equals. Emma Hamilton made that mistake when she returned to London with her husband and Lord Nelson. She separated him from his brother officers and his friends too much. Their love had grown to such completeness that she did not lose him but for the first time he was a little unhappy and his image was dimmed in the eyes of the world.

DOES the average woman realize completely enough that the woman a man loves is always with him? That if he is in the habit of turning to her for laughter, appreciation, sympathy and understanding he does so mentally even when he is absent from her? Wouldn't she rather have the man's love without his actual presence at times than his presence without his love?

For instance take these two pictures. A man on the golf course, happy, healthy, enjoying good company, and thinking to himself, "Gee, my wife is a peach. Wait until I tell her about that one. This is a lot of fun but it wouldn't be half so much fun if I didn't have Mary waiting at home for me." Or a man at home bored, miserable, thinking about his game and hating her for keeping him from it or even on the links burdened with a sense of guilt, of being somehow, without knowing quite why, a perfect brute.

Here, surely, the new freedom and equality and intellectuality of woman should tell. If a man loves the society of other men, why not women that of other women? Why cannot a wife occupy her time with her women friends happily and profitably? Many can and do. That is a modern development that is a step forward.

Since boredom is the great danger of marriage all these things should be used by the wife as part of her equipment. Instead of regarding them as traitorous, which in the last analysis is mere wounded vanity and a low type of jealousy, she should regard everything that legitimately keeps her husband happy and still gives him a change as so much velvet.

In herself, she can give him a certain

amount of change. That should be her constant personal aim. The one-woman harem, which as we have seen Cleopatra so beautifully exemplified, must never be lost sight of and that extraordinary woman's "infinite variety" must be copied as far as possible. The wife who is playmate, mother, housekeeper, comforter, pal, business associate and mistress will always keep her husband longest.

In addition to this she can provide changes in many other ways.

It is the vanity of the modern woman that has separated her from the oldest knowledge and methods of wise women, the use of certain outside aids to keep varied and contrasted and interesting the life of the man she loves.

THE clever motion picture star knows perfectly well that it is better for her to put out an excellent picture, with a good story, fine direction, a first class leading man and cast in which she plays an average rôle, than for her to put out a poor picture with an inferior story and cast in which she gives a great performance. Her name is on the picture. People associate its good points with her. If the picture is good, they go to the next one on which her name appears. If it is poor, no matter how many beautiful closeups of her there are, they will stay away.

So it is with the wife. If her husband's life is bright, cheerful, full of good things, and she is an intimate part of them, they all build for her, she gets the credit.

Therefore, let her use every surrounding possibility. Interesting friends, if she has them. The people he likes. Theaters selected to suit his taste. There are always matinees, if hers differ. Good bridge players if he likes bridge. Pretty faces, if he is fond of pretty faces. Music, radios, the best and newest books selected and ready for him if he is a reader. Ball games, movies all touched with her. And let her be interested enough to read the books so she may discuss them with him, or keep up on Babe Ruth's batting average if that is apt to be the subject of his dinner table conversation.

Diane de Poitiers, in spite of the fact that she was seventeen years older than her royal lover, kept him devoted his entire life, and understood this art better than any other woman. She had a genius for it.

What could he desire, where could he find, such things as Diane gave him? Not just herself but everything he desired from life. His music for instance. Who could arrange such delightful concerts as Diane, who could be such a sympathetic fellow-listener. She did not like music by the way. Beautiful surroundings—why, none of his palaces compared to Diane's, for beauty, for comfort, for entertainment. Hunting, his favorite sport—who so fearless and eager as a hunting companion, who so tireless in following the chase as Diane?

The show was her, that was all. She used every one of his tastes to keep him utterly satisfied.

The wife of today can do the same thing. If he wishes to play golf, who buys him the set of clubs which he prizes and which his friends admire? His wife. Who arranged that necessary yearly visit to the family so that it coincided with the national tournament? His wife. Who gets the biggest kick out of his breaking a hundred, or seventy for that matter? Who is always finding some clever thing about golf in magazines or newspapers?

Another point which Lady Hamilton used to the greatest advantage when necessary was the winning of the love and approval of those held in high esteem by the man she wanted.

Her conquest of the great Duchess of Argyle, a cousin of Sir William's and one of

the most loved and respected women in England, actually brought about the marriage she had so long desired but, oh so wisely, never mentioned. By her sweet submission, her modesty, her flattering admiration, the quiet display of her talents, her love and loyalty to Sir William, her good taste and the simple, gallant way she carried her difficult position as the Lady of the Embassy who was not the wife of the Ambassador, awakened the sympathy and admiration of the elderly Duchess, who had herself known early struggles. Emma gained, too, the support of the Queen by tactfully and modestly refusing the advances of that lady's consort. The approval and encouragement of these two influential and highly placed women gave Sir William the courage to break all precedent and follow the dictates of his heart.

Lord Nelson first loved Emma Hamilton because she sent six carloads of fresh meat and vegetables to his sailors after the taking of Toulon.

That is the absolute truth.

A much less beautiful woman might have done that.

NELSON'S mind and soul were wrapped up in his sailors, in his ships, in the coming encounter with Napoleon. He was an idealist, a torch bearer, a man with a one track mind. If Venus herself had risen from the sea beside his man of war and made eyes at him he wouldn't have noticed her. No need for wax in his ears against the fatal singing of sirens. He carried within himself his own defence against all feminine seduction. He was married. He was a man of honor and religious belief; his tastes were quiet and his whole world was the British fleet.

Lady Hamilton, at the height of her fame and beauty, might as well have been a marble statue in a museum for all he cared. Sex, in its common connotation, simply did not exist for him at that time. And it was to be years before the sex element entered into the relations of the Divine Lady and the Hero. Before that came a sort of glorified friendship with sex running through only as hidden violins run through a Wagner overture.

The structure that has sex for a roof is safe. The structure that has sex for a foundation is always in danger.

Armor proof indeed seemed this fiery young warrior but the Achilles heel was there, as it always is in every man for the woman who knows how to find it. Emma's instinct was unerring.

His men. His ships. The battles to be fought and won. The foe to be conquered. Glory and England.

As the lady of the attitudes which Goethe had praised so highly, he noted her not one whit.

But as the food angel of the British fleet she swiftly became part of his highest dreams and his deepest desires. Long before she was his beloved, Emma Hamilton was the goddess of victory to him. Long before he felt any desire to touch the soft white hand of this woman, he knelt to kiss the hand of the guardian spirit who brought him the paper which gave him the right to refuel and reprovision his fleet in Sicily.

And she with her priceless instinct for the dramatic brought it at the right moment, just when it seemed he must turn back to Gibraltar and lose his great chance of defeating the French fleet. Her tact, her influence with the Queen, her skillful manipulation, had given him his great chance. He associated her with it always.

Ah, this was a different Emma, this self-created Emma who could do such wonders with her charm, from the wild hoyden of Up Park and the gauche little mistress of Edgerow street.

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Lady Hamilton mended their ragged wardrobes. She nursed the sick. She entertained the weary men. She sang duets with the first lieutenant. She drew them to tell her tales and wept and laughed over them. She wrote letters home for them.

Did it take beauty to do these things? No. It took a desire to please, a deep charm that was made more powerful by the real goodness and generosity of her wayward heart.

Her sweetness, her kindness, her patriotism, her consideration, her courage, her quick wit when her own sea-faring problems were concerned, her true love as the handmaiden of duty.

Soon they called her the She-Admiral, the angel of the Fleet, the good angel of the British Navy.

Small wonder that soon he was not able to separate her from his goddess glory, from England itself. In his eyes, she could do no wrong. And never, though her beauty cost him money and cost him the respect of his equals, though in England she was out-cast, was he able to separate her from these things.

Call Emma Hamilton what you will, but for the later shame she brought upon this man, we must recognize that the answer to Lord Nelson's deathless and beautiful love for her was that she stood to him for the highest and the best.

Not even when he lay dying, when the glad news of a victory that spelt the eventual ruin of Napoleon, did he fail to see her above all else. "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton." They were his last words. As they took her picture from his cabin in clearing the ship to go into battle, he had said, "Take care of my guardian angel." Everyone knows of the famous will in which he bequeathed Emma and little Horatia, their daughter, as his legacy to England.

Thoughts like that are not born in a bedroom. They are not inspired by flesh, no matter how perfect. A woman who shines like that in a man's life has identified herself with the beautiful things of his spirit.

A great man of our day said not long ago, "All a woman needs to be to a man is inspiration." That is truer than it sounds for a woman cannot be inspiration to a man if irritation, conflict, unkindness or boredom are present.

Emma Hamilton's most powerful weapon from beginning to end was flattery. In her hands it became the fairy wand which she must have held when she posed for Romney's most famous portrait of her as Circe, a Circe changing beasts back into men.

The flattery she gave was subtle, sweet, individual. Her art was to know how and when to apply it and in what degree.

She had a "line" however. Every woman has a "line" of some kind. But every woman today should know this famous one of Emma's and use it. It is simplicity itself, yet few women today remember it. The magical effect of it placed Emma on top of the world.

Let us note it and the small variations she found it necessary to use, even with such different men as the cold and self-seeking Greville, the artistic and simple Romney, the worldly and intellectual Hamilton, the idealistic and heroic Nelson.

To Greville, in the gardens of Up Park, she said, "Oh, what a friend I might have in you could I deserve it. No one in this world ever spoke to me before or cared a straw but to make me pass the time for them." And later, "You've given me the wish to improve and I count you for a friend indeed. I'll study two hours each day faithfully until I have the happiness to see you once more." And still later, when he had used a merely polite form of address,

"You, dear Emma! Can the poor, unhappy girl be Greville's dear Emma? Oh, how happy for me could that be possible."

On the strength of such words as these, when Sir Harry cast her into the street, Greville installed her as his housekeeper. Her beauty alone left him quite in possession of his cold common sense but her flattering adoration, her appeal to his protection, won him to do something that was against his better judgment.

To Sir William Hamilton she said, "Ah, what a happy creature is your Emma, me that had no friend, no protector, nobody I could trust and now to be the friend, the Emma of Sir William Hamilton." And in a letter she wrote, "Do you call me your dear friend? Oh, if I could express myself! If I had words to thank you that I may not be choked with meanings for which I can find no utterance." And in another, "My friend, my all, my earthly good, my kind in one, you are to me eating, drinking, clothing, my comforter in distress."

To Romney, who painted her into immortality had all else failed, she said, "You make me what I should be, all beauty and wonder, scarce treading the earth and I so far below it."

Her first greeting to Nelson was "Sir, you are God's messenger as well as our

It's The Little Things That Count

Catherine the Great, Russia's most famous Czarina, knew more about the "little things" in love than any woman who ever lived. The combined knowledge of Catherine the Great and Adela Rogers St. Johns is of undeniable value to any girl who is trying to win—and hold—her man. See November SMART SET

King's." And after the battle of the Nile she wrote to him, "Oh, what do we not owe to you? I fainted when I heard the joyful news and fell on my side and am hurt. I should feel it a glory to die in such a cause. No, I would not like to die until I see and embrace the Victor of the Nile."

How resist this? Can or does any man ever resist such tactics, such sweet, warm, sincere flattery? To them went all the credit for whatever she was, whatever she might be. She gave herself like a block of exquisite marble to be sculptured by their hands and they felt themselves gods in consequence.

Every man in the world desires to remake the woman he loves according to his own desires, to match his own ideals. Women forgive men their faults. Men make women's a proof of their own power if the women are clever.

Nothing so endears a wife to a husband as to find her striving to fulfill his ideals. Even if she doesn't succeed, she gets credit for trying.

Greville loved Emma in white muslins and ribbons.

She wore them for him.

Hamilton loved her draped like the classical Greek goddesses he worshipped.

And in flowing white, Emma appeared before the company at the Embassy in Naples.

After Nelson defeated the French fleet in the Mediterranean, she wrote to him,

"My dress from head to foot is all Nelson. Even my earrings are Nelson's anchors; in short, we are be-Nelsoned all over."

Perhaps the strongest, surest strain in womanhood is the maternal.

But the strongest in men is the protective. Emma Hamilton always and eternally appealed to man as her protector. She even used the attacks which later besieged her and Sir William and Lord Nelson to bind the two men in her defense. That advantage is ignored by most women today. Independence and efficiency are all very well but they should be secret qualities, used for the smoothing of life's rough places and the running of life's daily needs, not displayed as virtues. For such men do not consider them.

The specter of boredom which hovers over marriage includes satiety in all forms. Sex, as handled by Emma Hamilton, by any clever woman, may become the spice of man and woman relations.

THE thing to be avoided above all others is the commonplace. That which renders sex commonplace is familiarity. Never be too intimate. It is amazing by what little things the slime of the commonplace is either defeated or accepted. The woman who uses imagination, who is careful of associations, careful of her person, who withholds herself in daily living and avoids cheap contacts, keeps herself aloof in her personal habits, continues thus to surround herself with a delicate veil of mystery which it is always new pleasure for a man to tear down.

Each day a man must be won again. Delicacy, modesty, the old, time-honored tricks of femininity: perfumes, lure of dainty garments, exquisite cleanliness are part of the wisdom of romance and are possible to all women in some form. The wild flashes of passion, the abandonment of divine moments will not thus stale and wither and cease to attract.

Emma Hamilton had great beauty and a vile temper, a stiff pride.

She conquered her temper and substituted. Adaptability. What were her famous attitudes but an expression of her plastic rapture, her ability to fall into any mood or emotion? Romney found her the most pathetic woman in the world because she fell into poses, mentally and physically. Greville thought she would have made a great actress, because though her audiences were small she was always, as he put it, "at the top of them."

Kindness and consideration at all times for the man and his opinions and comforts. Many veils of sweet modesty, great dignity and delicacy of conduct.

The ability to make herself part of a man's life in the greatest and smallest things. Flattery par excellence.

Variety achieved in herself as far as possible and with external things in addition.

Men were her business in life and she was a great success in her business.

Emma Hamilton, like Cleopatra, studied her men until she knew what they wanted and then gave it to them. Catherine the Great, most famous of all the Russian Czarinas, knew this too, but she also knew something else and it was this something that has really gained for her that title attached to her name through the pages of history.

Catherine the Great.

Whatever may have been the faults of this great lady, and, heaven knows, she had many, she was free from all the petty jealousies and smallness which some women of today are apt to regard as their right in dealing with men.

She had a grand soul. Only a careful study of her life can give one a knowledge of what every woman wants to know.

Nice Girls Don't Do Such Things

[Continued from page 37]

I see young and pretty girls at night clubs. They are under-dressed and over-rouged. I see them take drink for drink with their masculine companions until they become dizzy and are assisted outdoors for fresh air.

More than once I have heard older people at near-by tables say, "Isn't it disgraceful. These society girls are setting a bad example for the others."

Society girls, indeed! Nice girls do not act that way. As soon as a girl does she proves herself to be on the fringe of society or a member of a gay bohemian circle or a small town product under the delusion that she is very smart and very modern.

I look at my friends. Girls among whom I dance in exclusive ballrooms or inclusive cabarets. We have the same escorts. We wear the same type of clothes. We live the same sort of life. What I repudiate as unworthy so do they.

We're free. We're entities. We do as we please. We step on mid-Victorian ideals. We refuse to be hampered by them. Likewise we resent the idea that our sex is a handicap. We refuse to be cheated out of an active place in the world because of it. We handle life frankly and fearlessly. We discuss it openly.

SOME of us use make-up. Some of us do not. It's a question of personal necessity. There's Alice. She doesn't need it. She's naturally a vivid creature with a flawless skin, rosy cheeks and lips. Then there's Mabel. She rouges. She uses lip rouge and the eyebrow pencil. She'd be erased without it. However good taste never goes to extremes in make-up.

We're a pleasure loving lot. We dash from dinner to the theater, from the theater to night clubs. We have various escorts. We keep late hours. We're liable to return home at dawn. We do those things but we do not indulge freely in intoxicating liquor.

Indeed we do not. I can truthfully say that at no time and nowhere have I ever seen any girl I know under the influence of liquor.

Many of my friends will dance half the night with nothing more exhilarating than a glass of ginger ale, an innocuous lemonade or a cup of coffee.

I do it myself time after time. I'm far from a prohibitionist. I cannot see anything wicked in a so-called drink. I don't think anyone would give it a second thought if it weren't for a certain silly Amendment. But even so, most of us girls don't drink.

I don't claim the girls of my set are teetotalers. Some of them will drink a glass of wine, a cocktail or perhaps a high-ball but never in excess. We also resent inebriation in the men we know.

I went to a dinner not long ago. It was given by Mrs. Walter J., in honor of her niece, an attractive, up-to-the-minute girl from a midwestern city. Mrs. J. was anxious to give Caroline a memorable winter. The dinner was her initial step.

Mrs. J. was known to be somewhat conservative and old-fashioned. Much to my surprise cocktails were served before dinner, wine with every course and liqueurs with the demi-tasse.

I glanced around the table. It was surrounded by familiar faces. Beaux and belles with whom I had played around for a season or two. Celeste C., who looks life straight in the face and will accept no



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compromise, was next to her fiancé, Rex B.

I noticed the glasses before the girls were scarcely touched. They were removed practically intact before the next one was filled. A few of the men were not so abstemious.

And especially Rex. I saw Celeste frown at him as she whispered a warning. What a stunning couple they were. Fine physical specimens both. Straight, strong and with the health outdoor sports can give. It was a splendid match. Both had birth and breeding. They were very much in love with each other. There was every chance for future happiness. Unfortunately Rex had a weakness for liquor inherited from his father. Celeste knew it. She did everything in her power to curb it.

Through the dinner Rex ignored Celeste's warnings. He became very drunk. Later he was taken home.

Mrs. J. was distressed. She felt herself to blame for Rex's inebriation. As if the blame was not entirely his. None of us girls excuse drunkenness in a man. We demand at least moderation.

"I'm sorry," Mrs. J. said to Celeste. "I wanted to make Caroline's first party a success. I was under the impression that you young people demand liquor in quantities."

"No, Mrs. J., we don't," Celeste answered. "Most of us have no use for it. It's so silly and futile. It only muddles up one's brains and makes one do things one wouldn't do normally. It isn't even fun. Don't blame yourself about Rex. He's weak, that's all. He should know how to control himself. I'm not going to marry him. I'm not going to have the taste of liquor transmitted to my children."

Celeste broke her engagement to Rex. The news was a thunderbolt to our set although we who had attended that dinner understood. However she was bitterly condemned for a heartless jilt. It is said she ruined Rex's life.

Another example of the injustice toward modern girls.

REX is drinking more and more. He blames Celeste for his excesses. He says she robbed him of the incentive to do better. He hasn't the backbone to shoulder the blame for his own shortcomings.

Celeste makes no comment. She is most unhappy. She loves Rex and probably always will but she found him weak and unworthy. She knows that the man who cannot conquer himself cannot conquer life and could not build a fine, useful life with her.

We who know the reason for Celeste's dismissal of Rex applaud her. Each of us would do the same thing. We have our standards. We make no compromise.

We modern girls are accused of jeopardizing the future of the race. Celeste's action proves she is guarding the future of the race.

I know girls who smoke. Lots of them. I do myself occasionally. But why all this fuss about the feminine use of the cigarette. It's a universal custom. It's accepted in the most rigidly conservative circles. Girls have always smoked more or less but they did it stealthily. We modern girls smoke openly and not behind closed doors.

Men have smoked since Sir Walter Raleigh discovered tobacco was smokable. No one has ever said a word about it. It has never damaged men as far as I have heard. It has never weakened their physical prowess or their moral resistance, yet the world is jabbering like maggies over the use of the cigarette by women.

I'm going to discount cigarette smoking as a vice among modern girls. It doesn't mean enough to worry about. I'm quite sure should any of us find it harmful we'll give it up of our own volition.

Nice girls honor their parents. We are

grateful to them. We know how much sacrifice it takes to raise a child to maturity. We love our parents. We may not entirely agree in viewpoint but how can we?

Two generations have never bridged the gulf between them. Too many changes take place in modes and morals during each generation for the old to harmonize entirely with the new.

The tales told of us girls describe us as ruthless monsters riding rough-shod over our dear mothers. They picture her as sitting alone through the night waiting for her wandering daughter's return. Her eyes are red with weeping. Her face haggard from loss of sleep. Her voice is choked with sobs as she murmurs, "Daughter, oh, daughter, come home to me now!"

THAT'S tommy rot. We do stay out late. Late hours are part of modern life. The days are so crowded with activities that the evenings do not start until late and necessarily last sometimes until many hours after midnight. But our mothers do not worry about us. They know us. They trust us. Not for one instant do they think we're weaklings. Not for one instant do they waver in their faith in our integrity.

Besides our mothers have interests of their own. They go out to dinners, to the theaters and also to cabarets. They do not sit alone and let life pass them. Instead they are part of the procession. They enjoy life in their way and permit us to enjoy life in ours.

Let me assure you we would not deliberately hurt our parents. We doubtless shock them at times. We doubtless outrage their sense of propriety. Their youth was so hedged in with restrictions. Ours is so frank, so free, so fearless.

We honor our fathers. We chum with them. We have confidential chats with them. We have hours of pleasure together. They like us as human beings. They respect us for our independent viewpoint. They no longer look upon us as weak, clinging creatures, who must be sheltered and supported until some man comes along and takes us over to feed and clothe and protect. Instead our fathers admire us as individuals, capable of our own support and fighting our own battles.

Our parents, bless them, may not entirely understand us but they are giving us free rein to work out our own destiny.

I know from my own experience. I've had my fling at the butterfly existence. I enjoyed it. Every moment of it but it brought no reward other than happy memories. I grew restless. So did many of my friends. They felt, just as I did, that life is not only play. One must expend one's energies toward worth while things.

I REALIZED this world is no place for drones. One must give something constructive to it to earn a place in it. I wanted to work. I wanted to go out into the world as most girls of today are doing. I wanted to live on my own accomplishments and not as my father's daughter.

I talked it over with my parents. They made no comment although they must have been startled by my intention to become a merchant in men's attire.

I now have my own shop. I work hard. I'm on the job from ten in the morning until five in the evening. All day long I'm matching my brains and business acumen against other merchants. I'm happy in the knowledge that I'm making good use of time.

I play, too. I continue my social activities in the evenings. I find life interesting and full. As for doing the wild, reckless things you attribute to us modern girls, I'm too busy and time's too precious even if I had the inclination, which I haven't.

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Idleness is a thing of the dead past. The girls, who made their debuts with me are either married or in business. A few are in the various branches of the arts.

Selma K. is an artist. She has a studio where she toils six hours each day regardless of the fact that her father is one of the richest men in New York City. Her illustrations are bought by the best magazines. Her canvases are receiving artistic recognition. She has won success on her own merits.

"It's a great thrill," she said, "this sense of achievement. It's been work, heart breaking, discouraging work but I stuck. It hasn't been easy when there's a stack of invitations each day for all kinds of delightful parties but I knew I had talent and I would not be worth my salt if I didn't develop it."

THEN there's Lila M., who has a hat shop and Bertha C., who conducts a tea room. Constance W. is a musician. Mabel J. is with an interior decorator. Hazel M. goes in for landscape gardening. Miriam B. does social service work. Stella G. devotes her energies to dress designing.

They're all fine girls. Clever girls. Girls from important families. They're fun loving you can bet, and they have fun and innumerable beaux. There's nothing extraordinary about them. They are just average nice girls trying to make the most of themselves. They could devote their lives to pleasure but they don't. They want something more lasting, something with a firmer basis.

Men look upon them as pals. They respect them as capable human beings. They regard them as equals. They realize that as wives they will be helpmates and not mere parasites.

Not much of the gold-digger, is there, about these girls who work for their own livelihoods despite the fullness of the family coffers.

Marriage! We girls do not regard it flippantly. We do not look upon divorce as an easy way out. We look upon divorce as a deplorable but merciful remedy, when marriage is no longer sacred.

The truth of it is we're in awe of marriage. We know it can be either a joy or a horror. We know it can have the beauty of true living or it can be ugly as sin. We want to make a success of marriage just as we want to make a success of life. That's why we regard it with critical eyes. That's why we hold it up and examine it from all angles. That's why we delve into the fundamental facts of life and discuss them frankly.

We mingle freely with the world so as to better live in the world. We study life so as to better live life. We may be stripped of the simpering innocence, or should I say ignorance, so desirable in the girl of the past but we've gained in strength and capability.

It's time you realized a girl does not have to sit in a corner and knit to make her a nice girl. Nor does she have to veil her eyes against life to keep her fine because the more she knows of life the more capable she is of sifting the gold from the dross.

I don't think I knew a more worldly wise girl than Peggy C. She came out with me. No girl was more popular. No girl ever stepped livelier than Peggy. She was ultra modern in her ideas. She believed in eugenics. She knew every complex and bias to which human flesh is prone. She wore the tightest dresses and the shortest skirts. She frequented night clubs. She brushed shoulders with all types of humanity. The frankness of her speech was startling at times to even her outspoken set. She dashed about like a meteor with an ever changing variety of beaux in attendance.

Peggy's mother was the antithesis in type

to Peggy. She was calculating and selfish while Peggy was impulsive and generous. She was a prude of the most pernicious sort. She saw evil all around her. Peggy knew there was evil in the world. She also knew there was infinite good. She ignored the evil but took the good.

"A girl must be reserved," she said to Peggy, "if she wants to make a brilliant marriage."

"I'm not after a brilliant marriage," Peggy retorted, "what I want is a happy marriage."

"How are you going to get any man to propose to you," her mother continued, "the way you run around with one man after the other?"

"I'm going to know men, all kinds of men, so I can choose wisely," Peggy told her. "I'm going to look 'em over in droves until I find the right one for me."

Peggy did look them over in droves. She studied them coolly and dispassionately. She was not the type of girl to allow love to sweep her off her feet. She had too much good sense for that. She felt that marriage is too serious a thing to leap into lightly.

Among her suitors was a man worth millions. Peggy and her mother didn't have much money. It had been a fight to keep up appearances. Peggy wanted to go to work but her mother's hysterics prevented her. Peggy's mother was overjoyed at the wealth of Peggy's suitor. She disregarded the man himself. She knew him to be a rake and a roué. He was a divorcee. His neglect and cruelty to his wife, a charming woman, were public knowledge. All Peggy's mother saw was the glint of gold. Not so with Peggy.

"He's not a fit husband for any nice girl," Peggy said and dismissed him from her life.

A short time ago Peggy made her choice of a husband. It was a wise choice. Her fiancé is a splendid fellow. He is a lawyer with a future. He has a brilliant mind and the determination to succeed. He works hard but he also believes in enjoying life.

"I'd rather marry a man who can make himself and have the joy of helping him in the making," Peggy said, "than to marry the son of a Croesus who has no incentive to show the mettle of which he is made."

We feel the same way as Peggy about the men we will one day marry. We want to be helpful, useful wives and not clinging vines. We want happy marriage rather than brilliant ones. We demand fineness in our future husbands just as they demand fineness in us.

NECKING! What an ugly word. It makes me think of a pair of giraffes in the jungle.

Surely you can't seriously think nice girls have so little reserve. Surely you give us credit for greater fastidiousness. I've been everywhere. Among gay groups and more sedate groups and I've never seen any girl I know neck or pet, as you call it.

There may be girls who do the things of which all modern girls are accused. Unfortunately girls of that type are held up as the horrible example of the present day girl.

It's the girl who is mixed in a scandal who gets into the newspapers. It's the girl who is looking for sensation and not real living who is regarded as typical of the modern girl.

The nice girl is in the majority but she goes her way unnoticed. The country is full of just such girls. Self-respecting, earnest, fun loving girls, who are striving for a fuller, richer sphere in life than girls before us have known.

I've now said what I have been longing to say. I hope you will hereafter realize that when accusations of drunkenness, necking, disrespect for parents are hurled at the modern girl in general that, "nice girls don't do such things."

Tooth paste buy you an auto clock? Certainly!

You needn't dig into your pocket to buy a clock for your car. Let Listerine Tooth Paste buy it for you. Here's how it works out: The average dentifrice costs you 50c. You use a tube a month. Twelve times fifty equals six dollars, the yearly cost. Listerine Tooth Paste costs 25c (the large tube). Twelve times twenty-five equals three dollars. All right. Six dollars minus three dollars equals three dollars, your annual saving. Spend it as you please.

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at *half* the cost

THERE are many excellent dentifrices on the market selling at a trifle above or below 50c—but is it necessary to pay that much? Why not a first class dentifrice at 25c—scientifically correct for all types of teeth?

Believing this to be a sound price, we created Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c for a large tube. It is the result of more than fifty years' study of tooth and mouth troubles. Now it is sweeping the country.

Large tube
25¢



Everywhere it is supplanting older and costlier dentifrices that accomplish no more.

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We ask you to try this paste not only for the marked saving (quite substantial in a large fam-

ily) but for its delightful and speedy cleansing.

Get a tube at your druggist today. Try it for a month. See how it makes teeth gleam. Note how good your mouth feels after using it. Compare it with any paste you have ever used and judge by results alone. And then reflect that these results are costing you about half of what you would ordinarily pay. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

James Stoner

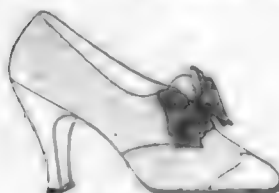
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Shoes of charming grace to harmonize with Fall costumes . . . models that will carry the smartly dressed college girl to classroom and campus activities conscious of looking her smartest. Designed for sportswear, street and evening.



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Fads and Fashions

[Continued from page 55]

Seen in the Shops

Stockings

DO NOT let the chatter that arises every season at this time about the return of dark stockings deceive you. Black, white, pink and brown stockings are still demode and will continue so. I can not figure other than it must be that these shades prevent that "visibility" which is still so smart. What is the sense of buying "chiffon sheers" and mortgaging our pocketbooks if the stocking color is one that neutralizes the lovely skin tone it should reveal? But all the beiges will continue, with honey beige still smartest for daytime wear. A few beiges, almost apricot, are being featured for evening, as well as a beige with some gray in it, for lighter evening frocks. The shades called nude, sand and sunburn will continue the leaders.

Shoes

SHOES will retain their extreme simplicity. The vogue of the matching shoe and dress is growing and a very lovely note it is, too. It may seem expensive to you, at first thought, but it actually does not work out that way. For evening,

As variation to your several strands of pearls—and every smart girl must have them—wear a choker similar to the very new one here illustrated. The cylinder pearls are separated with disks of gold



No matter how tiny your feet, don't wear fancy shoes. Those matching the fabric of your gown are most chic. As fall finds you wearing tweeds, nothing can be smarter than oxfords or slippers of tweed material, pliable as suede

Courtesy of Courtesy Photo by Koshida

Another thing. You can often get the same goods at lower prices in your home town. Because of the higher rents and wages in New York, the out of town store is often able to undersell the New York store twenty-five per cent.

Buying one's clothes is a very personal matter. It is worth time and study. The clever, patient girl can dress better than the impatient, easily satisfied one, and dress herself charmingly at much less cost.

SHOPPING is an art. Start now to study it and master it. Do not blame the merchant if your dress is unsatisfactory. It is often your own fault for being too casual in your selections and too hasty in your acceptance of an article before you make sure that it fits your body or your personality.

Today more than ever before you need to plan your complete outfit before you buy one article, because the accessories must blend with your costume—shoes, hat, gloves, purse, handkerchief. It costs no more money to have an outfit perfectly blended as to color and outline than to buy a haphazard collection of articles that scream at each other. It does require a little more time in planning and shopping but the results are worth it and the shops are so full of inexpensive accessories we can all afford them.

The note today is personality, not arbitrarily set styles and fashions. What is one girl's style is poison to another's personality.



there will be nothing sartorially smarter than perfectly plain, high heeled unstrapped pumps in crepe-de-chin to match your gown. Navy blue shoes will be extremely smart with navy blue gowns. The other daytime shoe shades will include gray, brown and black. Gold and [Continued on page 96]

Some Say—

EVERY fence has two sides and unless you're on top of one, you have to be on one side or the other. In August SMART SET, Velva Darling told you "What We Girls Are After" and she took her stand very firmly on one side of the fence. Immediately after her article was published SMART SET began to receive letters about it. They came not only from her side of the fence, but the other side as well. Which side are you on? Do you agree with this letter?

Dear SMART SET,

But what a consistent, pretty child is our Modern Girl Philosopher, Miss Velva Darling, spokesman extraordinary for all girls of nowadays!

Restraint is a wonderful thing, she tells us; and "we want enough money so that we can tell our husband to go out the back door and stay there if we feel like it."

That's not nearly all she wants. Life and love and a place in the sun. To get her man just exactly like the Mounted Police.

Does she think getting her man either as a momentary conquest or as a life partner is anything like tracking a criminal through the frozen north?

I knew a girl who was a perfect exponent of Miss Velva's theories and this is not a bedtime story for the much advertised younger generation. This pretty girl took her place in the sun. She threw out of her life whatever interfered with her happiness. She planned to enjoy her envied youth. She saw what she wanted and she took it. Two weeks ago she killed herself.

She hadn't heard that the life and love one goes out after is dead sea fruit, that it takes time to learn to live so that life and love will come. She didn't know that until we have lived and thought deeply we cannot judge what will bring us happiness.

The Modern Girl Philosopher says she is out after that apple hanging in the tree. She is going to do everything she can to get it. She has an ancient precedent.

I would like to say to her, "Why not give the apple time to ripen? Perhaps it will fall into your silken lap. If you climb after it you will scratch your knees and bark your shins. If you wrench it from its moorings before it is ready it will bruise and pucker your soft mouth. And the end will be a pain in the tummy."

Sincerely yours,
LOUISE BRADEN.
Dubuque, Iowa.

Or do you agree with this one?

PARDON the stealthy interruption but, after reading "What We Girls Are After" in August SMART SET, I feel free to heartily endorse Velva Darling's outlook on life. Being imbued with the spirit of youth I want to release a pent-up feeling concerning the attitude of the "I-told-you-so" gossipers, who tell us all about the "straight and narrow" they once trod, but gasp with horror when "we" mention the path of fragrant "we" love so well and yet they never tell us the "other side" of their "horse and buggy days."

I think much of their talked about rebellious spirit of youth is caused by the fact that they want to dominate our lives. We just belong to ourselves and are asserting it by doing anything at any time our hearts desire. We talk frankly with each other which gives our parents a royal pain just because they lacked the straightforwardness to do it when they were young.

Yours for youthful frankness,
SHELBY POWERS,
Justin, Texas.

Whose fault?

Not a real quarrel—but one of those baffling misunderstandings for which neither can assign any reason. Frequently these quiet tragedies are due to the wife's neglect of seemingly trivial things.

But modern science offers to woman a simple remedy. Sane habits of living and the correct practice of feminine hygiene protect her health and youthfulness which often have so much to do with her happiness. Neglect of the proper practice of feminine hygiene may lead to serious, irreparable consequences.

The makers of "Lysol" Disinfectant will send you on request a booklet called "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth." Simply mail us the coupon below. The booklet gives the facts about feminine hygiene. It contains sound, professional advice and the simple directions which should be familiar to every woman. It was prepared by an eminent woman physician. Send the coupon now.

In the meantime, do not take dangerous chances. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant at your druggist's today. Complete directions come with every bottle.

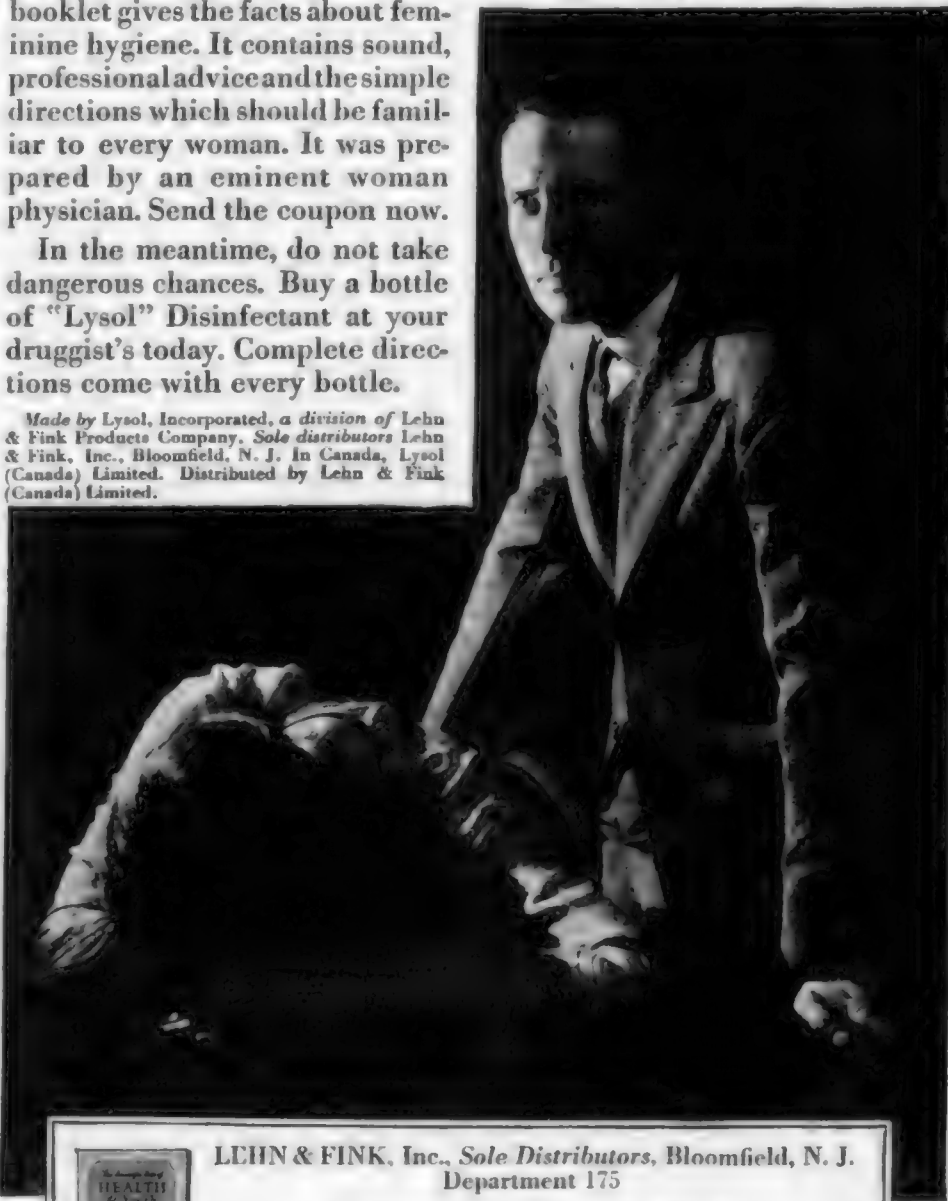
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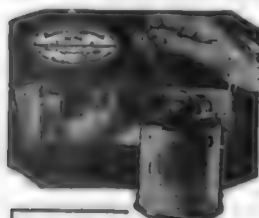
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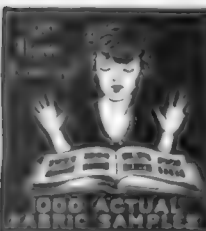
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AGENTS

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AGENTS

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[Continued from page 94]

Undies

A CHARMING note in new underwear is that of contrasting shoulders. Over the one goes the old familiar ribbon strap but the other carries the lace that edges the top over to the lace in the back. I see much deep-dyed lace being used and evening panties in which the central design is a heart-shaped motif of heavy silk are very favored. Flowered chiffon has also invaded the lingerie field and the very newest night-dresses are of this material untrimmed, and finished with a simple rolled edge around neck and armholes feather-stitched in contrasting color. This is a lovely design which any girl can copy at home and there is nothing newer. I see a lot of beige undies but my own reaction to that is negative. With beige dresses, beige hats, beige stockings and beige powder still dominating the wardrobe I feel we should be free of this color occasionally and it seems to destroy that essential feminine note when it comes to lingerie.

Evening Bags

THE flat envelope for evening is passé. Thank heaven, and real bags developed in evening shades are being shown. If you want to be extravagant you purchase those with semi-precious stones as clasps but this isn't necessary. The rhinestone ones have also disappeared but chummy little ones of crepe satin and velvet, large enough to hold that oh, so necessary compact, dry rouge and lipstick together with your latchkey, are excellent. Lace and brocaded affairs should be shunned.

But not so bags made of beads. One of the leading Fifth Avenue shops is showing bags for afternoon of the finest bead work woven into exquisite Oriental designs which run the gamut of beautiful colors.

Last Minute Fashion News

AS WE go to press there come these two interesting items straight from the headquarters of the world of fashion, Paris.

One of these items tells us of a new stocking which resembles the finest of silk and which never creases. Perhaps this should not be called a stocking at all because it is really a combination of cream and powder which makes stockings—limbs look as though they were encased in the most expensive of sheer hosiery. This bare leg fashion has not yet become popular on this side of the ocean—but who can

e now.

tell! It might anytime now.

The second of these news items is even more thrilling! It tells us that smart frock for fall and winter will have a definite Japanese cast. These frocks will embody the wide, loose Japanese shoulder and the closebound waist. The brilliant, almost glaring flat colors of Japanese fabrics are also copied. However, the slender occidental line is not to be lost entirely. Though the dress-makers are "going geisha" as far as the shoulders are concerned they are not doing away with the popular narrow hip.



If you are a little "hippy" here is an ideal model for you, of slenderizing black velvet with dull silver embroidery to hide your most troublesome line. And if your nose is not purely Grecian this saucy red felt hat is excellent as its flattering brim and perky bow will throw the proper shadows

Photo by Vant.com



silver slippers will continue to be worn for evening, but will be less chic than matching slippers.

Veils

THERE seems a possibility that those old friends of our childhood, veils, will reappear. So far I have seen them only on black satin hats, tiny veils fastened demurely to the brim, but this motif appears so frequently I believe we may see veils on several types of headwear before the winter season has passed.

The "No" Girl

[Continued from page 23]

the lighted and open dining room windows. He did not in the least wish to go. He was thinking of Lila.

All his best thoughts, all his flying, vaulting thoughts, were for Lila. Only his sycophantic body with its sycophantic habits of speech and action was here on the terrace with Cleo at Redwood.

"I've a lot of letters to finish for Mr. Carey. I had really determined to shut myself into the library for the evening."

"Oh, la! la! Letters! But you just came out for a smoke and I saw you through the windows. Why don't you sometimes come and see me in London?"

"I didn't know that I might. It is too charming of you to suggest it."

"I've really seen so little of you since that time in Paris, you remember?"

He remembered quite well the time in Paris when he had been go between for her and Ralph Carey, managing to break with her then lover most tactfully.

He remembered it without any shame or disgust. Of what use a rich man's secretary without due sophistication, due ability to manage delicate situations?

He murmured an answer.

She went on talking: "I have wondered about you a little; such a very reserved, such a very remote young man! At least as far as I am concerned."

And so she went on talking.

He was entirely untempted, thinking of Lila.

HE SAW a broad white shirt front emerge from the house and bear down upon them. Carey materialized from the soft darkness of the night.

"That you, boy? Here's the cape, Cleo. Boy, I shan't want you tomorrow at all. There's nothing to be done. Like to get away up to town tonight?"

"Thanks, sir."

Lila!

The Frenchwoman, folding herself into her chinchilla cape, pouted at him through the darkness.

Carey put himself between them.

No need of that! "Lila! Lila!" his heart and brain sang. He hardly knew how he left. He guessed Carey to be whispering to Cleo, "He's in a hurry. He always is when he gets a day's leave. A woman, my dear, a woman!" But he did not stay long enough to hear the ice-smooth answer, which presaged the storm that broke in that house an hour or so later. He did not know that she had come down to quarrel, having already replaced Carey, and that, having quarrelled, she drove back that very night. As far as he was concerned she was out of his life forever.

Her going left a lonely, a furious, a mutilated Carey. Her going left a gap which, Bertrand thought, would soon be filled again. "Rich men never want," the servant mused, when he went to bed in the early hours of the morning when the tempest was over.

A hatred of Carey, incomprehensible to himself, flared up within him.

David Hammond was driving through the heavenly night. He had taken his small two-seater car out of Carey's vast garage and with no more preparation than flinging a suit of flannels and sleeping things into a bag was headed for London. Two days' holiday! Two days' fine freedom! Two days' cleansing from that muck of flattery and lies and parasitism in which he spent his charming, leisured, privileged life!

Sometimes he saw himself as plainly as if he were looking into the mirror of the servant Bertrand's eyes. Tonight was one

"A delicate subject —but these girls must be told"

— a dean of women says



Unfortunately, this delicate subject is seldom discussed. If it were, many women could avoid a social stigma that comes with woman's oldest hygienic problem

EVEN among girls who are very frank with each other, there is a question of daintiness, of fastidious personal care that is unfortunately seldom mentioned. Yet many women are unconsciously guilty. At certain times they are seriously offensive to others. With realization comes constant worry. Today these fears are ended. Science has discovered a way to counteract this offense.

Kotex now completely deodorizes*

In the past ten years women have learned new comfort, new ease of mind through Kotex. Now, after years of work, a process has been perfected that completely, amazingly ends all odors. The one remaining problem in connection with sanitary pads is solved!

Shaped to fit, too

Because corners of the pad are rounded and tapered, it may be worn without evidence under the most clinging gown. There is none of that conspicuous bulkiness so often associated with old-fashioned methods. And you can adjust the filler, make it thinner, thicker, narrower—to suit your own special needs. It is easily disposed of, no laundering is necessary. A new process makes it softer than ever before.

Buy a box today . . . 45c for a box of twelve. On sale at all drug, dry goods and department stores; also, through vending cabinets in rest-rooms.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587, granted May 22, 1928.)

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- 1—*Softer gauze ends chafing*; pliable filler absorbs as no other substance can;
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 - 4—*Adjust it to your needs*; filler may be made thinner, thicker, narrower as required;
- and
- 5—*It is easily disposed of*; no unpleasant laundry.

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One Year To Pay

No. 40—\$62
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 This exquisite, lady's diamond ring is exceptionally handsome. A fine quality brilliant-cut, blue-white, genuine diamond full of fiery brilliance is set in this popular, 14 Kt. solid white gold, engraved mounting. Wonderful either for an engagement ring or for yourself. Your friends will be sure you paid at least \$100 for it. Every one is bound to admire its beauty. Handsome gift box will be given FREE!

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 Sturdy, man's strap watch; white rolled gold plated case; 15 JEWEL BULOVA movement guaranteed accurate. Patented "Dust-Tite" cap saves repairs. Sold on credit at nationally advertised cash price. Only \$2 Deposit—\$1 Weekly. Other Bulovas up to \$150.00.

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of those times. Cleo Martine stealing out to the terrace and reminding him of the work he had done for Carey in Paris over her; the afternoon at the swimming pool; something about Bertrand; the restless urge of youth in fetters.

He didn't know what made him rush the little car breakneck along the main road to London, but some impulse, some shame, some hunger, ate bitterly at his heart. All he wanted was to see Lila; all he longed for was Lila.

Through the soft tormenting darkness came the devils of sloth and greed, telling him how he loved the ease and softness of his life and how he could never give it up even for Lila. But she was all the finer things of life to him, youth and courage, ardor and adventure, ardor that he kept in chains and adventure that he never dared. She was pride. She was a wind of fresh air in his sultry world.

AT DAWN he was in the small cheap hotel which his purse afforded him; the night porter was showing him to a room but he could not rest nor sleep for the longing to telephone Lila so soon as she should be awake.

In the morning, as soon as she might be at her office, he telephoned. In her cheap room where, so incongruously, she was blooming her youth away, she had no such convenience as a telephone. But about nine-thirty, before her employer arrived, he knew that he might ring her at the place where she worked.

"Miss Golden?"
 "Miss Golden speaking."

"Lila!"
 "David!"

"Lila, I've got the car. God bless today for being a Saturday! I've got till Monday. How early—?"

"Oh David! Oh David! Fetch me at half past twelve. Oh, if I'd known you were coming I'd have put on my new frock. How are you, dear?"

"Hang new frocks. How are you, dearest?"

"I can hardly hold myself down."

"Listen, sweetheart. I'll come for you at half past twelve. We'll get a picnic box and drive straight down to the sea somewhere."

"And swim. Oh, David!"

"You lovely one. I'm going to take you out again all tomorrow."

"Oh, David!"

Some time before half past twelve he was waiting for her, his car parked on the cab rank opposite the huge block of offices. In that great pile Carey had his office too. He seldom went there, but the rooms and the clerks waited for him, and sometimes for days he lived at one end of a wire and that office lived at the other end. It seemed strange and wonderful and lovely to David sitting in his little car, to remember that he had known Lila, secretly, for nearly a whole year. Carey might whisper to Cleo Martine, "The boy's after some girl, of course," but he never came crawling, like a great spider, into the web of this lovely business.

There, into that divine intimacy, Carey never wove his way. Carey knew nothing. In office hours Carey saw nothing. He was just a monstrous machine, only conscious of the fellow beings who walked the corridors or entered the lifts with him, as so many other Robots. But, nearly a year ago, one June day, David Hammond had opened his eyes and had seen Lila Golden.

The miracle was—his heart was humble enough to acclaim it—that Lila Golden had opened her eyes and seen David Hammond.

That first morning they had been in the lift, going down, jammed in a crowd of people and yet, from the first second, apart, alone! He would never forget it.

From the parking place in the middle of the wide street he watched the entrance. Ten minutes seemed endless, but suddenly she came, treading delicately in her own inimitable way, down the flight of concrete steps to the pavement. Whenever he saw her coming down steps he was reminded of a pantomime queen whom he had seen in his childhood descending beautifully from a pantomime throne at a theater.

He was out of the car in a flash.

"David," she said coolly but her eyes were not cool.

"Darling! Isn't this marvelous?"

"Marvelous, David." She got in, looking in spite of her cotton office frock, as if she ought to be driving in a limousine.

No Cleo Martine could touch her for beauty and exquisiteness and rarity. No one could touch her.

"I brought an extra raincoat of mine for you tonight, Lila. I thought you wouldn't be provided—"

"No. Taking me by surprise like that!"

He was beside her: manoeuvring the car from the rank. They were off, just as a dozen times before—not more than a dozen in all—they had been off heading for the open country. "How did you get away?" she wanted to know. And he sketched a brief account of Cleo's week-end visit, and of Cleo, going warily, of course. Would not even an angel hesitate to tread upon such ground if a Lila were listening for his footfall?

"Who is she, David?"

"Oh, one of those worldly, smart women Carey likes, you know. She amuses him no end and he's useful to her."

"She's been useful to us, David."

"Indeed she has."

Then they ran through Surrey lanes into Sussex, stopping to lunch on the way from his picnic box and while the afternoon sun was still burning fiercely they came to the sea. They chose an unfrequented bit of coast, where, finding for themselves little natural dressing rooms, they could undress and dress again upon the shore. She came from behind a fall of rock, in the sea-stained swimming suit which she had had in her locker at the office. Barefooted and bareheaded, splendidly white and splendidly gold! Like two happy children they raced together to the water.

They swam far out.

NO NEED for dissimulations now he thought. No need for the adroit flattery and the careful phrasing, and the guarding of intonations. He tried all his strokes, calling: "Do this one, Lila. Like this, see!" and "Swim under me," and "I'll swim under you." They played porpoise and all the tricks. Then they lay on the sand in the sun. They were perfectly happy.

"Oh, Lila, isn't life gorgeous!"

"It is on days like this but they're too few."

And he turned to kiss her as she lay on her back, fearless of her beauty under the sun. She forgot her routine of work; and he forgot that he was Carey's man of parasitic growth. He was a lover and seemed to himself like a king. Instead of the swimming pool with the colored floor were the open sea and sands, the cliffs and the sky.

"If it could be like this oftener!" she said.

"Imagine it can. Imagine it is. Imagine, Lila, imagine!"

"I'm feminine and realistic."

He always drew back from pressure like this, laughing and protesting, teasing and making love.

In the evening, just before driving back, they were together on a cliff, sitting in the stubby rough grass, watching the sunset over the sea. At least, she sat on the grass. He lay, with his head in her lap, while she stroked his hair.

She had a slim arm only sleeved halfway to the elbow, with a battered slave bangle upon it that he had bought for her nearly a year ago. He loved to lie and watch the rhythmic movement of her arm and the bracelet that he had given her.

Even his hair was no longer sleek and suave. It was turbulent from seawater, and rough from the wind.

They talked.

She loved to hear about his life and his work and he loved to tell her, for in magnifying Carey's position and fortune, surely, it seemed to him, he magnified his own. She knew, of course, about the great town house and about the great country house that he had just left and the yacht now lolling in the Solent. She knew of the terraced gardens and the flowers and the cars and the dinner parties at which he himself was treated like a guest.

She was feminine and realistic. More than once in the midst of dreaming about the luxurious life he described so well, she had

secretly. The amusements of Carey intrigued his own senses too. "But I wish you could see the pool. Quite azure. Lined with blue you see. The heaviest scented flowers all round it. He said he chose them specially for their heavy scents. The fireflies come out sometimes. It's an extraordinarily beautiful place, especially in moonlight. The old boy will have been swimming there today with his Cleo, no doubt. Lila, imagine you and me with such a place of our own!"

Her hand stopped stroking his hair. Over his prone head her eyes looked out to sea. She was dreaming, imagining and longing. With a little movement of mock pathos he lamented her neglect of him. She went on stroking his hair again, only more absently.

"I like to think of you wearing marvelous frocks. Lila. The women he knows do. Gosh! Lila, what he spends on entertaining women! And not one of 'em fit to shine your shoes, my sweet."

"I love clothes," she sighed.

"One only has to look at you to see that. You always look divine."

"In my rags!"

"Ah, but, sweet, one day."

"One day," she repeated.

"You see, darling, I'm often meeting men who matter—politicians, newspaper owners, financiers—all sorts of men who might matter to us, dear. Believe me, I don't scamp my chances I make up to 'em all."

"Women see things so definitely, David."

"Well, love, there'll be more definite things for us soon. Sure to be. You know there's nothing in the world I wouldn't do for you, Lila."

"Except be poor."

"Oh, Lila, I am poor."

She laughed, "Except be poorer."

"Do you want us to be poor, sweet?"

"Oh David, if you knew how I long for all the things you tell me about!"

"We'll have to wait then, honey."

"Is waiting surer than venturing?"

"Waiting's the only game for us," he said.

"I don't want to wait."

He did not want to wait either, but above, beyond the obsession of Lila was the obsession of himself. He must be valeted, clothed, fed, wine and pampered as he loved to be. He must! He must!

LOOKING out over the calm reddened sea, she understood him a little, in spite of all her adoration of him. Many men were like that. Many men would not fight unless at the point of a bayonet pricked into them by Life. She worked for men; she studied men; they were the book wherein she had, for her livelihood's sake, to read. He was not unusual. And to look at he was so beautiful, so strong. His mind was so quick and his heart so gay. The other girls in the office envied her. He was unlike their men; he was a prince of men. She loved him very much indeed. Leaning down her head a little and raising his head a little, she kissed him, and knew herself to be favored indeed among women.

"There will be all tomorrow," she breathed in ecstasy.

"All tomorrow," he whispered, "just for you and me."

Driving back she said to him, "Why couldn't I have an engagement ring now, David?"

He told her what he always told her. Not till he was out of the service of Ralph Carey or more firmly planted there. Not, at least, until he had so ingratiated himself as to be indispensable. And to be indispensable to a Carey, who could command the willing services of so many, was a proposition! For Carey was tough, Carey was rough and diabolically clever and such a despot as she'd never believe.

Carey liked his servants to be single hearted. "Married men," he had said in David's hearing, "are so damn finicky and

What Do You Like Best In This Issue?

Prize Contest

In this issue of *Smart Set*, there are so many new things of interest to the young woman that the Editors are anxious to know just what you like best—and why?

Write a letter of not more than three hundred words on your choice of story, serial, or feature. And don't forget to look at the new *Smart Set* departments on beauty, fashions, fads, and careers.

Smart Set will pay \$15 for the letter that wins first prize, \$10 for second best, and \$5 for third prize. One dollar each will be awarded to the writers of the ten next best letters. Contest closes September 30th. The Editors will act as judges. Let's go!

murmured something like, "Five hundred a year and independence would be better."

"If," she had murmured more than once, "you had a cottage near his house, big enough for us, I could manage on very little."

How did one explain to her, confess to her, how dear were the luxuries of the table, the valeting, the society of notabilities who might be of use to one and so on? One just didn't explain or confess.

One prevaricated and made love.

Tonight he was telling her of the new swimming pool.

"I mentioned it in my letters, darling. It's only been finished a month. He gave a party to open it. Well, we won't tell Lila too much about that party."

"Yes, tell Lila."

"Wouldn't be good for Lila." He smiled



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scrupulous." So he had never told Carey that he had a real, a true, a deathless love or that he hoped one day to marry.

"The right moment will come, Lila. It'll come. Aren't we young? Can't we wait?"

"I don't want to wait," she said again.

She was back in her narrow slip of a bedroom on this hot night, taking off the smart cheap office frock that she had made herself, unclasping the choker string of imitation pearls, thinking of David in Carey's big town house, with its service at his disposal.

David could use the Carey house when he chose. It was one of his many treasured privileges. At the moment that Lila lay down in her extremely hard bed, he would be in the big house asking for anything he wanted and getting it.

Carey and his secretary were both back in the town house now. Carey ferocious for work in spite of the summer heat. The secretary, from his habit of careful observation, deduced that there had been trouble with Cleo Martine. The rich man said nothing. He never did at such times but his temper was diabolical. He had been tired of her but not tired enough, and the knowledge of a triumphant rival somewhere on the horizon had roused all his masculine rage. It simmered and boiled, pressed down. He had told David brusquely to ring up her Langham Place flat and send flowers but the flowers returned. The flat was closed. The flat was back without a word of apology, on Carey's hands. A day or so later came a cold note from her, written in Paris. She was there on her way to Vienna, and said good-by.

She would never forgive his loss of temper. No. Never. Never.

"Women," said Carey, when he read that letter, "have a darned clever trick of putting a man in the wrong every time."

After a while, he said, "It's a good riddance." But he did not think so. His face for a day or two bore a curiously stricken ashly look because he was not yet tired enough of her, and she had, somehow, by her desertion, frightened him through his vanity. During that time his eyes turned with a hard look upon young Hammond, appraising him, knowing his age and his fitness and his marvelous good looks, guessing at his appeal to women.

DURING that time it was positively a relief to Carey to know that the young man received only two hundred pounds a year, besides his many privileges.

During that time he cultivated, to ease his pained vanity, a kind of appreciative contempt of young Hammond. These courtier fellows!

"Office every day now, sharp at ten, boy," he said the day after they came up to the Grosvenor Square house. "I've got a drive on."

He made the office feel his drive. Throgmorton Street felt it and three thousand miles away Wall Street felt it.

Each day the secretary must lunch with him and listen to his talk with opponents or confederates, and note all that was said and arrange a social game to help the money game. He could not, as he had hoped, steal away to lunch with Lila on some roof-top tea room, where she would sit close to him looking so wonderful in the trumpery frocks she made herself, saying so gratefully and enjoyingly, "Isn't the air lovely right up here? David, aren't you glad to be alive?"

He couldn't steal an evening with her either. So many privileges as he enjoyed meant corresponding penalties at times.

But one day, arriving in the limousine at ten, he saw Lila a little ahead of him, ascending the concrete steps that led to the office doors. No mistaking those lovely legs and feet, that poise, that flight, even in walking, like the flight of a bird!

His heart beat with ecstasy.

She squeezed into the full lift just ahead of them for he was with Carey.

"Did you see that girl, David?" said Carey.

For an instant reply came spontaneously to his lips, but only for an instant. He had glanced, with a sudden sick lessening of his heart beats, at Carey's face, and the reply died. He could have called out, "See her? I see no one else all day long. That's my girl!" But he did not. He parried, smiling, "The one in the blue frock, sir?"

"You did see her, you young devil! Find out if she works here. If she does, make her acquaintance and bring her to me."

"Shall you want me at lunch, sir?"

"Yes," said Carey. "No. Have the time if you want it."

"I might be able to find out what you want to know, sir."

All that morning he made specious argument with himself. He had a struggle with himself and himself won. Listening, alert and perfect mannered, to business conferences, he was saying to himself, "You ought to say to him, 'Hands off! that girl is mine'."

And himself coaxed him. "But what are you imagining? Really, how foolish. How primitive to be jealous. How unnecessary to be so crude. Lila is Lila. She is yours. How she adores you! She would never waver in her faith. But she might persuade him very successfully to both your ends—yours and hers! What cannot such a pretty woman do with such a man? It is done every day," himself reminded him, "by sweethearts and wives."

HE SENT a little ardent note by the office boy to Lila's office. They could lunch together, under a sun umbrella on the roof garden of a great store. Neither his purse nor hers permitted the cool luxury of the Ritz Grill nor the quiet pleasurable sparkle of the Berkeley. Thanks to Carey, he had the entrée to the Embassy Club but without Carey to foot the bill he could not afford to use the place. So it would be under an orange umbrella high up above London that he would sit with adorable Lila and tell her.

"You know, sweetheart," he said, quite easily after all, when they were safely there, "an extraordinary thing happened this morning. Just as the old man and I were coming in, you got into the lift, and he spotted you. After nearly a year of coming and going into that confounded place he saw you for the first time today. Where his eyes have been I don't know! He's not usually so slow!"

And David laughed.

"I've never seen him at all, so far as I know."

"That state of affairs is likely to be remedied. He was awfully interested and asked me to make your acquaintance."

"Did he think you could do it as easily as all that?"

"Oh, well, he doesn't imagine us already lunching together!" He knew that was what Carey did imagine. "But he trusts me to do anything he asks pretty quickly and I thought in about three days or so—"

"Why didn't you tell him we're going to be married?"

"I've explained all that before, darling. He has to be humored. He's a queer fish, but not a bad fish on the whole." Deep down in him David knew the extent of his lying. "If he meets you, and I meet you through him—as he will think—then you may be able to play him for me, sweetheart, and we'll get everything we want."

"Oh, David."

"That little house you talk of. There happens to be a little house just off the park at Redwood. A gardener and his wife live in it now just so that it shouldn't

be empty. There's a garden, and it's the dearest little place."

"Do you think I could manage him, David?"

"Rather! You wouldn't mind being civil to him for my sake, would you, darling?"

"Oh, darling, of course not. I'm quite excited! I wonder—"

"What do you wonder, ma'am?"

Sometimes he called her "ma'am," and kissed her hand like a courtier kissing the hand of a queen. He was naturally full of the heartrendingly charming ways that so touch a woman.

"If I'll ever swim in that pool?"

"Sweetheart! Often if we get what we want."

"Our little house and a better salary for you and each other."

"Lila, doesn't it seem divine?"

And yet he couldn't help knowing; he, who had been with Carey through so many doubtful and scandalous secret episodes in Paris, Vienna, and other cosmopolitan cities.

But there was Lila. She was lovely and pure. She could walk through pitch.

Again that night, in his own room in the Grosvenor Square house, he tried to fight himself and lost the battle. He was a "yes" man, flattering a master for the sake of soft living, for a car of his own, for the rich men and beautiful women that he met; for the pleasures and perquisites of such a life.

Perhaps—the idea seized him—Carey would forget.

THE next day, in his office, after brooding hours such as he often spent when he had what he called a "drive" on, Carey turned to him and asked suddenly, right out of the welter of financial battle, the shower of transatlantic cables, the press of telephone calls, "And that girl, David? Get her?"

Carey never forgot. One was a fool to suppose that he might.

The word "no" dried on the young man's lips. He said, "Yes."

Carey sat quite still at his magnificent desk. A little smile lay on his face; his thoughts went on ahead. The young man saw those thoughts only too plainly.

"Well," said Carey. "Bring her to dinner. Tell her something. You'll know. Tell her you think you know of a better job for her with me. Something. You know, you young devil."

"You'll know," from Carey. Well Carey knew that he knew. Hadn't he done just this sort of thing before? Only, of course, with Lila, it wasn't going to be this sort of thing. Certainly not! One could trust Lila with a dozen Careys.

That was the solution! Do as the master demanded and then trust Lila.

"The best of both worlds," floated in his mind. "Well," he thought, "it has often been done before."

He answered, "All right, sir."

"Tomorrow."

"I'll try to make it tomorrow, sir."

A panic fell on the young man at Carey's definite insistent haste. But trust Lila.

There was, though, an evening off and money enough in his pocket for a charming little dinner with her. Where should they go? The river? Skindle's or Murray's? Again he sent a message to her and she was enchanted. She must have time to go home and put on her best frock and her nicest hat. He would fetch her in his two seater.

And they drove down to Maidenhead, and sat, while the sun was still in the sky, on the lawn at Skindle's, beside the river.

How her lover thrilled her! He, who knew how to do all things well! He who was coveted by all the girls in her office! He who was more marvelous, more splendid, more worldly, more knowledgeable, every day!

He told her of Carey's invitation. He made it, somehow, sound like the spontaneous advance of a rich philanthropist. He didn't mean at all to deceive her; only, when he had finished, that was what he had made of it.

She knew men: poor men, average men, rich men, and had mainly given up believing in philanthropists. But the words were coming from David's mouth and she trusted David.

David was speaking again earnestly, "You mustn't give the show away, you know, Lila. Our show. He hates his secretaries to tie themselves up and he'll need to get to like you first, before he even suspects."

And his heart was confused with a certain shame because that wasn't quite the reason; it was inaccurately put. But it was near enough.

"He's a difficult sort of man, you see, dearest."

She understood so well and made little sounds and grimaces of sympathy.

"Our whole future together depends on tact, Lila."

She was, on the whole, most delighted.

"Oh, what'll I wear? But I'll contrive something! It won't be a party?"

She looked, for a moment, fearful.

"Oh, no; just you and him—"

"And you, David! And you!"

"Oh, of course," he said. "Only if he wants to talk to you alone, find out your qualifications, after all it's very natural—"

"Very natural?"

"I might, if I thought it better—" he could already see Carey's face looking at him, hinting—Go off and write some letters for him or something."

"That would be a good idea, perhaps. Isn't it queer, a fairy tale sort of way of my getting a better job? You think he'll offer me one?"

"Undoubtedly he'll know of something."

They dined and danced. They had a gorgeous drive back in the moonlight. He let the little car go roaring all out on every straight stretch, and she admired him wholeheartedly for his driving. She would have liked to go slowly, through by-roads, and be kissed in their solitude, but she wanted too, to get home, to manage between now and tomorrow evening, a frock.

"I have a length of silk I bought at a sale last January," she said all at once.

FROM twelve o'clock till dawn she was awake and busy in her slip of a room, high up among the city roofs, trying to make herself a worthy gown. She draped and re-draped the length of rose silk about herself. She had a heavenly figure, small, and lithe, and could not but achieve an alluring result, though she did not know how fortunate she was in having no money nor opportunity between now and tomorrow evening, to spend money on ornamentation. She was fortunate in that she had only the plain length of silk.

All the while she sewed and fitted and sewed again, she had visions of big gardens, heavy scented with flowers, under the sun and of the blue swimming-pool with the glass floor, lighted from beneath at night, till at last she could drop into bed and sleep and sleeping dream.



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The Blind Date

[Continued from page 28]

before had he been in such command of himself. "My name is John Morland and I'd like awfully to dance with you if you don't mind."

The girl looked up, startled.

"Why," she stuttered, "why, it's all right."

John smiled and sat down beside her. "I startled you, didn't I? I'm sorry I spoke so suddenly. You must have been dreaming?"

"I was," she admitted. "I was wondering how I could sneak out and get home without attracting attention."

"Go home? Why, you mustn't go. It's only eleven o'clock. The dance has just begun. Say," he added with an embarrassed grin, "won't you tell me your name?"

"Oh, of course! It's Sally Nichols and this dance hasn't just begun for me. It's ended and it's gone on for fourteen hours at least." She looked at him defiantly, her hazel brown eyes sparkling through a film of tears. "I'm a blind date and I'll never be one again."

John was terrified for fear that she would cry. He was furious at the man who had treated this lovely little girl so abominably.

"Who brought you, anyway?" he demanded, his round young face flushed with determination.

"Jerry Proctor," Sally said. "And I think he's been drinking. Anyway, he danced the first two dances with me and then he said he'd be gone just a minute. He was gone half an hour. When he came back, I could smell liquor on his breath. Then he left again and I haven't seen him since and I don't know anybody and, please, I'd like to go home."

AS A HOST, as a Mu Omicron, and as a man, John was outraged. Every man in the chapter had pledged himself not to take a drink at the dance and here Jerry had gone and got drunk and disgraced the freshman delegation and he had treated his girl shamefully and he had acted like a rotter and a great many other things that aroused John to masterful action.

"You mustn't go home," he told Sally. "You've got to stay here and have the time of your life. Just wait and see. But I've got to find Jerry first." He rose and smiled at her. "Excuse me for a few minutes, please. I'll be right back and remember that the next dance is mine."

A quick search of the house revealed Jerry in his own room with a flask of whisky before him. "John," he murmured weakly as John closed the door behind him, "ol' man, I'm unhappy, sho very unhappy. I gotta blin' date an' she's no good; she's a tame kitty. John, ol' man, have a drink."

John's first instinct was to wring Jerry's neck but he decided to sacrifice pleasure to expediency. Jerry was already far gone; another drink or so would undoubtedly bring potent results. Without a word he took the flask out of Jerry's nerveless hand, poured five fingers of virulent moonshine into a glass and then held the glass to the boy's lips.

"Drink that," he commanded. "Drink it quick."

"But—but, John," Jerry protested plaintively.

"Shut up, you fool. Drink this quick or I'll pour it down your throat. Come on, now!" Jerry swallowed the burning fluid in one gulp. By the time he had finished coughing John had a second dose prepared and forced him to drink it down. Then with merciless jerks, pulls, and thumps he undressed the already drowsing boy and forced him into his bed and by the time the operation was done, Jerry had slipped into a coma so deep that it might have terrified John if he hadn't been too angry to notice it.

Then John raced downstairs and smiled

happily at Sally Nichols who waited for him.

"Come on," he cried, "let's dance."

Sally smiled at him and rose quickly to her feet. And how she could dance! John caught her close and swept her out of that fraternity house, away past the eternal stars, and on to paradise, at least, so it seemed to him. He forgot everything: the other couples, the pulsing beat of the music, the Bocarde girl, everything but Sally Nichols nestling in his arm and moving so lightly in rhythm with him that she seemed the very breath of his body.

When the dance was over, he turned to her, his dark brown eyes glowing softly, his round cheeks ruddier than usual, his lips parted in the smile of one who has suddenly looked at heaven and doesn't know just what to make of it. What he finally said was, "Gee, you can sure dance!"

THEY had three dances, three miracles such as only freshmen can experience before John woke to his duty as a host. Then he performed nobly. Brother after brother was rushed up to Sally Nichols and presented and when he tried to dance with her shortly after midnight he was cut in on four times. Sally's cheeks were pink as apple blossoms; her eyes were twinkling with smiles and she floated from the arms of one partner into the eager arms of another like a leaf blown in the wind. And finally at three o'clock in the morning when the orchestra with an extraordinary poetic instinct played "Three O'Clock in the Morning," he caught her to him for the last dance and prayed that it would never end. But end it did, of course, and then John saw Sally home as if by divine right.

When they reached the door of her club she held out her hand and said simply, "You've been wonderful to me. I don't know how to thank you."

John blushed in happy misery and whispered, "Wonderful! You're the one that's been wonderful! Say, I've got to see you again. You'll let me, won't you?"

Sally pressed his hand lightly and said with a little laugh, "Oh, yes, please. I want to."

John supposed the next day that he had walked back to the fraternity house and gone to bed but all that he could remember was floating deliriously between heaven and earth.

MAY in John's sophomore year. A May night and John and Sally sitting in the new grass far up the hillside back of the college. Sally was sitting in the curve of John's arm and her head was resting comfortably in the hollow of his shoulder.

John leaned down to say something and then forgot what it was as he expostulated sharply, "Quit nuzzlin' me!"

Sally giggled and whispered, "What do you mean 'nuzzlin'?"

"You know perfectly what I mean. Nuzzling me with your nose. Every time I bend my head you nuzzle my cheek with your nose. It's not fair."

Then Sally sat up very straight away from his shoulder and asked, "What do you mean by saying I'm not fair? Don't you like my nose?"

"Of course I like it," John replied with the air of one who has been asked a foolish and useless question. "Of course I like it. You know I like it. That's why you nuzzle me. You know it drives me crazy. And then you draw away and won't let me kiss you. I'm crazy to kiss you and you know it. You haven't any right to treat me that way. And you go on nuzzlin' me and nuzzlin' me just as if I didn't have any feelings. I can't stand it I tell you. I don't do anything but think about it. You're not being a sport."

"What!" In a flash Sally was standing above him. "What! You dare say that! You dare!" She whirled and started down the hill.

John leaped to his feet and strode after her.

"Where are you going?" he demanded frightened by her sudden flight.

She did not pause to answer but flung her parting words over her shoulder with a quick turn of her head that expressed more scorn and anger than a volume of expletives. "I'm going home and I'll thank you not to come with me."

"But Sally—"

"Don't you dare talk to me; don't you dare!"

John didn't dare. The startling metamorphosis of the gentle Sally into a blazing fury scared him into sullen obedience. He followed her until she closed the door of her club with an infuriated bang and then he slowly plodded homeward his weary way, too hurt and confused to think; he could only feel and he felt as if life had suddenly slipped away and left only an aching bruise.

The next morning, which happened to be Sunday, a messenger brought him a note. Trembling with hope he opened it and read:

Dear John. I am terribly sorry for what happened last night. It took me all night to figure it out, and finally I saw that you were right and I was wrong. I was a poor sport. I wouldn't let you kiss me because I was afraid but I tortured you because it made me happy to touch you. I never thought about it at all. I was just selfish. I'm sorry, John, and I promise never to be a poor sport again. You can do what you please with me. I'll play the game and take the consequences. You'll never have reason again to despise me. Forgive me, John. Sally.

THE first part of the letter lifted John to delirious heights of ecstasy; the last part of it hurled him down into the lowest depths of disillusionment. He crushed the letter in his hands and hurled it across the room. "What does she think I am? She thought I wanted that! I never once thought of her that way; I thought—I thought—" and then because he was only nineteen and because he had loved a girl with all the tender idealism of a romantic boy and because he understood neither himself nor her he threw himself down on his couch and sobbed brokenly into his pillow.

That was a bad day for John and it was night before he brought himself to answer her note. He didn't know what to write. What could he tell this girl who had torn the magic web of his dreams, this girl who had turned pure gold into tarnished brass? He had thought of her as something almost divine, so gentle and good, so sweet to hold in his arms, so exquisite, so pure; he had worshipped her and now she had translated his simple desire to kiss her into something awful. He wrote note after note, upbraiding her, explaining, protesting and note after note he destroyed in a rage at his own impotence to do his emotion justice. Finally he boiled all of it down into a few lines and announced with fatalistic fury that if she didn't understand what he meant she could go to hell for all of him.

The letter was phrased with cold care and exactness: I am afraid, Sally, that you did not understand me and you have misunderstood me so completely that it would be both futile and embarrassing to explain further. I did not want you to be a good sport in your sense of the term. We have misunderstood each other so completely that I do not think a discussion of the misunderstanding would bring us anything but pain and more disillusionment.

John Morland

As he read the note over he was pleased



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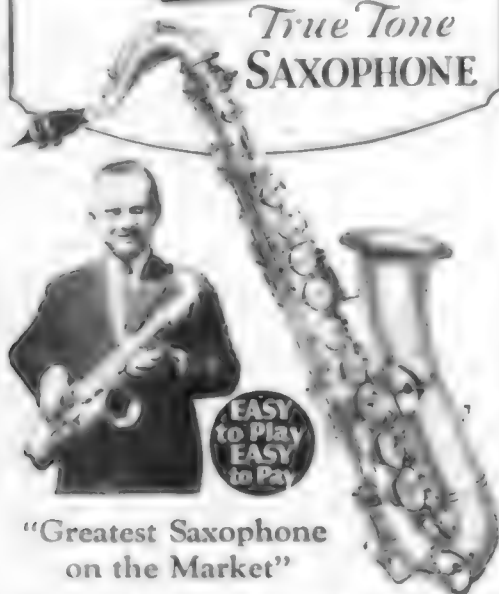
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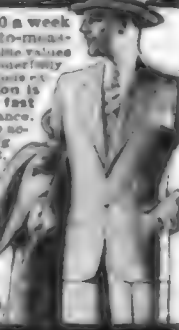
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with it; there was something grown-up and dignified about it that gave him a feeling of pride. He sent it off by special messenger and then waited to see what Sally would have to say. It was a full month later before he realized that he had left nothing for her to say. Then something seemed to slip out of him, something vital and necessary; all that was left was a curious hollow feeling that was to stay with him for many lonely months.

John's junior year was always something of a blank to him and the time would never come when he could look back on it with anything but a shudder. He always remembered it as a long procession of days that were either dully meaningless or hot with pain. The painful days were those when he had seen Sally on the campus and she had passed him by without a glance. There were other girls he told himself and he courted several. None of them seemed to matter however and somehow he couldn't kiss one without feeling ashamed afterward.

He pondered the question. "Now I wanted to kiss Sally," he thought, "and I never dreamed that there was anything wrong about it. I didn't care very much about kissing Margery or Mary or Jean or Betty but I did feel that it was wrong. What's the difference anyway? I suppose it's this," he finally decided. "I loved Sally and I wanted to kiss her just because I loved her. I never thought of it any other way. I'd have been ashamed to. But I didn't want to kiss Margery because I was in love with her; I wanted to kiss her just for the kick I'd get out of it."

John thought and thought about the problem that has puzzled older and wiser men than he and the more he thought the more he understood about John Morland and his Standards. How easily they disappeared before the wind of desire! He didn't drink but, then, he didn't like the taste of liquor, but he did smoke, and as for petting—well, he sometimes thought that he hadn't done much in that crazy junior year but pet girls he cared nothing about. "I thought I was a little angel a year or two ago," he told himself, "a regular little god on earth. It's time I got wise to myself. When you come down to it I'm not so hot. I wonder where I got that holier than thou stuff?"

IN HIS senior year John saw Emily Bocarde again. It was in New York during the Christmas vacation and John had been startled one night as he walked down Broadway to see "Emily Bocarde" flaming at him in electric lights. He grinned sheepishly as he thought of his verdant, priggish propriety three years before. What a proper little pup he had been!

The next night as he sat in the theater marveling while Emily Bocarde made irresistible love to fifteen hundred people all at once, he mentally kicked himself for the fool he had been. She was lovelier than ever. Yes, a tiger lily, a gorgeous flower of a girl, proud, blazing, exotic. She was, in fact, a little frightening, but he screwed his courage to the writing point, scribbled her a little note reminding her of the Mu Omicron dance and begging her to have tea with him the following afternoon. An usher accepted the note and a generous tip and disappeared. Later she returned with the note. At the bottom of it was written: "Of course I remember you, Johnny. I'll meet you tomorrow at four at the Plaza, Fifty-ninth Street side. E. B."

Promptly at four the next day she met him at the Plaza. Very simply dressed except for her silver fox fur she seemed older than she had on the stage, older and much, much more dignified. She listened quietly while John exposed his best line at tea, smiled occasionally, and prompted him to further gallantries now and then with a few encouraging words. At five o'clock she said she had to leave and John pleaded for another and longer meeting.

Then she spoke and he remembered her words for a long, long time:

"No, John," she said. Her tone was kind enough, gentle even, but there was finality in it. "No, I'm not going to see you again. You see, you have changed. You were a wonderful boy three years ago; now you're just a college man with the usual line. Oh, you're nice enough but I know a hundred like you. Most of the time I'm running away from the hundred and it's too much bother to add another to the list. You've grown up a bit and you've hardened a lot. I suppose it had to happen but for a minute I loved you before it happened. I'd almost forgotten that anything as sweet and fine as you were existed. You've been a beautiful memory to me. Frankly, I'm sorry I saw you today. The memory is gone. I don't doubt that you're a fine fellow and that I could come to like you very, very much but John, my dear, I much prefer the memory."

WHEN John went back to college he thought often of what Emily Bocarde had said and the thought depressed him. He knew that she was in earnest, that she would never see him again and that thought depressed him too. But most of all he was depressed because he knew that she had been right that he had coarsened, grown commoner. He had lost something and found little in return. For a moment he had had the tiger lily and he had lost her and for a year he had had the tea rose and he had lost her too. In losing them, he had lost some of his faith in himself, but in recognizing why he had lost them, he regained faith in his standards and at times he was inclined to give them a capital S.

In April life began to flame for him again. Jerry Proctor, by the virtue of the necromancy that some lazy roués possess, was still in college, his charm gone, his dissipation obvious to the most casual observer and his vulgarity offensive to anyone but an arrant bounder. Jerry kissed often and he told always. And when he began to talk about Sally Nichols, John felt first a hot desire to kill him and then a nauseating despair because he had no right to.

At first he thought that Jerry was simply bragging, partly because he dealt in hints which was not his way—he was nothing if not specific—and partly because he could not imagine Sally's tolerating such a notorious rotter, but one evening he passed the two of them together. For a moment he was dizzy with pain, horror, and wrath. Then he went cold with contempt. The contempt would not last however. Try as he would, he could not summon it to drown his fear, his fear for Sally. He endured the fear and his desire to throttle the bragging Jerry for an eternity of two weeks and then he shut himself in the telephone booth and called Sally's club.

"I want to speak to Miss Nichols," he told the girl who answered his hello.

"This is Miss Nichols speaking."

"Oh!" His heart seemed to have stopped.

"What did you say?" Miss Nichols's voice was carefully impersonal.

"This is John," he stuttered feeling the hot blood pounding in his head, "John Morland."

"Oh!"

"What did you say?"

"I didn't say anything." Miss Nichols's voice was no longer impersonal; it was ice. All at once John found that he could speak. "Listen, Sally," he pleaded. "I've got to see you. There's something I've got to explain. It's serious. I swear it is. You will let me see you, won't you?"

"You explained once that explanations were futile. I quite agree with you. Besides, I can't conceive of you having anything to explain," came back her answer.

"Oh, please, Sally, don't talk that way. I swear I'm not intruding for my own sake. It's for you."

"For me?"

"Yes, I swear it. Give me only ten minutes."
 "Very well." Would that voice never thaw?
 "I can't see you here, however. The house is full of girls. I'll meet you on the hill back of the campus by the pine stump in ten minutes. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes, yes, I'll be there!"
 The other telephone clicked and as John hung up the receiver, he stared dumbfounded at the wall before him. It was at the pine stump that they had had their quarrel two years before!

He was waiting when she arrived. Calmly she paused and asked. "What is it?"

John turned purple. For a moment he couldn't speak. Quietly Sally sat down on the stump and waited, her hands in her lap, her eyes quietly searching his.

"I just wanted to warn you about Jerry Proctor," he muttered.

"Since when have you taken to warning girls about wicked men especially about your fraternity brothers?" Sally's voice cut like sharp steel.

"Oh, I haven't taken to warning girls," John cried. "I don't care about other girls. And I don't go around peaching on fellows but Jerry's rotten and he talks. He's talking about you. I can't stand to have him insinuating nasty things about you. I had to warn you."

"By what right?"

THAT cold even voice had asked one question too many. Suddenly John was angry, blazingly, crazily angry. He leaned over Sally and barked at her, "No right at all, you crazy fool! Who said I had a right? I'm not asking for a right. I'm just telling you, that's all. I'm telling you that you've got to stop running around with that bum. I can't stand it! Do you understand? I can't stand it." His voice rose almost to a shriek and then broke pathetically. "Oh, Sally," he pleaded, "you mustn't. Please! Please! Oh, my dear, my dear, you're breaking my heart. I love you, Sally. I can't help it. I love you."

But Sally was on her feet, quietly facing him. "Will you please quit raving," she asked calmly, "and kiss me please, John, dear."

It was fully fifteen minutes later before explanations, the inevitable explanations.

"But John, honey, why didn't you explain instead of writing that terrible cold note?"

"Explain," demanded John. "Explain? How could I?"

"Why, you could have come to me and put your finger under my chin and looked in my eyes and said, 'Sally, you're a fool. You've misunderstood me entirely.' That would have been enough. Then you should have kissed me."

"Yeah, that sounds easy. Why didn't you do it?"

"John," she cried, "how could I?"

John started to laugh, but the laugh broke in the middle as he thought of something. "You say you've never quit loving me," he said slowly. "What did you start going with Jerry Proctor for then?"

It was Sally's turn to laugh.

"Oh, men are stupid," she finally managed to sputter. "I despise Jerry Proctor but I knew he'd talk."

"And you knew that he'd make me sore?"

Sally bowed her head in mock contrition. "I hoped he would," she confessed.

"And that I'd come around to warn you?"

"John, John, you mustn't ask so many questions. You embarrass me."

"Huh?" he snorted. "You aren't so smart as you think you are. I didn't come around for that at all even if I did think I did; I came—" He stopped suddenly and his serious brown eyes lighted with a twinkle. He put a stern finger under her chin and pressed upward until her eyes were lifted to his. "Sally," he said, "you're a fool. You've misunderstood me entirely." Then just to prove that he had learned his lesson he kissed her.

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The Secret of Good Make-Up

[Continued from page 51]

looking creatures, one exactly like the other, all painted alike, all lipstickked alike, all rouged alike, all penciled alike, all manicured alike. I often wonder how a young man can tell his girl apart from another.

Here let it be said that Ganna Walska's shop in Paris is not a beauty shop. Nothing is done there. Beauty aids are sold and advice is given if it is asked for. Otherwise it is no different than Carter's which sells jewels or Perrin's which sells gloves.

According to Ganna Walska home is the place for make-up.

MAKE-UP should begin at night when a girl goes to bed. She should use a good cleansing cream to rid the skin of all the dirt that has accumulated during the day. She should never go to bed with any powder, rouge, lipstick or pencil on her face. When the dust has all come off, she should apply a little cream, a very little which may stay on all night to keep the skin soft and pliant, to nourish the skin. In the morning when she rises, she wipes off the cleansing cream.

The day's make-up begins with vanishing cream. The vanishing cream ought to have a little whitening in it. But let me say a word of warning against liquid powders. Never use them. Once you put liquid powder on your face, you're finished. You can't retouch or wipe out its horrible effects. It sticks like whitewash on a wall. It never looks natural which, of course, is its worst defect.

After the vanishing cream, comes the powder. But never greasy powder. There's another thing which a girl should bear in mind. Powder should never be applied on a dry surface. It should always be preceded by a coat of vanishing cream. And again let me add that applying greasy powder doesn't give the same result as applying dry powder on a cream surface. A little rouge, barely enough to give the glow of natural color coming through to the surface of the skin, is all that is necessary. If the lips are pale, a little lipstick will help but the lipstick should be as nearly as possible the color of the lips and the line of the stick should follow the natural contours of the lips. A new artificial line should never be drawn. You're fooling nobody but yourself.

What holds true for the lips, holds true for the eyebrows. Nor should the pencil be used on the eyelids or under the eyes. That adds years to a girl's age. All Frenchwomen know that. Blacking the eyelashes is, however, extremely important. That should be done with great care. I am an expert at it but it still takes me about five minutes to do it well.

WHEN you are finished with your make-up, you should look like a beautiful woman whom God has favored with his gifts. Too much paint, too much rouge, too much lipstick, too much powder, too much pencil won't do it. You simply paint a mask on your face and if you are a bad painter—and most women are—the mask is hideous. Once done, the make-up should last for the entire day if necessary. If you have a moment of privacy—I said privacy and mean it—you can add a little powder or rouge if necessary. But it's not a continual

process of retouching. Once or twice should be sufficient.

This is the make-up that will see a girl through lunch, the matinee or tea. It's the make-up also which she will bring to her office to lure the eye of her boss and the traveling salesman. A heavy date at night, however, requires a different kind of make-up.

Every girl should have two kinds of make-up. Daytime make-up and evening make-up. The evening make-up is stronger for the reason that electric lights are very hard on complexions. They kill all natural colors and many is the time that I have seen a woman with an excellent skin and no make-up absolutely outshone by a woman with a poor skin and good evening make-up. If you are in a hurry and haven't much time to give to make-up, then just add rouge, lipstick and powder in evening shades and let it go at that. If you have the time however for complete change then go through the complete steps of make-up, that is, cleansing cream, vanishing cream, powder, rouge, lipstick, eyelashes. I can do it in twenty or twenty-five minutes. It will take longer, of course, for the woman unaccustomed to quick change.

Nobody is more in need of a complete revolution in beauty sense than the American girl. There is nothing so obvious in the world as her make-up. She spoils everything by going to work before her mirror with a towel and paint-brush, slapping and smearing on pounds of make-up until all natural beauty is obliterated.—Ganna Walska

The important thing always is to look natural. I cannot repeat that too often. Let your interesting looking girls learn how to look like themselves. Looking natural is the fashionable thing in Paris. It takes time for ideas to get over to America. American girls are still making up in the period of war-hetic France where camouflage of every kind was indulged in. That period is over. A ship is a ship today not a series of stripes. A fort is a fort not a forest of painted trees. And a girl's face is a face not the mask of a moron.

Girls make the mistake of believing that men like to see them made up unnaturally. Men don't. They hate it. It embarrasses them in public and annoys them in private. I am at a loss to know for whom it is the American girl puts on that atrocious war paint. She is a strange creature. She has individuality but she won't show it. She laughs at the Ford car and yet she makes up on the same principle on which Fords are turned out. To me there is nothing more terrible than walking up Fifth Avenue or Broadway and seeing all the little American faces looking alike. And let me add that Fifth Avenue doesn't look different from Sixth Avenue or Broadway. All have the stamp of sameness about them. Little Ford faces.

AREN'T they great? The four new departments for the Girl of Today? Did anybody ever tell you better secrets about make-up than Ganna Walska? Her article and the other new departments on fads and fashions, careers and problems, will continue in the future issues of your favorite magazine. Watch for November SMART SET

Your Career

[Continued from page 57]

I was neither accurate nor swift. But then the luck that comes so unexpectedly into human affairs began to notice me a little. I got a job with an advertising writer who wrote his advertisements by hand and my principal duty was to copy them on a typewriter.

He was a hurried, slap-dash person—always out at luncheon or somewhere. When he had letters to dictate his words came out in spurts, interrupted by the telephone or by callers. Then he would turn around to me and say, "You fix it up. You know what I want to say in that letter." I would write his letters in my own language and my English was good. After a while he did not dictate any more but told me briefly what he wanted to say.

In a couple of months he got me to help him out with the advertisements and before long I was writing some of his advertisements myself.

Many of the women I know who have met with unusual success began in a somewhat similar fashion. One of the great magazines is edited by a very capable woman who started out twenty-five years ago as an addresser of envelopes at six dollars a week in the office of that magazine. It was an insignificant job, but this envelope addresser had ideas. She attended to her work, and as the magazine grew she grew with it. Now she has a stunning salary, a house in New York and an apartment in Paris, where she lives for four months every year. I asked her once, over a friendly cup of tea, to tell me to what she ascribed her success. She reflected awhile. "I don't know," she said at last. "Frankly I don't know. One thing simply led to another. I've worked like the very devil."

THAT is true. She has worked hard, but I don't think she has toiled any more than most people and a good deal less than some people. But her work has been highly intelligent. She has imagination, creative ability and enthusiasm. She loves her magazine as one loves a darling child.

It is this love of one's work that is, I believe, the greatest factor in success of any kind—and I do not mean simply business success. I have met great novelists who have told me how they toil over the written word, how they change and polish their phrases for the sheer love of doing their best. And I have seen sculptors tear down their clay models again and again, and shape them in new forms, hoping to achieve the dream that stands so strong and beautiful in their minds.

Most people who are considered incompetent are not really incompetent at all; they are simply out of place. It would be an immense saving of wear and tear if all young people, especially young women, would be honest with themselves in analyzing their own capacities. If they are not able to do this, they should get some experienced person to do it for them. I say this applies particularly to young women, for young men seem generally to find themselves after a little misdirected effort. But multitudes of women go on in the wrong jobs year after year, seemingly hypnotized by the fear of change.

I knew a girl who tried five or six different occupations before she learned that she was a born cook. She was a newspaper reporter and not a very good one. At the end of the day's work she would dash home and stay in the kitchen

Now You Can Reduce 2 to 4 Lbs. in a Night

**Eat what you please
Wear what you please
Do what you please
Take no risky medicine**

Send the coupon for your first three Fayro Baths

Thousands of smart women have found this easy way to take off 2 to 4 pounds once or twice a week. These women take refreshing Fayro baths in the privacy of their own homes.

Fayro is the concentrate of the same natural mineral salts that make effective the waters of twenty-two hot springs of America, England and Continental Europe. For years the spas and hot springs bathing resorts have been the retreat of fair women and well groomed men.

Excess weight has been removed, skins have been made more lovely, bodies more shapely and minds brighter.

The Hot Springs are now Brought to You

Painstaking analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath. It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam oils and clean salts.

Then, Fayro, by opening your pores and stimulating perspiration forces lazy body cells to sweat out surplus fat and bodily poisons. Add Fayro to your bath at night and immediately you will lose from 2 to 4 pounds in an easy, refreshing and absolutely harmless manner.

Your physician will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

Lose Weight Where You Most Want To

Fayro reduces weight generally but you can also concentrate its effect on abdomen, hips, legs, ankles, chin or any part of the body you may wish.

Results Are Immediate

Weigh yourself before and after your Fayro bath. You will find you have lost from 2 to 4 pounds. And a few nights later when you again add Fayro to your bath, you will once more reduce your weight. Soon you will be the correct weight for your height. No need to deny yourself food you really want. No need for violent exercise. No need for drugs or medicines. Merely a refreshing Fayro bath in the privacy of your own home.

Try Fayro at our Risk

The regular price of Fayro is \$1.00 a package. With the coupon you get 3 full sized packages and an interesting booklet "Health and Open Pores" for \$2.50 plus the necessary postage. Send no money. Pay the postman. Your money refunded instantly if you want it.



If each healthful bath of Fayro does not reduce your weight from 2 to 4 pounds, we will refund your money without a question. You risk nothing. Clip the coupon and mail it today.



HERE'S PROOF

Read what Fayro Baths have done for others

"Three Fayro baths reduced my weight 11 pounds in 8 days. I feel better than I have felt for years."

"I weigh 16 pounds less and feel younger and sleep better. Fayro is wonderful."

"My double chin vanished in the magic of Fayro baths."

"My hips were always too prominent until I commenced Fayro baths. I have lost 12 pounds."

"Thank you for Fayro. I lost 14 pounds in three weeks; feel better and certainly look better."

"Since childhood my thick ankles have always been a source of embarrassment. Fayro baths have reduced them beautifully. Thank you very much."

For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and names and addresses will be given on request.

Fayro, Inc.
821 Locust St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

O-10-28

Send me 3 full sized boxes of Fayro in plain package. I will pay the postman \$2.50 plus the necessary postage. It is understood that if I do not get satisfactory results with the first package I use, I am to return the other two and you will refund all of my money at once.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

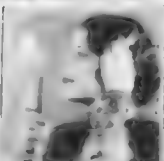
If you live outside the United States send International Money Order with coupon.

New Safe Way TO END GRAY HAIR

Test it Free at Home



1. You try it first on a single lock of your hair to see what it does. Thus have no fear.



2. Then simply comb this water-like liquid through your hair. (Clean . . . safe. Takes 7 or 8 minutes.)



3. Arrange hair and watch color gradually creep back. Restoration will be perfect.

HERE is a way that works wonders by supplying coloring elements to gray hair. What happens is that original shade is obtained. If your hair is naturally auburn, it will revert to auburn. If black, black it will be.

No need now for crude, messy dyes judged dangerous to hair. They are noticed by friends.

This new scientific way, called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, defies detection. Some 3,000,000 women have used it.

It's safe and makes your hair live looking and lustrous. Will not wash nor rub off. And may be applied only to gray and faded parts.

Test it free if you wish by writing for free outfit—or go to nearest drug store today. A few cents' worth restores original color perfectly. Your money returned if not delighted.

MARY T. GOLDMAN'S
Hair Color Restorer

Used by Over 3,000,000 Women

Mary T. Goldman, 151-M Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black . . . dark brown . . . medium brown . . . auburn (dark red) . . . light brown . . . light auburn (light red) . . . blonde . . .

Name . . .

Street . . .

City . . .

Please print your name and address



End Catarrh This Easy Way!

Thousands now end catarrh at home—mucus discharge, stopped-up nose, catarrhal sinusitis—with Hall's Catarrh Medicine. Successful for over 40 years. A healing Ointment, combined with a Tonic that acts through the blood on the mucus membranes and reduces the inflammation. Has helped even worse cases.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine

Combined Treatment at your Druggists. If he hasn't it, enclose 85c to F. J. Cheney & Co., Dept. 2040 Toledo, Ohio

Write for New London Tag Book, Free to Catarrh Sufferers

Win the One You Love!



AGENTS WANTED
Write for full details of liberal money-making proposition.

The art of making people love you is no longer a secret. French women, throughout the ages, have understood the important part certain perfumes play in winning affection. And now the secret formula of a famous French perfumer has been brought to you. You, too, can be captivating. Love Charm, the beguiling perfume with the irresistible fragrance, will bring you romance and popularity. \$1.00 brings you a regular 3-ounce introductory bottle, with subtle directions, if you mail your dollar right away. Love Charm Co., 4869 Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Dept. 71-K.

for hours, preparing the loveliest dishes and inventing new ones.

Suddenly one day a light came into her mind like a flash. She gave up her newspaper job and opened a restaurant. She superintended the cooking. The restaurant grew. She never did any advertising, but people told each other about it and for several years it was a joy to the rather large circle of New Yorkers who knew where it was. Then she fell in love, got married, and went to Europe to live. It was characteristic of her that she closed the restaurant rather than sell it. She could not bear the thought of other and lesser cooks playing with her menus.

AND there was Louise. I must tell you about her. I do not give her full name for she hates publicity. Louise was a college girl who had just graduated when she came to me and said she wanted to be a writer of advertisements. She said she thought it would be thrilling. Louise looked like good material to me—I was then employing many advertising people—so I gave her a job. She tried for months but despite all our efforts to show her how, her advertising copy was a failure. She was energetic, conscientious, and worked hard, but her advertisements were dry and dead. Advertising must have wings. It must tingle with life. And this was the very quality that she could not get into it. She lacked creative imagination.

One day I gave her instructions for writing a series of advertisements about wicker furniture, the chairs and tables that stand on terraces in country houses. I told her that she must put the air and sky in her copy. Blue skies, gently rippling winds, long green lawns, and people sitting in our chairs drinking tea.

When she finished the advertisements I glanced at them and saw that they dealt with a lifeless something called wicker furniture. It all looked very heavy and dull. I explained to her what I thought was wrong and told her to try again. After office hours I happened to go by Louise's corner and saw her sitting there, her head on her desk, sobbing as if her heart would break.

People who weep over their work are invariably misplaced. There is no hope for anybody who approaches a job with tears in her eyes. It is a confession of distaste, of a sense of failure at the start.

Louise and I had a long talk and I decided to get something else for her to do. It happened that the woman in charge of the circularizing was going to leave and I managed to put Louise in the job. She was to have charge of about a hundred girls who folded circulars and sent them out to lists of names. It was an important position which required a sort of meticulous care and considerable executive ability. I was inspired to do this because I had noticed that everybody liked Louise and that she had been able to get better service out of the telephone operator and office boy than any of the rest of us.

In her new position Louise was an instant success. The work went through with unparalleled promptness and accuracy. It was clear to me then that her ability was executive rather than creative. If she and I had known that at the start, the

knowledge would have saved both of us a lot of trouble.

People often have a streak of unsuspected ability that lies dormant because the need for that particular quality doesn't exist on the job they are in.

One of my friends, a society woman, had the misfortune to lose every cent of her money through the burning down of a manufacturing plant. She had never even thought of working, and was apparently as helpless as society women usually are. But she knew all about clothes and she succeeded in getting a position as a fashion reporter. Then she went on the staff of a woman's magazine and was for years the very efficient head of its pattern department. She has often told me that if she had known what fun there was in working she would not have waited until she lost her money to begin.

Be honest with yourself. Do you really want to do something worth while in business, or is there in the back of your mind a sort of hope that you can dawdle through and get there anyway? If you expect to take business as a side issue you should not complain if you fail to accomplish much in it. I say this because there are a great many young women who look at business as merely something to kill time and earn a little money until marriage rolls around.

As a matter of fact, borne out by my experience and observation, the up and coming business girls who are interested and efficient marry more quickly and make better marriages than these time servers.

Take my advice and stay out of business life unless you are really and truly interested in it. And when you do go in it keep on trying and changing until you get a job for which you feel yourself fitted.

Remember that the square peg in the round hole never does any good, and succeeds only in spoiling itself. You can tell when you are fitted for a job easy enough. When you are passionately interested in your work, and when you accomplish it without strain or weeping or undue worry, then be sure that's the job for you.

At the time I began my business career there were few highly paid positions open to women. I was, I believe, the first woman advertising writer ever employed regularly by an advertising agency. But today there is hardly any prejudice against women in business and thousands of good positions are within the reach of those who can fill them.

WOMEN are quite as able in business as men, and most up to date men know it. An acquaintance of mine, a highly educated woman, fell heir to a bankrupt furniture manufacturing concern. The business was indeed in a deplorable condition.

This woman's most noticeable assets were charm and taste but she also had a sound business head without knowing it. She charmed the workmen and the creditors and then began to manufacture a distinctive kind of furniture which she designed herself. In time she paid off all the loans, raised the workmen's wages and made money for herself. She astonished everybody, including the bankers. The bank that had held most of the loans soon afterward employed a woman to take charge of one of its important departments.

Are You Getting Ahead in Business?

ARE you a square peg in a round hole? Are you in a rut? Or are you drifting from one thing to another, uncertain of your own ability? Helen Woodward, who has one of the keenest business minds in the world, stands ready to help you to discover your own latent capabilities. Read her articles regularly in **SMART SET** and don't hesitate to ask her advice on your job worries

How to Make Money With a Tea Room

Every young woman, at some time of her life, believes she could make a success of a small eating place. Before you try it, read this helpful article by a girl who succeeded

By Bebe Schack-Gofte
(as told to Dorothy Holm)

ANY girl with an average amount of intelligence can succeed if life makes her fight her way.

Life did that to me. It made me a housemaid. I was cornered for three years, with my back to the wall, fighting, fighting to get out. Eventually I did. Now I have my own tea room, which is considered successful.

There was nothing unusual about me unless it was the determination to succeed.

When I was only sixteen my mother died, then my father, and I was left alone without money.

A cousin in Copenhagen suggested that I come there. I followed her advice, and spent all my money taking a course in shorthand and typewriting.

By the time the war ended I had decided that America was the place for me. On all sides I heard glowing accounts of the land of skyscrapers and bathtubs. May 1919 found me bound for America.

I had no idea what the future held for me. I knew nobody in this new country but a girl who had left Copenhagen four years before. I had written to her.

When the boat reached New York I found my friend had communicated with the Traveler's Aid Society, and in a few hours I found myself in a Y. W. C. A. in Philadelphia. My friend had been unable to get off to meet me, but she came to the Y. W. C. A. early in the evening. She was employed as a maid in a doctor's home.

In a week, with her help, I found a place as a housemaid. It was that or starve. So I considered myself very fortunate when I was given work at wages of six dollars a week. It was hard work. When I finished at night I was too tired to go out and seek for the streets paved with gold.

After three months I found a position as chambermaid at ten dollars a week.

I stayed there six months. But I realized that no matter how well I was treated I would never get anywhere by being a chambermaid. So I left and went to a hotel in Montclair, New Jersey, as a waitress.

It was then, I think, that the idea of some day having my own tea room took root.

It was that winter also that I met Signe Cortsen who is now in partnership with me. She was working as a chambermaid in one of the hotels and the following summer she went with me to Bradley Beach. When we returned in the fall Signe was sick and we had little money and no work.

Then I heard of a tea room that needed a waitress. I got the job at eight dollars a week, and set out to learn all I could about managing a tea room. At the end of a year and a half the manager left and I was given her place at a salary of twenty-five dollars a week.

I stayed there for four years. Then I realized the time had come for me to have my own tea room. Signe, who had been working as a waitress in a tea room several squares away, also wanted her own place.

We found a place for sale in a small street in the heart of the Philadelphia business section. Business was poor and the women who had it were eager to be rid of it. Within a radius of two blocks were fifty restaurants. The fact that ours was the

only eating place in Moravian Street did not lessen the competition.

Moravian street would not attract the average person. It boasts two crooked and decrepit pavements and some cobblestones.

Our business did not grow up overnight. Some days we had ten people; other days twenty-five. Signe and I did most of the work ourselves. One of us cooked, while the other waited on the table. A sixteen hour day was our schedule. There were many times when we were discouraged, but we kept on plugging. We were convinced that people will always find good food—and time has proven we were right.

I have never known a tea room which served good food at reasonable prices to fail. People must eat.

My experience as a waitress taught me that the average person in America likes a plain, wholesome dinner without frills but with every item of the best quality. To insure getting the best food I do all the marketing personally. No food is taken into the kitchen that I have not seen first. The meats must be of the first grade for nothing ruins a restaurant sooner than poor meats. The same rule applies to butter. People want good butter and lots of it. Fresh vegetables are another important item.

Too many women make the mistake of starting tea rooms and then turning their backs upon them, evidently of the opinion they will run themselves.

The woman who thinks having a tea room would be great fun, little work and very lucrative sees only one side of the business. She sees the proprietor, calm, smiling and unruffled, moving quietly around the room, chatting with the diners. She doesn't see her at ten o'clock in the morning, arguing with the cooks, sending a leg of lamb back to the butcher, ready to cry because the rolls have burned and a new batch must be prepared, wondering how she will get through the day, with one waitress sick and another leaving.

Friendliness in a tea room means a great deal. For that reason I favor little streets for tea rooms. Although the fact that Moravian street was so little known was a disadvantage at first, it is now a decided advantage. The quiet little street, tucked away in the heart of the business section, gives the sense of intimacy that can never be found in a large thoroughfare.

From the first day we opened, we made it a point to remember the faces, and when it was possible, the names of everyone who came in. All our regular customers we know by name. We know their favorite tables and we know their likes and dislikes. But whether we have seen them before or not we greet everyone who comes in.

When I see my life as it is now, it is hard for me to realize that eight years ago I arrived here a stranger, with neither money nor work. Today Signe and I have our apartment, our maid and a small car.

I have been so busy during the last eight years that I still have had no time to search for the streets paved with gold. I probably shall never look for them now for I have found something far more priceless, the satisfaction of having won a certain degree of success through my own efforts.



Skin Like Ivory!

Now a New Kind of Facial
Creme Brings Amazing New
Results, or Your Money Back.



Whitens Smooths Banishes Reduces
your skin out lines freckles pores

Skin like ivory! No freckles . . . no blackheads . . . no more fine lines . . . cleared of every tiny imperfection and smoothed to flawless texture . . . soft, supple, creamy-white! Do you want such superb skin beauty? Then try one jar of new-type facial creme. . . .

Gervaise Graham Beauty Secret

A Complete Skin Treatment

Not a cold cream . . . not a bleach cream . . . not a skin food, you may expect Beauty Secret to surpass them all. In this one creme I have succeeded in blending the best beauty helps ever known . . . and I have multiplied their benefits. Now expect new things from your facial creme!

Beauty Secret has the power to whiten the skin a new, safe way, and nothing is more wonderful than a milky white complexion. This is but one benefit. Freckles steadily fade out. Blackheads dissolve completely. Another amazing tendency of Beauty Secret is to reduce coarse pores to smoothest, finest texture. Beauty Secret not only cleanses the skin . . . it stimulates, tones, firms. Tonic oils impart a supple elasticity that in the greatest degree smooths out fine lines and crowfeet. Now, for the first time, a complete facial cream. Now results that you can really see!

POSITIVE GUARANTEE

This six-fold creme costs very little more than the most ordinary cleansing cream. I am introducing Beauty Secret in double size jars at only \$1.50—not only an amazing creme but an exceptional value as well. Use it as you would any cream for one or two weeks. Then, if not more than delighted, I will refund full price for the asking. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below, and when the package arrives pay postman only \$1.50. Mail coupon today to (Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM, Dept. 10-S, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Illinois.

(Canadian Address: 61 College St., Toronto, Ont.)

MAIL NOW

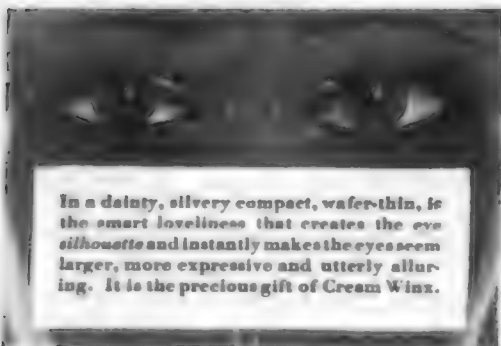
(Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM,
Dept. 10-S, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

Send me, postage prepaid, a double size jar of your new Beauty Secret. On arrival, I will pay postman only \$1.50. If not delighted I understand you guarantee to refund my money.

Name _____

Address _____

BEAUTY BLOOMS IN THIS SMART EYE SILHOUETTE



In a dainty, silvery compact, wafer-thin, is the smart loveliness that creates the eye silhouette and instantly makes the eyes seem larger, more expressive and utterly alluring. It is the precious gift of Cream Wink.

Without a hint of artificiality, this smart lash dressing quickly frames the eyes in a soft, shadowy fringe of luxuriant lashes. It is harmless. It even promotes the growth of the lashes. And it is so easy to remove.

Give to your eyes the smart beauty that only Cream Wink can bestow. Ask for the dainty, silvery compact at any toilet goods counter, 75c complete. Two shades, brown and black.

Safe, harmless and easy to apply . . . wonderful Cake Wink, preferred by many fastidious women, is a marvelous lash dressing and eye beautifier. Obtainable at all toilet goods counters. 75c complete.

Ross Company, 243 West 17th Street
New York City

WINX

BEAUTIFUL VANITY LADY



3336—A quaint little figure 6 1/2 inches high, made of Roselin glass. Has ample space for powder. A silk velvet puff completes this gift. A charming addition to the dressing table. Postpaid \$2.00

64-Page
Gift Catalog
FREE

Pohlson's House of Thoughtful Gifts
ESTABLISHED 1895
Department 11 Pawtucket, R. I.

Sell 3 Dresses for \$5.50

Yes, three beautiful dresses for only \$5.50. Just one of the amazing Fashion Frocks values that are helping hundreds of women earn \$30, \$40, \$50 a week besides getting their own dresses without paying one cent. We need more home service representatives at once to take orders at low factory prices. Stunning styles, finest workmanship, high quality, amazing values. Your big chance. Act quick. Write at once for **Free Outfit** style book, samples, and amazing offer whereby you not only earn big money, all or part time, but get your own dresses without cost.

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Dept. Y-13 Cincinnati, Ohio

Evidence for Divorce

[Continued from page 62]

"Thank you," she said. She looked somewhat tired, he thought. Going it pretty hard of late. He wanted to tell her that she ought to take better care of herself but under the circumstances his advice might be held impertinent.

"You haven't been cruel exactly," she was saying. "And incompatibility would have to be proved, wouldn't it?"

"I don't know. I haven't the faintest notion how they go about it. Anyway, it's quite simple apparently."

She had paled a little. "I hate that sort of thing," she declared. "It's so cheap and vulgar. Besides, I'd be lying and that's one thing I can't stand in anybody."

"Incompatibility? That wouldn't be lying, would it?"

She stared at him. "No," she said. "No, I suppose not."

"Well now, look here," Jeff Marlowe had lost some of his initial nervousness. "Why not let's face this thing squarely?"

"Why not?"

"You'd like to be free, wouldn't you? I mean, you haven't been particularly happy these last few months or so, have you?"

"No."

FOR once Chita Marlowe appeared utterly subdued, a trifle alarmed. The pretense of gaiety with which she usually armed herself had flown.

"I could plead incompatibility," she said, "but isn't there some other way? Perhaps some one, some other woman, up at one of your many hunting camps?"

"Good Lord, no!" Jeff Marlowe dismissed the suggestion with a wave of his hand.

She inspected him with a calculating gaze. "Why don't you start proceedings against me?" she asked.

Marlowe stiffened. "You mean, you and—?"

"Something of the sort?"

He lowered his head. "I'd like to protect you if I could, Chita," he managed to say. "I wouldn't care to drag your name through the courts no matter what happened. I couldn't do that."

"No of course not," she said.

"It would be better for your future if you made me the goat."

Chita laughed. Quite suddenly she leaned her head against the door frame and laughed. "Oh, it's all such a hopeless muddle," she said. "Such a stupid, silly, idiotic—"

She gnawed at her tiny clenched fist and gazed at him. "I think you're awfully decent about it, Jeff. I do, really. And, as you say, it's quite ridiculous, going on like this. As things are I'm in danger of becoming a little harum-scarum, a grass-widow on the loose, a I-don't-know-what. It's all so crazy, so mad—"

Jeff Marlowe put out a hand in the direction of her shoulder. The gesture was meant for sympathy but she shrank from it.

"Come," he said. "It's all O. K., Chita. I'll see Perry McPherson in the morning, get him to arrange everything. You'll be able to do what you please, marry whom you please—"

She was staring at him over the knuckles of her hand, hushed, like a guilty, spoiled child.

"Supposing I told you I loved Alan Brett?"

"Well, it isn't music to my ears exactly," Jeff said. "It's not what I'd call cheering news. But then he's a pretty decent sort of fellow, I suppose. Good looking, your own age, and—"

"The worst of it is," she said. "I'm not quite sure. Sometimes I think I'm getting

tired of him. I've seen so much of him lately."

Marlowe was inwardly relieved. He'd prefer that she marry some one he didn't know, some one anyway of whom he didn't stand in such awe as young Brett.

"But I expect it will be Alan," continued Chita.

The whole thing was like a musical comedy he decided. He had no place at all in the affairs of these moderns. He had tried to include himself in their diversions and their follies for the sake of Chita but he'd been chucked out as a flat failure.

He held out his hand. "Well," he sighed cheerfully, "I guess that's all settled. I'll be at the club if you want to get in touch with me. And I'll ask Perry McPherson to come and see you here and arrange everything for you."

"I'd make sure this time," he cautioned "if I were you. You're still young enough to wait till you find the right man if you are not sure about Brett. Don't rush in as you did two years ago. The main thing is to find compatibility."

"Yes," agreed Chita. "The main thing is to—"

She'd be sobbing in a moment, so he'd better quit. The girl was being torn and buffeted around in a maelstrom of life and she hadn't really much of a notion as to what it all meant.

"Very well, Jeff—"

She was actually crying. His fingers closed over her hand. Suddenly, he wanted to hold her in his arms, kiss her madly, despite her protests.

"You've been awfully nice about it, Jeff."

I'm terribly sorry it didn't pan out as we—

JEFF MARLOWE barged his six feet two into the office of his lawyer, Perry McPherson the following morning and said "I want a divorce."

"Good lord!" gasped McPherson. "No!"

"That is," said Marlowe, "we want a divorce."

"You want a what?"

"I think you heard what I said. Chita wants a divorce."

"What in the deuce are you talking about? A divorce. Have you gone crazy? Good Lord! You haven't been married long enough to know each other yet. What is this? A joke or something?"

"I want you to deposit a million dollars' worth of securities in her name and get hold of some woman for me. I don't care who she is. Some female with whom I can proceed to a hotel and be duly surprised in flagrante delicto, as you lawyers call it, by detectives in the employ of Chita's attorneys."

Perry McPherson looked at him. "It's the heat," he decided. "The heat has turned your brain. Sit down, Jeff. I'll call Mrs. Marlowe on the telephone and have her come over here to take you back home."

"You are retained by me to protect my interests," was the reminder. "Say the word and I'll take the thing to somebody else."

"Marlowe, do you mean to tell me you're serious about this matter?"

"Chita wants a divorce. We talked the thing out fully last night. She's been fiendishly unhappy ever since we got married."

"Why, I thought that you and she were about the happiest—"

"Wrong. We've got to separate I tell you. Now, listen. I don't want her name dragged through the courts. I don't want her name besmirched in any way—"

"Besmirched? For heaven's sake don't tell me that Chita has been guilty of—"

"Certainly not," came the roar.
 "Well, what is it? Is she in love with another man? Let's have the whole story."
 "It's incompatibility," stammered Marlowe.
 "Incompatibility?"
 "That's what I said."
 "But you can't get an absolute decree on such a paltry excuse as that."
 "I'm planning to make it more statutory," said Marlowe. "Now see here, McPherson. Chita wants to be free. My feelings in the matter don't need to be considered because the one thing I want is for Chita to be happy. She isn't," he added, "with me."
 "Jeff, you're a fool. For a man big enough to tackle Gene Tunney you're a mountain of incompetent masculinity."
 "It's just as well that you are a light weight. Otherwise you might feel how hard I can punch your nose," said Marlowe.
 McPherson was silent for a while. "All right, Jeff," he said. "If that's the way you feel about it. I needn't tell you how this distresses me. I hoped that you and Chita would settle down and find great happiness."

Jeff Marlowe folded his arms.
 "About Chita and this fellow. Brett—?"
 "That doesn't have to be discussed here."
 "I simply want the facts of the case."
 "She's been going around with him a great deal."
 "What were you doing in the meanwhile? Sitting home moping?"

MARLOWE shifted. "I don't fit in with that crowd. They dance and cavort all over the lot. They don't want me. In the beginning she insisted on taking me along. But lately—" He paused. "Well, lately, I've been away a good deal. Hunting."

"Deserted her in other words? Left her to her own devices. I wouldn't mind betting you that she's been going round with Brett in order to bring you to your senses."
 "Rot!" said Marlowe. "I tell you we argued the whole matter out last night. Don't you understand me? A divorce. Chita wants a divorce."

"And like a gallant hero, you wish to provide the grounds?"

"Now you've got it," growled Marlowe. "And it must be done before I sail on Saturday. I'm going to South Africa."

"Ah!" The little lawyer considered it. "In which case we've got to get a wiggle on, haven't we? All right. Now what, precisely, is your proposal?"

"First of all I want you to deposit securities to the amount of one million dollars in her name in the bank."

McPherson grinned at him. "I shall do that with great pleasure."

"Then I want you to find some young woman for me, some one who will be prepared to accompany me to a hotel. These things are done; I know they are. Tell her she needn't have any fears about the matter, that we'll keep her name out of it and that I'm prepared to pay a thousand dollars for her part in the affair."

"You want me to go out on Broadway and—?" Perry McPherson winced. "All right," he said. "Any choice, Jeff? Fat, lean, blonde, brunette—?"

"I don't care a rap. Somebody fairly presentable. That's all I ask."

"Now, let's see. Chita's hair is black. I think we should have a blonde one, a tall willowy blonde one. Purposes of contrast. Convincing change of heart and all that. An actress, let us say an actress not entirely scornful of picking up a loose thousand or so."

"Well, possibly we can arrange it. A beautiful blonde. Now just a minute, Jeff." McPherson was contemplating him in all seriousness. "I need hardly point out to you the gravity of what you propose doing."
 "I fully realize what I am doing."
 "The fact is you will be persona non

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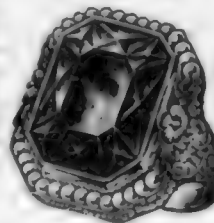
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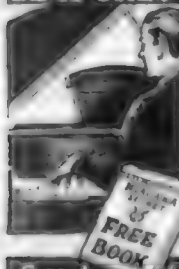
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grata at your clubs, that your social acquaintances in the future will most likely be confined to a few dusky South African belles, that the name of Marlowe will be tainted with the smudge of infidelity and that in the courts and in the newspapers you will be publicly indicted as a wife deserter."

"I don't give a damn. I've weighed all the consequences, McPherson. I know what I'm doing. I tell you I want Chita to be happy. She wants her freedom and I'm prepared to give it to her."

McPherson rose. "Righto, Jeff, old elephant. We'll see that it is accomplished. Now we'd better make Atlantic City the scene of this lively and highly seasoned rendezvous. You meet me in the Penn station at ten o'clock Friday night. I'll have the girl and I'll also see that Chita will have the detectives."

A FEW minutes before train time, Jeff Marlowe hurried down the steps of the Pennsylvania station carrying a suitcase. His face was grim. To the passersby he looked like a man who would commit murder upon the least provocation.

Perry McPherson was alone. The little lawyer was standing by the gate. His expression was grave. Marlowe greeted him with a scant measure of civility.

"Everything set?"

McPherson nodded. "I've been hoping you had thought better of it," he said. "Decided not to come."

Marlowe glanced over his shoulder.

"Where's the woman?" he whispered.

"I spared you that, Jeff. I arranged for her to go on ahead."

"Go where?"

"Atlantic City. She left by the eight o'clock train. You'll find her at the Bristol Hotel."

"The arrangement was to meet her here," he said. "And what about the detectives?"

"They're there, too. Waiting for you. A ruffian by the name of Vanewweather. You'll see her soon enough. The girl," again McPherson winced, "the girl is registered under your name. She will of course inform them that she is Mrs. Marlowe. I may add that she is exceptionally good to look at."

"Thanks."

The lawyer made an appealing gesture. "Jeff, for the last time I urge you not to go through with it. Think of what it will mean to you? Before it's too late, Jeff. Go back to her, talk to her, try and make things up with her. It's been your own fault if you only knew it."

"Stop her from finding a little happiness? No. I'm much too fond of her for that."

He moved to the steps. "Push the thing through for her as quickly as you can. It will be an undefended suit so there shouldn't be any difficulty in her getting a divorce."

"Have it your own way," said McPherson.

At fifteen minutes past one in the morning Jeff Marlowe approached the desk clerk at the Bristol Hotel.

"I'm Mr. Marlowe," he announced. "My wife arrived some time ago. I believe."

"Yes, Mr. Marlowe. Room three hundred and twenty. Sign the register, please."

In a firm bold hand he wrote, "Jeffrey Carleton Marlowe." A boy picked up his suitcase.

On the way to the elevator a dark-faced stranger in a formal blue suit, light overcoat and hard hat stepped up alongside of him. He introduced himself as Mr. Vanewweather.

"We'd better crash the door," he said. "It'll look better."

"We?" said Marlowe. "How many of you are there?"

"Five altogether."

"Five! Good night! What is this? A night attack by platoons?"

"Orders, sir. What time shall we come up?"

"The sooner the better," said Marlowe. "Give me ten minutes or so to get ready."

"Very well, sir. I'll warn you before we come in so's you'll be expecting us. Then we'll crash the door."

Room three hundred and twenty contained the customary furniture. Its occupant, however, was nowhere to be seen. But there were two valises beside the dressing table and an assortment of feminine apparel decorating the backs of the chairs and strewn over one of the beds. The closed bathroom door explained the temporary desertion.

He caught sight of silken lingerie; pale green and very lacy. McPherson had said the girl was young, exceptionally good to look upon. Intuitively, still peeking at the green thing, Jeff Marlowe didn't doubt the girl's youth and attraction.

Suddenly he felt like an uncouth individual riding rough-shod over everybody, every vestige of natural enjoyment; utterly removed from all feelings of gaiety and light-heartedness. A grumpy old bear! That was it. That, most possibly, was why Chita had transferred her affections elsewhere. She was full of the joy of life. She was animated. Her eyes and feet continually twinkled with her appreciation of all things. Whereas his—Marlowe looked down at his feet. They suggested slow-moving scows, heavy, ponderous.

And yet in his heart he knew he was as fond of life as Chita. He loved nothing better than to put his arm round the waist of a pretty girl—Chita, of course—there couldn't be anyone else, and dance with her. It was only because he felt she didn't care for him, that she preferred the company of Alan Brett. That only had gradually brought him to a state of forced stolidity. A grumpy old bear!

Well, one thing was certain. From now on, he'd be gay and merry and bright even though it was only a mock paradise. And certainly he must not terrify this young girl. He'd treat her decently, be light and amusing and calm her fears. After those damned detectives had burst in, he'd take the girl out to supper somewhere. Maybe dance with her. Yes, that's just what he would do. In other words, he'd prove to himself that he had been a grumpy old bear simply and solely because in his overwhelming love for Chita he was insawely jealous of her attentions.

ALL at once he grew embarrassed. But what was the use? He had to go through with the thing and quickly. Yep, get it over with, take a good hooker of whisky, then go out and dance somewhere with the girl.

Lighting his pipe, he sat forlornly on the edge of his bed. Why didn't the girl make her appearance? In a few minutes a battalion of detectives would come crashing in and...

The bathroom door had quietly opened. Jeff Marlowe blinked, then sprang to his feet. The girl in the gorgeous arrangement of black silk pajamas and loose orange negligee, the young girl who stood there looking at him was—Chita!

"In the name of all that's—!" Marlowe could hardly speak. He was flabbergasted and wildly excited.

"Oh, Jeff, how could you possibly think of such a thing?"

Somewhere, an orchestra was playing dance music. It was that tune again:

"I never mind the rain in the skies; If I can find the sun in your eyes..."

Jeff Marlowe gulped. He felt stupid, dazed, at a loss for words.

"It was when you told me you were sailing for South Africa," she said emo-

tionally. "I realized then I think for the first time how much you meant to me." A little silence.

"And when Perry McPherson told me what you intended doing, coming down here with some awful. . . All for my sake, my happiness, he said. And those securities. Oh, Jeff! I simply couldn't bear to lose you. I've loved you all along. Only you acted as if you had only married me because you were sorry for me. Didn't Perry McPherson tell you I always adored you from the time I was a little girl?"

She came over to him and very suddenly she was in his arms and he was kissing her soft trembling lips.

He was aware of a vast happiness. "So Perry McPherson put you up to it, did he?" he laughed. "The little beetle! It's the first time I ever knew how smart he

was. He's a good lawyer all right!"

"But you're not going to Africa now, are you, Jeff?"

"Not a chance in the world."

He took her on his lap, held her close to him, kissed her fragrant hair. The orchestra in the ballroom played on:

"That's what I am, so what can I do? I'm happy when I'm with you."

Startling them, the telephone rang. Jeff Marlowe reached over to answer it.

"Vanewether speaking. All right to come up now?"

"Yep," said Marlowe. "Get your raiding party to lock step and then march 'em to the nearest pier. Keep on marching till you hit the end of it. Then take a big dive, the whole lot of you."

How to Acquire Personality

[Continued from page 58]

with is, that whatever I do talk about, its aim will be not to air my views in the abstract, but only inasmuch as they can contribute to your advantage in the concrete. For that means creating beauty.

You cannot create beauty if you merely say, "I am a great artist." You can only do so by fabricating with your hands or your brain, a form which can be perceived by others, and which endures.

Now we have had enough of manifesto! So let us have a sample of what I mean and we are going to talk about the FLAPPER, that poor little birdlet to whose funeral we are all going now with a twinkle in our eye!

"Flapper." What a word anyway! An unfledged bird, not sure of its wings flapping about in its first essay at flying. Well—it—or rather "she" came up as a type and is now dying out all for the same reason! The exigencies of man! Now does not that make you sit up and take notice, Maudie?

And you professional flappers, read this article attentively, since you were "flappers" not because your pinions were not strong enough to fly properly, but because "to flap" was the fashion, and waited you nearer every woman's goal, namely, the subjugation of man! Man wanted unfledged birds! Hence the flocks of them which appeared! But man wants them no longer! So the cute ones will analyze what man does want and begin to change their style and adapt it accordingly!

The silly, irresponsible miss defying convention with an air of innocence—"too young to know better"—is now that dreadful thing, a back number!

She came into being because of the sudden influx of inventions for intercommunication, oral and locomotive. These things made such a demand upon men's energy in

adapting themselves to the new conditions that the poor dears were too tired in their leisure moments to chase after intellectual mates. They wanted to be soothed by hearing almost baby talk. Thus girls, ever ready to please them, adapted themselves to their needs. So the flapper came up as the type of modern womanhood.

She had to look young and act young and think young, poor thing! And so her skirt became shorter, her figure more immature, her locks less stiffly arranged and gradually, as the fatigue of the men increased, the flapper became altogether more boyish. The curly dolly "bob" gave place to the shingle and even the "Eton" cut and all signs of differentiation of sex were scrupulously suppressed.

THIS was all very touching in its utter devotion to the wants of man. Now man has become more used to the rush the invention brought; his old hunting instinct is emerging once more and he is demanding a more illusive type of quarry! So girls, be intelligent and change as quickly as you can!

Man now wants his woman to be more of an intellectual mate. That is perhaps rather too highbrow a word—"intellectual"—because hundreds of men have no intellectuality themselves and so would not require it in their women, but what I mean is that whatever the grade of mind the man may have, he wants the girl he fancies to have that sort of grade too, and be not merely an animal companion, or an infantile pet, but also the mate of whatever kind of brain he may possess.

Think about all this until next month, May and Marie. Let your hair grow, and then I will tell you a number of ways in which you can make yourselves attractive!

Au revoir!

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The Poor Sap

[Continued from page 73]

tally sheet in his left hand. Holding the roll high, he pulled the lever. Then he smiled. For, although the inner mechanism had recorded eighty-five dollars toward the total and the figures 85 had jumped up to record on the tally sheet, there had been no tally sheet there for them to make an imprint on.

Dick replaced the roll on the printing surface and hurriedly completed his tally. When he was finished he pressed the key for add total, pulled the lever and totalled \$23,138.66. He had balanced his accounts without any trace of the eighty-five dollars.

He tore the fraudulent tally sheet from the roll and placed it on the counter. He was in a hurry. The gang was waiting. Probably at that moment they were wondering what had happened to him. Dick smiled with pleasure in anticipation of the hilarious welcome he would receive and of how he would high hat the wop, Joe Rocca.

Dick had only a few more things to do. He had to destroy the original tally sheet, put the fraudulent sheet in the drawer and pocket the eighty-five dollars. That was all there was to it. It was a very simple operation.

Dick folded the crisp bills, stuck them in his vest pocket. Then he reached for the original tally sheet but as he did so suddenly went cold. For he felt the unmistakable pressure of a human hand upon his shoulder.

"Working kind of late, boy?" queried a calm, steady voice.

Dick froze rigid. He had recognized the voice at the first word. Slowly he turned and looked up into the gray eyes of his father.

For a moment father and son stared at each other in silence. Finally Dick found his voice.

"Yes," he said. "I'm working late."

His father's eyes were steady upon him, unrelenting in their fixity.

"You are showing unusual industry," he commented.

Dick was breathing in short gasps. He knew his breath was heavy with the odor of liquor. He knew his face was as white as death.

There was another silence—a silence of torment for Dick. Never did his father's eyes waver in their steady gaze.

"What are you doing, boy?" his father asked abruptly.

"I, I have—I've been fixing up some accounts," stammered Dick.

"Yes," said his father, "I heard you come in."

There was a significant pause.

"I was asleep," continued the elder Payne, "without a light in my office. You woke me up and I came out to see what you were doing. You were so engrossed you didn't see or hear me."

DICK trembled. He knew what was coming. He could almost see the words form upon his father's lips. They sounded, when they came, like the seal of doom.

"Exactly," asked his father, "what were you doing?"

"I was fixing up my tally sheet," Dick said.

"Fixing it?"

"Yes."

The elder Payne straightened his shoulders. His eyes were still full upon his son.

"Dick," he said, "do you want me to tell you what you were doing?"

"What?"

"You were embezzling money from the firm by which you are employed; you were stealing money from your father, who had given you a position of trust in his own business."

Richard Payne's voice was steady, but

tinged with sorrow he could not conceal. Dick hung his head.

Neither said anything for a time. The father lit a cigarette and filled his lungs with huge volumes of tobacco smoke.

"Come in here," he said finally.

He walked toward his office. Dick slipped from his stool and followed. Their footsteps sounded dismal in the lonely office.

Halfway across the room, Richard Payne wheeled about.

"Have you a gun?" he demanded.

"Certainly not," whimpered Dick.

"Then," said his father, "I can rest reasonably assured that my son will not shoot me in the back."

THEY went on to the office. Richard Payne pulled a light cord and slumped heavily into a chair. He looked very old, worn. Dick stood at the opposite side of the desk, the green shade hanging forlornly over his lowered eyes.

"Up with it!" commanded his father. "Lift that shade and look at me straight in the eyes!"

With a trembling hand Dick lifted the shade and raised his head. He was ashen and his lips were quivering. For an instant his eyes rested upon those of his father, but he nervously glanced away.

"Look at me," said Richard Payne.

Dick looked at his father glassy-eyed.

"Just what," demanded Richard Payne, "is the idea?"

"I was, I wasn't—" stammered Dick.

"Never mind that. What was the idea?"

"I was only borrowing it because, because—"

Richard Payne lifted his hand to stop him.

"Dick," he said, "take a chair."

Dick, miserable, trembling, drew up a chair, fell into it. The father waited patiently until Dick was seated.

"You may not realize it," he said, "but you have just committed a felony, young man, for which I, your employer, can send you to San Quentin for a period of from one to fourteen years."

Dick bit his lip.

"It's the same old tragic story," continued Richard Payne, "only the climax has come more swiftly than usual. You doctored your accounts, stole money and now you're caught with enough evidence against you to send you bouncing off to the lock-step squad within twenty-four hours."

"The unusual feature of this case," he said, "is that I, the employer who can send you to jail, happen to be of your flesh and blood, your father."

His voice was still calm and steady.

"And another unusual feature," he continued, "is that there isn't a man behind the bars of Quentin today for embezzlement who let himself get caught with such an irrefutable, damning case against him. I not only have the doctored record, but also the original and, to cap it off, I saw you commit the crime. Listen, you damned fool,"—Richard Payne leaned forward over the table—"how in hell did you expect to get away with it?"

"I was only borrowing," said Dick, "I was going to the cashier pay day before the auditor came around and I was going to tell him my accounts were mixed up. I was going to do the tally sheet over and put the money back out of my pay. I was only borrowing it."

"Borrowing!" exclaimed his father. "Borrowing! On the living graves of ten thousand convicts you could write the epitaph—'I Only Borrowed From My Boss.' How much are you in now?" he demanded.

"What?" asked Dick.

"To be plainer," said his father, "how much money have you embezzled from Richard Payne, broker, during your services as cashier in the foreign department?"

"I just took eighty-five dollars."

"I know that. Any before?"

Dick gulped, swallowed hard.

"I asked you," said his father, "if you stole any money before tonight?"

"I took fifteen dollars last week."

"Oh, I see!" exclaimed his father. "Out of a pay check of one hundred and five dollars on Wednesday you were going to pay back one hundred dollars. Then how were you going to meet these pressing expenses that have developed lately and have driven you to embezzlement? What were you going to do one month from now when, sure as death, you'd find that your embezzlements had been growing on you week by week and you were facing certain discovery, ruin and disgrace?"

Dick gripped his chair and said nothing.

"What's got into you lately. Why did you do this?" demanded his father.

Dick said nothing.

"To my knowledge, you haven't got a wife and baby that are pressing you for cash."

Dick held to the chair.

"Are you mixed up with a woman?" asked his father.

"No," said Dick.

"You're doing a lot of drinking, aren't you?"

"A little," said Dick.

"You've got some new friends haven't you?"

For the first time in what seemed an age, although it had been only the few minutes since his father's hand had rested upon his shoulder, Dick remembered the gang.

"Yes," he admitted "yes, I've got some friends."

"I thought so," said his father.

He arose, walked back and forth across the floor.

Suddenly he walked out of the office. Dick sat rigid in his chair, gripping the sides, hardly daring to raise his head. In a moment his father returned.

Dick looked up slowly and watched him walk to the desk. He laid down the two tally sheets, the fraudulent one and the original. He examined both sheets minutely, added them with a pencil. When he had completed the separate additions he looked up at his son.

"Let's see the loot?" he demanded.

"What?"

"Let me have the money you just stole."

Dick fumbled in his vest pocket for the folded bills and threw them across the table to his father.

Richard Payne counted the currency, then pinned it to the tally sheets.

"Are you ready to go to jail?" he asked.

Dick held to his chair and said nothing.

"Do you know any reason why you should not go to the penitentiary?"

"No," whimpered Dick.

"Well," said Richard Payne, "I guess you might as well go now."

THERE was a tense pause. Richard Payne walked around the desk and lifted his son's chin with the palm of his hand.

"Listen," he said slowly, "you're nothing but a rattle-brained fool who hasn't got sense enough to know he's alive. You've got to learn a lesson and you're going to learn it now. I'll make a bargain with you."

"What?"

"First, I'm going to ask you several questions and I want answers that are truthful and to the point. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

Richard Payne dropped his hand from his son's chin, stepped back, leaned against the desk.

"Just exactly why," he asked, "did you

come down here to get this money tonight?"

"To get liquor."

"Who for?"

"Myself."

"And who else?"

"My friends."

"Who are your friends and where are they?"

Dick looked up into his father's face. He inspected it a moment and then he answered.

"My friends," he said, "are Miss Fluffy Powers and the fellows and the girls that are at a party up at her cottage on Telegraph Hill."

Dick watched as his father sat down at the desk and took out a twenty-five cent piece which he laid on one side of the desk. Then he took a telephone book from the rack and laid it before him.

"MY BARGAIN," he announced, "is this: If one of your so called friends will repay me tonight the fifteen dollars you embezzled on a previous occasion I'll forgive you and give you another chance. If not, I'm going to give you the twenty-five cents on this desk and let you walk out of this office to shift for yourself for two years and meditate upon the art of picking friends."

Dick leaned forward.

"But, but," he protested.

"There are no 'buts'," said Richard Payne.

"But they are broke," said Dick.

His father laughed.

"I believe," he said, "that a group of true friends could raise fifteen dollars before morning for anyone with as much at stake as you."

"But, but—"

"You keep quiet!" said Richard Payne. And he said it in such a way that Dick kept quiet. He slumped back in the chair and watched in fascination as his father turned the pages of the phone book.

Richard Payne picked up the phone and called a number. Dick recognized the number—Wanda Powers! He waited in breathless silence.

It seemed an age before there was an answer.

"Hello!"

Dick could hear the high-pitched word vibrate in the receiver.

"Hello," said Richard Payne, "is Miss Fluffy Powers there? Speaking? Miss Powers, this is Detective Simpson of the police department."

Dick shuddered.

"Yes, of the police department. Do you know a chap named Dick Payne? Yes, Dick Payne. Yes, he's in trouble. He was caught trying to steal money from his office. Yes, steal it. He also stole fifteen dollars on a previous occasion. Unless he can get that fifteen dollars before the office opens in the morning he is going to jail. Yes, the penitentiary. He says the only possible way he can get it is from you and your friends. He told me to ring you. I have him under arrest at his father's office in California street now. If you—no, he can't get it from his father. His father told me to arrest him or anybody else that I caught stealing it. Unless it gets here before morning he goes to jail."

Dick's head hung to one side but his eyes were riveted upon the telephone. Sound was vibrating again in the receiver, but he couldn't make out the words. Then there was silence.

"I'm waiting," said Richard Payne, "while Wanda Powers rallies your friends to your aid."

Dick sat a little straighter. Never did his eyes waver from the phone. The wait seemed hours. Then the sound vibrated again.

"Oh, all right," said Richard Payne. "I guess if none of you have it, you can't give it. Good-by."

He put down the phone and laughed dryly. "She says—"

"Never mind," said Dick.

He got up from the chair and walked to



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the desk. He stared down at the quarter and then he picked it up.

"Good-by," he said.

"Good-by," said his father. You've got to learn a lesson. You need it if anyone ever did. You're lucky. Yours is a lot easier, a lot less destructive than the bitter lessons that many have had to learn. In two years you can come back if you're a man."

"All right," said Dick and he walked to the door.

He crossed the threshold and walked along the corridor. He was almost to the outer door when the telephone rang. The unexpected jangle of the bell made him start. He stopped and listened.

He heard his father say "Yes?" Then his father said, "What's that?" Then he said, "Who?" Then he said, "Yes." Then he said, "All right." Then he called Dick!

Dick walked swiftly into the office. His father was sitting back in his chair, the phone in his hands, a puzzled expression upon his face.

"It seems," he said slowly, "that you have a friend, after all. There is a young lady who knows you and she's coming right down here."

"What's her name?"

"Miss Baldwin."

"Oh, that's Virginia."

Richard Payne arose when he heard a knock upon the outer door of his office. He motioned his son to remain in his chair.

"Sit here and keep quiet," he said.

He opened the front door. A girl, dressed in evening clothes, walked into the office.

"Is this the place," she asked, "where Dick Payne is in trouble?"

"Yes," said Richard Payne.

"Are you the policeman?"

"Yes."

"I should like to talk to you," she said. Richard Payne had not been prepared to meet such a calm young lady.

"Well," he said, "come on in."

He led the way to his private office.

"Hello, Dick," said Virginia as she entered.

Dick said nothing. He sat with his head slumped to his chest. Richard Payne hesitated, not quite aware what to do. Then he realized the young lady was waiting to be seated.

"Have a seat, Miss —?"

"Baldwin," said Virginia.

RICHARD PAYNE seated her. As he slipped into his own chair, behind his desk, he realized that she was a very capable young person who was also pretty. He felt strangely ill at ease.

"Am I to understand," said Virginia, "that you have Dick under arrest?"

Richard Payne hesitated.

"Yes," he said.

"You shouldn't do that," announced Virginia.

"Why not?"

"Because Dick isn't a criminal. He's just a young fool."

Richard Payne glanced swiftly at his son. Dick's face was ashen. Richard Payne looked again at the girl. She was gazing at him with cool, intelligent eyes.

"Why do you say that?" asked Richard Payne.

"Because I know him."

"How long have you known him?"

"Since high school," said Virginia.

"And you feel interested enough to come here?"

"Dick took me to this party tonight," said Virginia, "and I believe it right to stand by him when he is in trouble."

"Virginia, don't!" groaned Dick.

Richard Payne studied him a moment and then spoke sternly.

"Payne," he said, "you keep quiet."

Then he again stared speculatively at the

girl. He couldn't understand such poise in such a pretty girl.

"I suppose you understand that the trouble is rather serious," he said.

"They told me he had been arrested for stealing," she said. "Will you please tell me about it. Mr.—Mr.—?"

"Simpson," said Richard Payne.

"Please tell me, Mr. Simpson."

"What happened," said Richard Payne, "was that I caught him tonight stealing eighty-five dollars from his father's money and he confesses to me he had taken fifteen dollars before."

"That is embezzlement, isn't it?" asked Virginia.

"Yes," said Richard Payne, "that is embezzlement."

"And he can go to the penitentiary for it?"

"Virginia!" groaned Dick.

"You keep quiet," said Richard Payne.

He studied the girl.

"Yes," he said, "he can go to the penitentiary."

"But he mustn't!" said Virginia. There was a note of finality in the words.

"Well," said Richard Payne grimly, "I have made a bargain with this young man. I've said that if, before eight o'clock—"

"Listen!" cried Dick. He stood up. His jaw was clenched. "Listen," he said to his father, "you lay off that!"

His father merely smiled.

"Sit down, young man," he said.

Dick wavered for a moment. Then he sat down.

"I've made a bargain," continued Richard Payne, "that if he returns the fifteen dollars that is still missing before morning I won't arrest him."

THERE was a moment's silence. Virginia looked at Dick, then at his father.

"I'll pay the fifteen dollars," she announced.

"Why?"

"Because," said Virginia, "he took me to the party and he got in trouble at the party and I believe that it is only the proper thing to do."

Richard Payne looked at Dick. The boy's face was ashen. Slowly he lifted his head. The muscles in his cheek were twitching.

"Listen," he said harshly, "listen, don't you do that, Virginia."

"Why?"

"Because," said Dick, "because I treated you like—well, I treated you rotten at the party. I'd made up my mind to throw you down because you didn't want me to get more liquor."

Richard Payne swung back in his chair.

"You threw her down," he asked, "because she didn't want you to go after more liquor?"

"Yes," said Dick.

Richard Payne looked at the girl. She was still calm.

"Did you hear that?" he asked.

"I knew that at the time," she said.

"And still, you are willing to replace the money he has stolen?"

"I'll have the money by eight o'clock, Mr. Simpson," said Virginia.

Richard Payne leaned forward on his desk and shook his head solemnly.

"Your money," he said, "will be too late. He isn't worth it."

"You mean you won't let me pay?"

"No, I won't let you pay. He isn't worth it."

"And you are going to put him in jail?"

"Dick Payne," said his father, "is going to be put away for at least two years. He's going to learn a lesson."

Virginia Baldwin tilted her head, compressed her lips.

"I tell you now that you are not going to put him in jail," she announced.

"Why not?"

"Because I'm going to see that you don't," she said.

"How are you going to see that I don't?"
 "I shall go to see his father."
 "But," said Richard Payne, "his father told me to put the man who was embezzling the money in jail, even if it was his son."
 Virginia Baldwin smiled. Hers was a very lovely smile.

"I am certain," she said, "that Richard Payne is not so contemptible that he will blast the life of his own son for one false step in which the matter of fifteen dollars is involved."

"He might," said Richard Payne.
 "I think," said Virginia, "that I can convince Richard Payne that it would be contemptible and that Dick should get another chance."

She flung back her head and gazed at him. Richard Payne smiled. Then he turned to his son. Dick's chin was hung to his chest. "But him?" said Richard Payne to Virginia. "He's thrown you over and he'll probably be in another jam in a week."

Virginia smiled.
 She said, "I think I can handle him, too."
 Dick looked up. He avoided his father's eyes and turned to Virginia. Then he smiled weakly.

Richard Payne studied them for a moment and then he laughed out loud.

"I believe, young lady," he announced, "that you can handle him. I'm going to parole this boy into your care and if you can keep him out of trouble for two weeks, I'll see if I can't get him a full pardon from his father."

"Thank you, Mr. Simpson," said Virginia. Richard Payne was still laughing. He took from his pocket a card and a piece of currency. He extended them both toward Virginia.

"Take this card," he said, "and put it in your purse without looking at it."

Virginia slipped the card into her purse. Richard Payne turned to Dick.

"See here, young man," he said, "you take this money as a loan from me and buy this young lady some supper and then take her home in a taxi."

"Thanks," said Dick.
 He walked sheepishly toward Virginia. Together they started out of the office. Virginia turned at the door.

"I'll bring the fifteen dollars before eight," she said.

"Never mind," announced Richard Payne, "I'll arrange to let Dick repay the fifteen to his father out of his salary."

"All right, Mr. Simpson."

"When you are in the restaurant," continued Richard Payne, "look at that card."

"All right."

RICHARD PAYNE was smiling as Dick and the girl walked from the office. Dick said nothing while they rode away in a cab. He waited until they were seated in a restaurant.

"Virginia," he said, "look at that card."

Virginia Baldwin gazed at him. She smiled her sweetest, loveliest smile. Her eyes were laughing.

"I don't need it," she said. "I knew that was your father the moment I walked in. I just thought that acting like I did was the easiest way of getting you out of trouble."

Dick stared at her for a moment incredulously. Then he stared again. His heart began knocking against his chest. All at once he felt both humble and excited. Virginia looked so exquisite, sitting there beside him, unruffled, charming.

"Virginia," demanded Dick, "why did you want to keep me out of trouble?"

Her poise shattered then. Her cheeks bloomed, her tender mouth quivered, but she was made of brave stuff and her eyes met his squarely.

"Because I love you, you darn' fool," said Virginia.

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A Dress for A Lady

[Continued from page 79]

"Nothing," says Pete. "He wants to meet you."

"Oh," she says and nothing more. But after a bit she says, "I had forgotten that this is your last day."

They look at each other some more and it made me feel kind of queer. Pete's face shows he's going through a particular kind of torture but hers is like a face in a wax works. Then she says in a thin voice and kind of far away.

"I remember how still and lovely life was before the war and how we walked with the dogs in my grandfather's garden among the primroses and the lilies, and there was a break in the woods where we could see the river from the terrace. There were mignonette and ivy growing in the urns on the terrace. But now, these years—" She twiddles her glass. But there isn't any answer in the glass nor from us neither. I know what war is but it don't seem right to take a girl out of a picture book garden and dump her down in Paris with a couple of doughboys like me and Pete. Especially Pete. Because Pete's wanting to help with all he's got and there's a raft more to Pete than a uniform and a big heart: Newport, and railroads, and portraits of big-time ancestors. There isn't much to me but I got to take care of Pete because he's my buddy and while he pities the girl and thinks he loves her I can't let anything come off in two days that'll mean too much trouble afterwards. You get me; me being the cool head trying to prevail.

SO PETE coughs up the ransom for the rations and she looks at the francs crackling in his hands and then she looks away. And not a shadow goes over her face but I can see it in her heart. Poor kid. I thought then it was because she hadn't had a meal like that since the terrace in the garden.

So as we walk out and up the boulevard I'm trying to figure out the right thing to do and the way to do it. And I'm not forgetting that, after all, if she's the kind of girl that's able to pick up a couple of guys like me and Pete, and make us feel in a day and a half the way we did that she doesn't have to go without eating if she don't want to.

I say to myself, knowing what I do about women, that it's a strange thing she didn't grab off Pete when she could have had him. And it strikes me that she might do it yet, what with the hour sneaking up when we've got to blow the burg for the outfit and her feeling about him the way I know she does. I'd known a lot of things to happen when time came to say good-by. I knew that the thing to do was to make sure that nothing was done at all.

Pete looks like a ghost of a guy that's been a pretty tough proposition when he had to be. And I figure that he's thinking, like a guy in love will think, that when he's gone and not there to take care of her she'll skid straight to the dogs. But I know that women are not that way. I mean that if Pete believed that some guy she'd run across would make her pay for her dinner he was wrong because the best thing a woman does is forget, or seem to, which is the same thing. But I knew he felt that way and that was enough to make me think that we ought to do something for the kid that would make it easier for her until she got a good break and take the load off her mind.

I say kinda of breezy. "Marguerite, it takes a lotta francs to buy buttons these days, don't it?"

"Buttons, monsieur?"

"I mean the way things are it takes a lotta jack to get by and beat the board and room racket."

"Very true, Monsieur Egan."

"But even in the old days, you hadda be careful."

"Ah, not always, Monsieur Egan."

It wasn't the time to go into that. It was time to get rid of Pete for a while so that I could talk to the girl. And sending Pete to the hotel to pay the bill and collect our stuff was easy because when a guy's like he was he takes orders. I told him to meet us at the café near the corner and that's where I took Marguerite to have a drink and a little talk.

"Marguerite, we leave Paris tonight and chances are we'll never see you again," I says.

"I am sorry, Monsieur Egan," she says.

"I'm sorry, too. But there's other things. One of them's money. It's none of my business, Marguerite, but how much money have you got?"

"Enough," she says.

"For a long time?" I ask.

She don't answer.

"Marguerite, this is no time to be a gentleman," I say. "I've gone without eatin' myself and I never learned to like it. When I ask you how much money you have it's because Pete an' me are goin' where money's not much good an' because you've gotta stay where it's everything. Will you come clean an' tell me?"

"I am rich," she says, taking a five-franc note out of her purse. "I found it on the boulevard this morning. You see that God will provide, Monsieur Egan."

"God is a good guy," I say. "An' he's provided a couple of doughboys that's lucky at cards. I've got a thousand francs in my breeches an' Pete has a thousand more that say they know where your next meal is comin' from. An' when Pete comes back an' O.K.'s the deal those francs are yours."

She speaks very quiet.

"I cannot take your money, Monsieur Egan. Nor can I express my gratitude for I no longer believe that such things are possible. You must imagine eloquence. But I cannot take your money."

"Then whose will you take?" I ask her. "Don't you think I'm wise to what a girl like you is up against like this?"

"What's the matter?"

It was Pete.

"Marguerite an' I have been talkin' things over," I tell him. "She thinks I'm not a bad guy and I'm appointed her financial advisor."

He sits down.

"Yes sir, corporal, both of you need a financial advisor, an' I'm it," I say. "Have you squared everything with the hotel?"

"Yes."

"Then fork over the bank roll."

"What for?"

"Don't argue; hand it over."

HE DIGS down and gives me all the francs he's got.

"Folks," I say, "this war game's no set-up for anybody, least of all for a girl that needs a garden with a terrace in it. Marguerite, here's a little for a first payment." And I give her my roll and Pete's.

But she doesn't budge.

"Messieurs, I cannot tell you how grateful I am," she says. "You are too good but your money I cannot take."

Then I'm scared and Pete pushes the francs aside and grabs her hands.

"Marguerite, little one, don't let me abandon hope. Here's a man who can tell you I'm all I've said I am. Marry me. Let me help you." How his voice quivered. "It isn't much that anyone can have now but when this mess is over and we can go back

to gardens, new gardens— Oh, my darling, can't you see your way clear?"

"Very clear, dear friend. Clearer than you will ever know." And her voice quivers just like his. "But I do not love you. It would seem that I owe you at least that. There is so little else."

And the fool believed it. And I can see he's licked. Licked when he could have had her without talking about it, if he'd only grabbed her and made her do what he said. I never knew till afterwards that it took more than a girl for a soldier to get married in Paris. Anyway, seeing it's all up with Pete I work on Marguerite again.

"Let's be sensible," I say. "You're broke. You've got a brother in bad shape an' you're not the kinda girl that oughta live the way

some one needed me. That it was not only for myself."

"I need you, Marguerite," says Pete but she shakes her head and I feel safe again.

"Come now, corporal," I say. "The girl doesn't want you. An' I can't say I blame her but how about these francs, Marguerite?"

"No," she says.

"That seems to settle it, chief." I look at my watch. It's getting late. Marguerite nods to me.

"I will not detain you any more and please do not worry about me. It takes but little for me to live and I have already lived on less." Then she stops and thinks a minute, and says kind of shy, "But since you have offered me the cake may I be permitted one crumb from the icing? Not from you, if you please," she says to Pete, "but a souvenir for remembrance. I should like that, if you will."

"Sure," I say. "A souvenir to remember us by."

"Then I should like to have a dress."

A dress. That's what she said because I heard her. And my head was going around so that I miss half of what she says next.

"—I know the very one. It hangs in a shop near here. Five hundred and fifty francs but I can buy it for five hundred. Oh, the loveliest dress! Gray and embroidered in violets with a little violet scarf. And a hat and shoes and stockings."

I count out five hundred and fifty francs and she hands me back fifty. I put the rest of the jack back in my pocket. Then I pay for the drinks we haven't touched.

And then we all seem to get up together and without talking walk up the boulevard. At the corner an old woman pushes some flowers under our faces and Pete buys a bunch of big violets and holds them out to Marguerite. She takes them without a word. The old woman is standing in front of us and Paris is passing us by and the air is still with the smell of violets. Suddenly Marguerite presses the flower stems so they crack. She steps toward Pete with her face white and her eyes like a couple of diamonds.

"Mon ami!" She says the words so fast they crack like the flower stems. She catches her breath, throws an arm around Pete's neck and kisses him so that the old woman and me look away. When I look again he's standing stiff, like he was at attention, and there's two white lines around his mouth. Marguerite looks at me.

"Good-by," she says and barely touches Pete's cheek with her hand and says again, "Good-by."

SHE walked down the street. She looks back once and she's gone. I feel somebody at my elbow. It's the old woman flower seller, holding a bunch of violets and nodding towards Pete.

"*Pour lui un souvenir,*" she says. I slipped her some money, grabbed Pete and kept on walking.

We still had a couple of hours left and I figured the best thing to do with them was to have a couple of drinks. Pete didn't care what we did, so we went to one of the sidewalk cafés when we saw her again. She was dressed in gray and topped with purple and silver, and it seemed like there was a mist around her all pricked out with violets. She passed inside the café with the smell of those violets like a promise of spring around her and that captain guy half drunk beside her, his big paw on her arm. And I'm sick.

I'm sick because I can still see her kissing Pete good-by and because I'm sure now that I haven't guessed wrong. Only it seemed to me a dirty shame for Pete to see her like that and wearing his violets too.

I look at Pete. I'm wondering if he's wise by this time and what he's thinking of doing if he is. Because his eyelids are close together and his mouth is tight and pale, looking as some people look when they're puzzling

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you're livin'. Take these francs as a loan, an' some day when your brother gets straightened out he'll pay us back."

And then, all of a sudden, she gets pale, and her eyes grow large.

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Pete opens his mouth and closes it again without even breathing.

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things out. But it doesn't mean only being puzzled in Pete and I know I've got to talk fast.

"Yes sir, corporal, a lady needs a new dress to do business with captains," I tell him, "but I wouldn't feel bad about it. This guy's probably good for a few more an' she'll only wear ours when she's out with second looys. Still an' all it was nice of her not to take us for the whole bankroll when she could 'a' had it so easy."

But he's not listening. He's looking straight through the window into the café where the captain is ordering with one hand while the other is still holding Marguerite. It looks to me like Pete's thinking harder.

"She's still wearin' your violets," I say. "She won't forget you altogether until she throws them away." But he doesn't pay any attention to me at all.

The drinks inside are on the table by this time and the captain lets go of Marguerite long enough to sample them. But then he's right back at her again. He's takin' her hand and kissin' her fingers one by one. And then he pats her arm down from the shoulder slow—too slow. I hear Pete's shoes scrape a little under the table.

I talk fast. "After all, she didn't let you pay for the dress. There's nothin' for you to get sore about."

PETE doesn't take his eyes off Marguerite so I look at her too. She's white. I remembered a dog I'd picked up once after he'd been run over and how he looked at me. Pete begins to whistle under his breath. "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," he whistles and that's his danger signal. I got to wishing I hadn't helped him see the truth about Marguerite although I believe in quick wounds and quick cures. But I kept thinking about that dog and its scared eyes and all at once the captain ran his fingers down the side of Marguerite's neck.

Pete's out of his chair and at their table. "Marguerite would you like to go home?" says Pete. It's the old Pete talking, the Pete that didn't care for hell or high water.

The captain keeps hold on her wrist, saying, "I'll take care of this, corporal." Pete takes a long, long breath and says:

Love—Common and Preferred

[Continued from page 41]

next window? Isn't that much more beautiful?" Sand turned from the cheap hats. She had a sudden exultant feeling that this walk was making history for her.

Over coffee and sandwiches, she told Shanley about herself. A file clerk with a butcher for a stepfather. A long, rambling yarn filled with references to "fellers," "girl friends" and unpleasant people known as "mugs."

It was impossible to look at the dream filled eyes of Sandalwood Thompson and take the story as she told it. Oh, there was more, far more. She did not tell of the funny little fancies she had nor of the dreams she built about herself. She couldn't tell this good looking, educated gentleman that she, who shouted back at truck drivers, thought wistfully and tenderly of romance.

He was talking now of Dover. France across the water. Blue sky, glimmering sun. Sand saw a lady beside him, a lady with silky hair and magnetic eyes. Together Shanley and the lady saw the coast of France. They were in a garden.

Sand laughed. Here she was getting goopy. Always thinking of movie fadeouts.

"Guess I'd better go home," she said. "Where is that?" "Oh, away up town." "Shall I see you again?" "If you want to."

"Do you want to go home, Marguerite?" She can't look at him. She just gasps and says, "Oh, take me away from here. Take me away from him I—take me."

I can see Pete's heart spill over into his face. He leans his two big hands on the table and says in a low voice.

"Captain, the lady is leaving."

The captain just grins.

"Beat it," he says.

Pete wraps those long fingers of his around the captain's wrist.

"I'll have you in the brig for this," he says.

Pete says still lower, "I don't think you will, even if you could." They look at each other a long time. Then Pete says, "If you are ready, Marguerite." Pete's voice is just as careless but trembly on the edges. She picks up her bag and we walk out.

Around the corner Pete stops.

"We will not intrude any longer," he says.

And I was saying to myself, "Grab her, you big lunkhead!"

"Ah, you are going, for me you have already gone," she says. "But go not yet."

He don't know whether to be polite or tell her again how he loved her.

"If I can be of any service," he says. I could have choked him. He's dying for her and he's so afraid she doesn't want him.

She puts out her hand and touches his blouse. I don't know what there was in her eyes or in her movement that told him what he needed to know but the next thing I know she's crying in his arms.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," she says over and over again. "To think I almost lost you!"

Then she holds him off a little with one shaky hand and she says, all quick and gasping, "You must know. It was not only for the dinner that I was with that captain. I was mad with despair, with desperation; I could endure no more, no longer."

Pete holds her tight saying, "Forget it. I should have never let go of you. Whatever happened was my fault and I've got you now. You'll never lose me. I'll leave you enough to see you through till I can get leave and then we'll be married. Will you be ready?" She looks at him with those eyes.

"Ready, beloved? Have I not already the wedding dress?"

"I'd like very much to but next time, child, don't use so much make-up. It's common, you know."

"Common?"

"Very."

Shanley took her home in a taxicab. In the darkness he kissed her. It was the second time that Sand had ever been kissed. The first man had been an adventurous youth with strong arms. Sand had very nearly blinded him with an onslaught of clawing hands.

WHEN Shanley kissed her, those hands lay in her lap, quiet, frightened.

"You're quite a darling," Shanley breathed.

"A common one," Sand answered.

"But I prefer you to any woman I've seen in America. So you're preferred, Sandalwood, and you'll not give the appearance of being common when you leave off the make-up." He kissed her again.

Sand said, "If I'm going to behave like a lady I suppose I oughtn't to kiss strangers."

Shanley laughed. "If we manage to rout some of your pet phrases, economize on the make-up and give you a larger vocabulary, there will be such a big improvement that no one will argue about a little thing like kissing. And you are an adorable little ignoramus."

The adorable little ignoramus turned her head away from him and looked out the window. She was to be more of a lady in appearance and less of a lady in practice.

She had known him six weeks now. Sand sat on the edge of her bed and thought about Shanley Creighton. There was no use dodging facts with herself. She was in love with him. Directly in front of her was her little dressing table. She raised her eyes to the face which was always a shock to her. A pale, ethereal face with flaming gray eyes and childishly pink lips. It was a thinner face than it had been formerly but it seemed more attractive, less like the faces of other file clerks, other subway riders. She was different than she had been because he had wanted her different. If she hadn't changed then she would have lost him. He would have disappeared forever into the world in which he lived. A world of private, velvet lined motor cars, celebrities and dress clothes. She had never seen his world except dimly pictured in the movies. Shanley would not take her into it. She was not ready yet to meet his crowd. She was not even sure of his address. He evaded her questions. He was worried, she supposed, lest she might force her unpolished self against the glossy surface of one of his teas or dinners.

SAND shrugged. After all she owed him much. He had taught her not to tip her soup plate. He had given her the right pronunciation of many words. It was because of him that she did not laugh or talk boisterously any more and strangely enough truck drivers and idlers seemed to realize at last that she could not be picked up! Yes, there was probably an improvement but . . . Sand smiled ruefully. What was the sense of being vaccinated if you died of the vaccination?

Some day she was bound to lose him anyhow. Often he would say to her, "You're quite a darling but you'll never be Mrs. Shanley Creighton."

He would say it lightly, laughingly, but she knew that he meant business. She knew that she was intended to note his words and absorb their meaning. She did but at present she had him no matter what was due to follow.

But did she have him? There was tonight to consider. This was the night when he was to have met ma for the first time. And he hadn't come. She had waited two hours in the parlor for him. Ma had dressed up for Shanley and she had the delicatessen man making sandwiches. It had been an awful disappointment to ma when Shanley hadn't come. She had gone to her bedroom and put away her finery. She was sitting in the kitchen now in a gray flannel wrapper reading the paper.

Oh, why hadn't Shanley come? It gave Sand a strange, heavy ache over her eyes to remember that he had promised. Why did she have to love him when she was too small, too insignificant to command his undivided attention?

Her mother came into the room. She held her newspaper before her. The light in her eyes said that here was a document of vast importance.

"Look at that!"

Sand looked at that. It was a small item on the theatrical page telling that Mr. Shanley Creighton and a party of stage celebrities would attend the premiere of a play that evening.

"Do you see?"

"Yes, ma. I see."

"Oh, I know you saw what I pointed at but do you see everything?"

"What do you think I am, ma?" asked Sand. "The Pathé News?"

"No back talk now. I mean do you see that this man don't care nothing about you? This ain't a fairy tale, you know. The fellow in the book store said when I went to get

'Orange Blossoms' that the book is making a lot of money. The thing is going to be done in the movies and your fine gentleman is hitting off swell. What does he want with you?"

"Maybe he likes me."

"That's why he made another date for tonight and didn't even call you up, I guess," sniffed Sand's mother. "Say, I thought you knew what the world was about. Boiled down without fixings the story is the old one. If he can have a pretty girl putting up with his nonsense without it costing him time or money he's willing. You're a fool to even see him again."

So Sand was a fool. When she saw him again she rested her head against Shanley's manly chest and cried because she loved him. He patted her soothingly.

"I forgot about coming to your house, dear, truly I did. You don't think I would have disappointed you consciously, do you? Truly I forgot. Now kiss me and say you're sorry for doubting me."

Sand kissed him. "Oh, it hurts me so when you act like that. It makes me feel so little and unimportant."

"And all the time you're really dreadfully important, aren't you, dear? There now, don't cry anymore. Perhaps I'll take you to the theater tonight. Let me see what frock you're wearing."

So this was love. Sand walked beside him through the street. She was happy now because she was with him. Later when he had gone back to his world, she knew that she would be miserable. She looked up at him. It gave her a delicious, dizzy feeling to see his lean, handsome face. What could he see in her anyway? Why did he bother with her at all? He was so wonderful.

"I suppose you'll be going back to England soon," she said.

"In a fortnight or so," he said.

"Will you write to me?"

"Oh, darling, don't ask me to write. Let's have one of those tragic endings. An ocean lying between two loving hearts, you know, and neither of the two blithering idiots ever having the sense to cross it."

"I don't like tragic endings. I wish you'd write to me."

"What's the use, dear? Forget me and marry a paperhanger and have seven children and roast beef every Sunday."

"You've spoiled me for a paperhanger."

"You'll have to get unspoiled, dear, for you'll never be Mrs. Shanley Creighton."

"You hate yourself, don't you?"

"No, but I'd hate you to get all excited over the impossible."

"I suppose I'll have a date with you some night and you won't show up and I'll read where you sailed for England."

Shanley laughed. "That's the way I do things," he admitted.

AND that was the way he did it. On a rainy night in November Sand waited for him an hour past the time of the appointment. It was on a corner she waited. A wet corner. Shanley didn't come. A man in a small automobile called to her to come in out of the wet. She was angry. To think of a man flirting with a girl who belonged heart and soul to Shanley Creighton. She waited stanchly in the rain. He didn't come. He never came again.

His letter came instead. He had written it on the boat:

Heigh ho. Off for Merrie England. Thinking of you, darling. You're the only thing in America that's worth all the fuss they make over the cursed place. Hope you'll remember me when you're a dear little old lady who's famous in New York for not tipping her soup plate. Be a good girl, marry a nice boy and remember that it isn't good form to search for a gentleman through his publishers.

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To Sandalwood Thompson, England was very far away but it was a nice little island. Everybody upon it would certainly know everybody else. She wanted to go there. Not at once but later. Later when she had digested all the things he had told her and polished herself into a lady. He must have liked her a little. If she could acquire poise and a calm, graceful beauty wouldn't he love her then?

Sand bought a book of etiquette. She began to have her nails manicured every week. She gave up her job in the office and managed to get in a chorus. When she had experience, she would join a show that was bound for England. She would find him and make him love her. She hadn't been nice enough to him when he was here. That was the whole trouble. She would be a lady then and she would make him understand that the world without him was unbearable. She would be Mrs. Shanley Creighton. She couldn't live unless she had this hope to live for.

Over and over in her mind she rehearsed their scenes together. Oh, she'd never be able to love another man. For him she chose dark, simple clothes and paid the price for one dress that she had formerly paid for three. He told her to prefer quality to quantity. Everything was a gesture toward the moment when he should see her again as a lady.

The comedian in the show was an Englishman. Often Sand stood in the wings listening to him speak his lines. His accent and his intonation thrilled her. He was from England. He must know Shanley. She wanted to ask him. It would be nice to hear some one else talk of Shanley but it took courage to mention his name to a stranger.

When at last she summoned that courage it availed her nothing. The comedian did not know Shanley Creighton.

"I saw his show though yesterday," he said, "It's good."

"His show?"

"Yes. 'The Amazing Woman.' It's the dramatization of 'Orange Blossoms'."

"Oh, I didn't know it had been dramatized."

"Sure. It's at the Diplomat Theater. Say, I'll tell you who knows him. Sylvia. She was at his apartment on a party the night the show opened."

"When was that?" asked Sand, breathlessly.

"About ten days ago."

"He's back in America?"

"Sure. Say, an author would come from Timbuctoo to see the opening of his show."

Sand found Sylvia Trent in her dressing room. Sylvia was also an English importation. A titled lady who just couldn't keep her feet on the ground. Always had to have them kicking around about her ears.

"Is Shanley Creighton actually in New York?" Sand asked her.

Sylvia Trent nodded. "Do you know him?"

"A little."

"Fascinating, isn't he?"

"Very. I'd like to see him again."

"Come along with me to tea tomorrow. He has cosy Sunday afternoons. I'm sure you'd be welcome."

SAND didn't sleep that night. She was going to see him again.

They were in the elevator of the house in which Shanley Creighton lived before Sand believed that she was actually going to see him.

A servant opened the door. Once the geometrical perfection of his elbow's position would have made Sand laugh. Now she had schooled herself above that sort of thing.

Sylvia Trent spoke to the man, "Quiet here," she commented. "Has Mr. Creighton given up his Sunday afternoons?"

"No, M'lady. It's just happened that you ladies are the only ones who have come today."

The portiere of the foyer parted. Sand's eyes leaped to the place where a man had appeared. A man who rushed out to Sylvia with a bound and greeted her warmly. Sand swayed with dizziness. She closed her eyes. It was Shanley.

SHE opened her eyes. It wasn't Shanley. It wasn't his voice. Nor, on closer inspection, his eyes. Nor his mouth. In fact it wasn't Shanley at all. But what a marvelous resemblance! This man had kinder eyes.

"Here's an old friend of yours," said Sylvia. The man's eyes turned on Sand. "Bad luck that she isn't," he said.

Sand spoke. "I thought—Really, Sylvia, I wasn't just pretending. No, I've made a mistake. It isn't he. I—"

Sand turned toward the door. Shanley Creighton was beside her in a second. "I know," he said. "A man who looks very much like me purported to be Shanley Creighton, didn't he? You're the fourteenth girl but the others weren't like you. How in the world did he ever put it over on you? Caton, go call Mr. Wyndham."

"You'll see. He's my cousin," he explained. "A dreadful bounder but really good company. I cart him about with me and aside from a passion to steal my thunder he's quite all right."

Sand found herself smiling. It was difficult not to smile at this charming new Shanley. New and yet old, retaining the best features of the old.

Caton returned with Mr. Wyndham in tow. Mr. Wyndham saw Sylvia first. He saluted her carelessly. Then he saw Sand and he laughed.

"Hello, Sandalwood. Trapped, am I not? Just like the villain in a penny dreadful."

"Hello," said Sand.

"My cousin, Shanley Wyndham," said Creighton. "A bad boy from a good family."

"May I go back and read now?" asked Shanley Wyndham.

"Not yet, cousin. Do amuse Sylvia. I want to find out the depths of your iniquity."

"Sorry, Shanley, I've never been able to amuse Sylvia. I think I'll go back and read 'The Great Impersonation.' Do pardon me."

He turned from them then. A sudden feeling of pity welled up in Sand's heart. He was a failure, this man who played at being a celebrity. In side streets among nobodies he had found his admiring audience. Perhaps he had believed while looking into credulous eyes that he was a great writer. She understood him in that moment. A man with intelligence and learning but denied the one vital spark that belonged to his cousin. Even his cruel superciliousness was explained now. The natural reaction of an escaped satellite. Perhaps he had cared for her but could never bring himself nearer to her because of his pretences. But he could not have loved her and treated her so abominably. She pitied him now because in the one second that it took Shanley Wyndham to turn about, Sand knew that she did not love him any more.

But there was something she felt for him. An overwhelming sense of gratitude. He had made her the person she was, a person who was not out of place in a celebrated man's drawing room. He had done this for her. Through him, she had been reborn, had learned to love beauty. He had given her the urge to be something higher and better. Nobody had ever done as much for her before. She could never love him again but he would always be the man who had taught her to live.

He walked toward the door. He smiled at Sylvia who watched him curiously. His eyes rested for a moment on his cousin who was gazing at Sand.

Shanley Wyndham also looked at Sand. "I told you, my dear, that you would never be Mrs. Shanley Creighton."

It was a full two months before he was proved wrong.

The Girl Who Was Cast Out

[Continued from page 46]

a Lee said. "I'm afraid I'll have to call off my dinner for Friday, Miss Holden, until after Randy is better." And Enid Lee, the sister of Cassia's affianced Buol, called out when she was leaving, "Cassia, mother wants me for Monday so I'm afraid we can't lunch as we'd planned." That hurt. Cassia turned to Grace.

"I guess the spill did shake me up some," she said. "I do think I'll go on home." That was all.

What might have been but an outburst of guerilla warfare with sniping from the sidelines, developed into major combat when the Waikiki Wavelets, a purveyor of Island scandal, came out next day. It carried a story with a tasty headline.

Hubbub in the Highups
Expensive Domestic Poodle Strays From
The Satin Cushions of the Hearth and
Dallies Disastrously in Lover's Lane
Nuuanu Matron Recovers
Her Bench Show Entry
Singlehanded

THE little story pointed the finger of scorn impartially at Randy, at Agnes and at Cassia. But Grace, entrenched behind twelve years of Island life, knew its portent.

"It's come to this," she said to Cassia, who with Claire was dining with the Camerons. "It's no crime you committed, Cassia, but you have let a Lee be dragged into the public prints, permitting the baser-born to leer and flout. That will be the unfor- giveable thing."

It was the seventh day before Buol Lee returned, recalled into the heaving bosom of his family. After a searching look at him, Cassia smiled. It didn't hurt. She knew in that instant that it had not been love, only romance. That what she had mistaken for happiness was glamour, the glamour of coming to the Island to work and being taken in at once as the prettiest of the Flapper's Acre girls and of wearing on her slim left hand the lovely ring which announced to the world that she had been pronounced worthy by a Lee. The Lees, of missionary stock being the arbiters of social destiny in those parts. Cassia knew now that Buol did not matter.

"This is terrible, Cassia," he stammered. "I can't understand how you got my family down on you so. I'll never be able to understand why you went riding with Randy even if—"

"No, Buol," Cassia said, "you never would be able to understand. That's just it." And she laid in his hand the ring she had taken off three days ago when he had not come to her side.

"Don't take it this way, Cassia," he begged suddenly. "The family are sending me to the States. Why don't you go first and meet me in San Francisco. They wouldn't know until too late—"

"Thanks, Buol, but I haven't done anything to run from," she replied. "But I quite understand your position. I'm not blaming you at all." She did not blame him. She did not blame herself, either, but it was strangely like laying away a picture, not like feeling an ache. Almost at once she was able to look at it as something she had heard about not as something that had happened to her. Buol had been but a part of Honolulu's romance and he had faded from the picture, that was all. She didn't mind at all when the regular newspapers carried a statement that the engagement had been broken between them.

Then the manager of the exclusive women's shop where Cassia was in charge

sent for her one day shortly afterwards.

"It is not that I am expressing an opinion, Miss Holden," he said. "And if your work were anything but the most personal contact with the women of the Island, I would continue to ignore this—but—"

"I see," said Cassia. But for the first time she began to understand the devouring quality of the Lee's hatred. The angle of her chin changed from defense to defiance, from courage to desperation.

"What am I to do?" she cried to Grace Cameron, the only one who offered a whole-hearted belief. "Why are they doing this to me? I did not do one wrong thing. Why can't I make Randy Belcher admit that he lied—that—"

"Randy—admit anything?" Grace was gentle. "Honey, Randy Belcher will never admit anything that is not eminently satisfactory to Agnes. You know, he doesn't keep his place in the Trust Company through ability; he came here, an alien, and fastened on to Agnes, who had not had a lot of luck before in husband getting and who had ceased being so particular. But Agnes means to keep him subjected and he means that she shall. It sounds impossible, Cassia, but it's true. I hate to say this, my dear, but—why don't you go home?"

"Home?" Cassia cried. "I never had a home. Mother and I never had anything but a room, and when I lost her, well, I came here because—"

"I know because of the romance that pervades the very sound of Honolulu. All the girls in Flapper's Acre are lured here by the colorful, romantic tales that are common gossip; it's like Viv Withing's famous definition of Honolulu. 'It's Mrs. Grundy in a Hula skirt. A hula dancer in a bungalow apron and a Paris hat. Main street moved to the tropics. It's all that. But—'"

"I won't run," Cassia declared. "And if I did where would I go? Everywhere I'd go, some one would have been here, and would be telling the story of Cassia Holden, of Flapper's Acre, Waikiki, who played and got caught. It would sound like a curse. I know what I could do." Her lovely mouth twisted. "I'll tell you what there is left. I can blaze a trail that this town will remember. I can make my path a flame that will be seen from here to the mainland; I can give them some sparks to watch!"

"Thereby giving them the privilege of saying, 'I told you so.' No, Cassia," Grace said. "Wait a little."

SO CASSIA did the next best thing. After a visit to a native pawnshop she packed away all the lovely things which had been for her trousseau and quietly one morning when the Manoa sailed Cassia Holden was gone. She left two notes. Claire she thanked for everything and scrupulously left money enough to pay up her share of everything in the Kitten's Ear but to Grace she said a little more. Said that she had gone away but that she was coming back to show them when they had forgotten a little.

With the same eagerness with which it had revelled in a scandalous story Honolulu now forgot it to welcome an old friend, another Lee. Dallas Lee, cousin of Buol, and the older family. Honolulu forgot all about Cassia Holden in the joy of entertaining a returned son back for a visit after three years on the mainland. Carnage was over; it was carnival again.

The family tree was hung with brightly colored lights; all the old tricks were gotten

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out and polished up to look like new ones for his delectation and the Island maidens looked to their ammunition, for Dallas was still single.

But the elaborate gestures made Dallas a little sick, for he knew them so well. That was how he happened to go down into the Aala District a night or two after his return and the formal reception had been lived through. Old Wa Sing, who had been a cook in Dallas's family in other years, now had a little eating house down there.

He first saw Cassia as she came down the flights of stairs outside a native rooming house. But he did not know her to be the girl his family had cast out. Judging by her walk, her clothes, her face, she was a thoroughbred, and her coming from a place of that class surprised him beyond measure. At the foot of the stairs she ran into four Island youngsters out showing some tourist friends the slums. At first there was recognition in the young faces, then they squarely turned their backs. The flush that stained her face and neck wrung pity from Dallas. He wondered about her. And still more when he saw her turn toward the docks a moment later. Curious, he followed her. Coming sharply around a warehouse corner he saw her poised and there was no doubt but that she meant to leap into the sea.

He opened his mouth but stifled the cry. Perhaps he could reach her and stop her, while a shout would certainly send her plunging in. He broke into a soft run and then he saw her put her hands over her face. She turned from the lapping waters.

Dallas Lee stopped behind a pile of timbers. He knew by that one look that it had not been a lack of courage which stopped her, but a return of it. She had decided to face something. There was something indescribably gallant in the lift of her head as she stood outlined against the evening sky, Diamond Head grim in the background. Then with a quick lift of her shoulders she went on down the plank toward the dingy street. When he emerged into the thoroughfare she had disappeared. Dallas strolled on toward Wa Sing's.

IT WAS after he had talked with the ancient Oriental a while that he turned and saw the girl in the far corner of the little café. She was drinking tea and he wondered whether it was as hot as the scalding tear he saw drop into it. Dallas walked straight to her table.

"I beg pardon," he said. "But are you in any sort of distress? If you are a stranger here—"

"I am not a newcomer," she said. "Well, this is a strange place for a girl to be if she knows her Honolulu. One would have thought you would have gone to the Moana for tea."

She did not reply and he went on, "I belong here in Honolulu although I have been away quite a lot. There are many strange faces here since I left but I thought you seemed distressed. If you are in need of friends, my family—"

The girl threw back her head. "Your family!" she said. "Your family—can do nothing for me."

"But," Dallas insisted, "you may not know—"

"I do know," she said. "You are Dallas Lee. And you may ask your family about me. I am Cassia Holden!"

"Good lord!" "I thought you would know the name," she said.

Cassia Holden? This? The girl they had said—this girl whose every gesture was gallantly honest, she could not be the lurid figure they had painted her. This, Cassia Holden? Dallas Lee saw red.

"So," he said. "You are the victim who

was butchered to make a Roman holiday for the tribe. You poor kid!" He dropped into the chair opposite her and knew then that he had said the wrong thing. Pity she would not have from a Lee. He hastened to add, "I'm a Lee, yes, but I've learned that a few letters which spell a name do not mean that the king can do no wrong. This has become a family concern, and what a family has done, a family can undo. Won't you come for a ride and talk it over?"

"A ride!" Cassia shot at him. "Thank you, I have had enough rides!"

He had said the wrong thing again! "Now will you go away and leave me alone? I want nothing; I will take nothing from a Lee!" And she almost ran from the place.

Dallas rose and followed her out. There was determination in his walk. If the enemy would not accept help then help must be forced upon her.

IT WAS less than half an hour later that Cassia unwillingly answered many loud knocks on the door of her shabby room in the native rooming house. She knew if she didn't open it it would be broken in. She knew that peremptory hand and that voice.

"Now see here, you small idiot," the voice of Grace Cameron cried and then the door opened. "You've treated me like a step-mother and a worm but I've turned. Why did you do this? Make us think you had gone away? You wash those eyes and powder that nose and march out of here and act as if you were convalescing from those crimson measles. Did I ever lie to you? Well then, get this. There isn't a Lee from Hilo to Hong-Kong that has me scared. Sand fleas. Bite is unpleasant but not fatal. The war is over. You are going over to Punoluu with me and get some meat on your stubborn bones. Then I may forgive you but not before."

"But, Grace—" "But nothing," said Grace, throwing Cassia's clothes into the open bags on the floor. And solace descended upon Cassia's tired spirit.

Down at the far end of the beach at Punoluu, the Camerons' beach place on another Island, Cassia found a mermaid's pool. Lazing there in the turquoise water she drowned her bitterness. And it was there on the third morning that she heard a step on the coral, and turning, saw Dallas Lee.

"Listen to me," he said. "You know what it is to be unjustly condemned. Why blame me for something I had nothing to do with?"

Cassia could see the reasonableness of that.

"A truce—" he added, "for a week."

"But why?" she asked. "How do I know why? I want to know you. And I'd like you to know one Lee who—well, anyway, I've only another week here and I asked Grace to invite me over. And besides that, that's my Roman bath you're in, and you've not asked my permission to be in it."

"Oh, indeed," said Cassia. "Truce for a week? All right. Because I'd like one Lee to really know me. But you may not claim my Roman bath. It isn't a Roman bath at all. It's a mermaid's house. But I will share it."

It was a glorious week, roving the beaches, riding the thundering surf, gathering sea anemones, resting beneath the hau trees. They adventured into Sacred Valley, bathed in the legend-haunted pool at the foot of the Enchanted Waterfall, listened to the siren song of the water challenged by the wind in the scented trees. And Grace Cameron smiled in her wise fashion.

"Dal's a peach," she said one day. "Sure," Cassia was on her guard at once.

"Sure," Grace persisted. "See here, my

amiable fool, don't you go looking for blight in fruit just because it came off a bad tree. He's sound. Man and boy, I've known Dallas Lee since he was in short pants. And his mother, Madame Victoria. Well, I hope I may be like her, growing old."

It was Dallas's last day at Punoluu that they climbed to the top of the mountain behind the house, the mountain which was like a cathedral. It was a merry laughing climb but at the top a tension had grown up between them. Cassia stood looking out over the dovetailing of blue sea and green land which made a lace-edged pattern in their meeting across to that shadowy place that was Honolulu.

"It makes me ache I love it so," she cried. "Why couldn't it have loved me?"

"Oh, my dear, my dear." Dallas touched her hand. "It shall."

"It had its chance," said Cassia.

"Cassia, my—"

"Not your—" said Cassia. "The truce was for a week. The week is up." But she held her hand to her throat, as if it ached.

"I see," said Dallas. "But no matter what you feel, I want to say this. I'd like to square this thing, to see you happy."

"Thank you, Dallas," said Cassia. "But with all my soul I wish you hadn't felt it necessary to say what you say out of pity."

"You know, Cassia, of course that I know that Randy lied."

"Thanks for that too," said Cassia. "Hadden't we better go down?"

When he was leaving Dallas asked Grace Cameron, "When are you coming back to town? Tomorrow?"

Grace replied, "Tomorrow is as good a day as any." Then Dallas surprised Cassia.

"I'd like to have you folks dine with me at the Moana then tomorrow night. How about it? I leave on the Saturday boat."

"No!" cried Cassia. It hurt. She couldn't face any more. She was beaten. But from nowhere a spark of Irish courage returned and her eyes widened. To dine in public with a Lee! and what more public place than the Moana! Small triumph but the gods would laugh. Why not? As a farewell gesture to Honolulu. With a bland impervious face?

"Yes!" she cried.

DRIVING an Isotta, Dallas came for them but he did not turn toward the Moana at once. Dusk had fallen. The Island was a welter with the early moon. Honolulu moonlight, Honolulu madness, 'tis called.

"Hope you won't mind my stopping at home for a minute on the way," he said over his shoulder to Grace and Kemper Cameron in the tonneau. "I'd like to speak to mother and I'd like Cassia to meet her."

"Your mother?" Cassia felt cold.

"Yes, my mother," he said.

"Of course we don't mind," said Grace. Cassia was terribly afraid. More Lees. More hurt. But then this was the end.

But when a house boy threw open the door of a formal drawing room and she saw the lights and the people, she quailed. What was this? Terror gripped her but Dallas's hand on her arm seemed a thing to cling to. The room was filled with Lees. An old Lee and a young Lee. A Lee of pure blood beside a Lee of slightly diluted strain. A Brentmore who had married a Lee and a Clary who had married the family tree. Enid, Buol's mother, and in a corner, white faced, Agnes and Randy Belcher.

It was all a blur of pain.

Then Dallas's voice in the staring silence. "Mother," and there was fire underneath the ice of his tone. "This is Cassia Holden, whom you asked me to bring to you."

"I'm very glad you could come to me, my dear," said the sweetest voice Cassia ever had heard. She raised her eyes to meet

gray ones of true aristocracy. Dignity this woman's by birth and breeding, quality inherited and passed on to her son. And she sat in a high chair—with pillows all about her. One white hand was extended.

"SINCE I could not go to you I appreciate your coming." It was then that Cassia realized that Madame Victoria was a queen, unable to leave her throne. Cassia dropped on to a low stool at the side of the chair.

"Will you see to my tea pouring for me, Grace, my dear?" said Dallas's mother. Suddenly Cassia was not afraid any more. Not even when she heard the voice of Dallas, clear and strong, saying her name.

"Tribal instinct is strong," he was continuing and his tone had the effect of quieting the hum of conversation in the room. "We are all prone to follow a lead, no matter how unfortunate. But I am ashamed of the Lees that they could so hurt a defenseless person. I knew of course that Randy would want an opportunity of apologizing for putting Miss Holden in disrepute. Indeed I think an apology is due her, root and branch, from the family."

"I—I do," said Randy Belcher. "I certainly didn't intend—I didn't think—I was—I was drunk and I was driving. She didn't want me to go there."

Agnes Belcher's eyes flamed fire but there was no admiring clique behind her now. There was only Dallas Lee, who controlled the trust company where Randy held a position. Dallas Lee, with eyes like cold steel and a voice that cut like a knife.

"I'm sorry," said Agnes and every word was wrung from her. "It was just a wife's jealousy. I didn't want to believe Randy was wrong."

"I hope Miss Holden will deem that sufficient," said Dallas and then with an effort as of a lid being slammed closed in a sound of a roaring wind, Randy and Agnes Belcher, hatred in their eyes each for the other, went out.

Cassia, paralyzed, would not take her gaze from Madame Victoria's. She wanted to drown in those kind, honest eyes of Dallas's mother. But there was another voice. Purring. Soft. Close.

"Cassia, dear, everyone thought you had gone away after your quarrel with Buol."

It was Buol's mother. "When Buol left for the mainland, we thought he was following you. Buol is so hot tempered, so hasty and he was jealous. I hope, Cassia dear, that you will be reasonable. Broken engagements are so sad. Buol is so fond of you, dear. You'll listen to him, won't you?"

"I never was angry with Buol. And it's sweet of him to be sorry, but, you see, we did not love each other anyway. It was good we found it out."

Buzzes of words went around her head. The only real things in that room were the eyes and voice of Dallas and the close clasp of Madame Victoria's hand. One by one the Lees slipped away.

"Dallas," said Grace Cameron in a far corner of the room. "It was gorgeous!"

"It was a fine thing to do, Dallas," Kemper said.

"Well," said Dallas in a low voice that Cassia might not hear. "I had to know about Buol, didn't I? How Cassia felt about him? And I couldn't ask her to become a Lee, could I, until she knew we weren't all bad 'uns?"

"Deluge, earthquake, Kilauea herself, would be anticlimax," said Grace rising. "Dallas, I think I'm going to be indisposed. Would you mind dropping me at the house and going on to dinner without us?" Her pronouns made everyone smile including Cassia who raised her head to listen. Strangely enough Cassia could hear but she did not seem able to see more than one thing. The face of Dallas Lee.

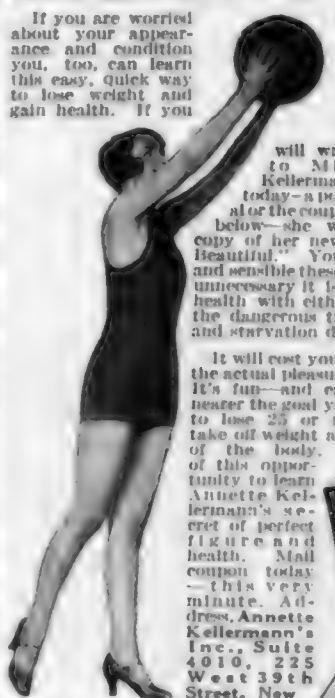
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Is It Right to Keep Boys and Girls Apart?

[Continued from page 65]

to produce the exclusive single companionship on which marriage is based. The average young man today hardly knows any girl well enough to answer him the question, "Could I bring myself to marry that girl?" He hasn't seen her in enough varied situations and occupations to be able to guess what she would look like in a home. He can't imagine her doing his mending, or washing his shirts, or even wrapping up his laundry. He has never seen her bending over a cook stove. He doesn't know what she might be able to do in case of sickness. He can only assume what she might be able to do in the management of money for no girl nowadays makes her own clothes and few of them save even for a Christmas Club. Such things as these have to be considered when one is contemplating marriage. Snatching furtive kisses in a movie auditorium or on a park bench furnishes no clew. Sometimes such silly freedom may lead to a hasty ill-considered marriage or it may lead to immorality. Generally, however, it holds neither danger, it is so much mere entertainment. Modern love-making, as I find it current in the big cities, doesn't scare me; it disappoints me because it has lost its value.

SOMETIMES I tell myself that out in the smaller cities, in my own state of Kansas, for instance, love and courtship and marriage go on about as they did when I was a boy, and that what I see in New York is abnormal. Peculiar to our crowded living conditions. But I am told, on the other hand, that many of the changes I deplore are prevalent even in the medium-sized cities.

What I want to see is more of the old-fashioned love-making. It may not be so showy but it strikes deeper. It is more reticent and more modest, but it fires more hearts than the new freedom. I want to see boys and girls really fall in love with one another, marry early, and learn mutual dependence upon one another before it is too late. That is why I want to see young people thrown more into each other's company even than at present but in a different way than at present.

I am against separate schools for boys and girls. I am for co-education throughout. They say that the more educated people become, the later they marry, if they marry at all. That is likely to be true where the sexes are segregated through a long education, till they have become fixed in a sad kind of self-dependence. But many of the finest, happiest marriages have grown out of young men's and young women's working together in the class room.

I am against the Y. M. C. A. dormitory solely for men and against the Y. W. C. A. dormitory solely for women because I think that they make a lot of old bachelors and old maids. I understand that the Y. M. C. A. has reached this conclusion, too, and is considering mixed dormitories, somewhat on the plan of the International House near Columbia University, where the building has separate wings for men and women but common social halls and dining rooms. That's a good move. And there is a chain of hotels in New York which began as bachelor quarters only, but which have now come to the point of admitting women, too, so that, while the single men and unattached women have separate floors, they mingle in all their social activities.

One of the great needs in life in a great city is a place for young people to get together for social life, for conversation, free from interruption and intrusion. If each has only a furnished room, delicacy and pride, if

not conventionality, prevents either one's entertaining a caller there. There is nothing to do but go to a dance or a show. A mixed dormitory, with common social halls will somewhat remedy that condition.

I should like also to see well-established people with spacious homes of their own invite young people who live in furnished rooms to come to their houses for parties or bring lonely boys and girls in to their homes for meals. Naturally I always bring at least two to the house for Sunday dinner. One of the leaders of my church today, a business man doing forty million dollars' worth of business a year, was a few years ago a poor and lonely young man whom I brought home to dinner. Think what it would mean to Dorothy or Mildred or Julie, three business girls from Erie, we'll say, with tiny furnished rooms in New York, to be able to entertain their boy friends at the home of Mrs. Sterling Worth occasionally! There need be no charity or condescension in the arrangement. During the war, good people picked up soldiers and sailors on the street and entertained them without any patronizing air simply because they were some other family's boys away from home and lonely. What difference is there now with thousands of other family's boys and girls away from home and lonely?

So much as the church can do to provide that kind of home life we are trying to do at Broadway Temple. We bring the boys and girls together socially in every possible way. We have mixed swimming classes, mixed bowling, mixed gymnasium work. We encourage the formation of social clubs for young men and young women.

WE CANNOT supply the home atmosphere, entirely, but we can link up with the home atmosphere. The American home was built up on social life that began in the church. When life was simple and the church supplied about all of the social pleasure there was, young people sweethearted, covertly and shyly, but none the less furiously, under the guise of worship and song service. When other forms of social life became more colorful and varied, young people carried their courting elsewhere. The church lost its opportunity to get a sentimental hold upon people in that they had found their life mates there; the young people lost the purifying influence of the church's oversight of their love-making. The church remained dull while life elsewhere has seemed to grow brighter. Now, having lost part of its opportunity to exert a friendly and unconscious influence for good, the church often takes to screaming at the youngsters from a distance, scolding them for immorality at which it is only guessing, and trying vainly to set up laws and censorships and penalties to control them, consciously. This course often makes the young people resent religion itself.

It has another bad effect. Instead of the young people meeting in the church and mating with some one of their own faith, they meet by chance, and we have the marriage of persons of opposing faiths, as Catholic and Protestant, Gentile and Jew. This is nearly always disastrous. Either both parties are likely to give up their own faith, with a resultant moral loss to the marriage, to the church, and to the community, or they fall apart because of religious discord. I know a young chap who had studied for the ministry, who gave up his religion entirely when he married a Jewess.

Either result sets religion against the individual interest of young people in love.

That is a sad state of affairs. We cannot afford to put religion in opposition to the legitimate business of mating and marrying. I tell my young people that religion is not designed to deprive them of a thing they really want, that it aims not to make them unhappy but to fulfill their desires. In the sense that we feel that we can have faith in the young, we really mean just that but we have to prove it to them.

We must start by having sympathy with the young. Next to God's influence, my life is ruled by the young. I live for my son now in college. I live in spirit with the youngsters who come together in my church. I want the young to get what they really want, for their instincts, in a proper environment, are nearly always right. Youth is glorious. We older people must all stand humble and a little envious in the presence of eager youth when we see it believing more than we believe, expecting more than we believe it possible to get, giving more than we in our cautious and feeble years think it safe to expend, meeting with a laugh and a reckless leap of joy adventures which cause us to weep or to shrink in fear. How can we oldsters, in the name of religion or any other morality, wish to quell, to crush, to halt, or frighten these happy children? How can we think of telling them not to hope, not to expect, not to want joy and adventure? We have only to make clear that we desire their permanent interests and happiness, their growing satisfactions. We must show that we rely upon their own native decency and aspiration.

I AM for the young because I believe in the young. It is all a lie that says that young people are less moral than they were when I was a boy. Conversation between the sexes today is franker, wiser, and more truly informed than formerly, I admit that. But so much is clear again. My boy at twelve knew more of the so-called facts of life than I did at twenty-four. It was because I told him and because the whole temper of modern thought made it seem natural for him to know. It was no shock to him and gave him nothing to brood over in an unhealthy way. When I was a lad our information came by way of the back alley. No wonder that it was incomplete, distorted and unclean.

Nor do young people drink today any more than before. They do not drink twenty-five per cent as much as in my own youth. It is laughable to hear people who are old enough to remember better say that the kids nowadays drink more than they did when we were boys. They didn't carry hip flasks to dances, true enough, but only because they didn't need to. Liquor was sold on every corner. I hear people say that even in colleges such as Vassar and Smith, the girls carry pocket flasks. It is a base calumny. I know for a fact that very few girls in those colleges carry a pocket flask; those few are usually frowned out of college by their fellow students, if they do. Even such braggart drinking among young people as first followed upon the heels of Prohibition is dying out.

I find the young people in the colleges turning naturally to religion. Not in my way, nor in your way, perhaps, but quite definitely. I visited my son in college recently. I wanted to forget my clerical habit of thought for a while and just visit my son. But his friends wouldn't let me. They crowded into his room and kept me answering questions about religion all the time I was there. They made me a little uncomfortable, for many of their questions were shrewd and searching, some of them not quite sanctimonious but the ferment of interest was there. They talk about religion frequently, and they have what they call "bulls" or forums on the subject. I am willing to let them talk as they like and risk their coming out of it with a faith and a resolution that

will strengthen them and secure their influence for the right conduct of life.

The sad condition of the American home, then, is not the fault of our young people; it isn't a failure of marriage itself. It lies with the conditions of our living. It is partly economic. Generally, a very young couple cannot think of getting married unless the wife goes on working downtown. Great big corporations ought to be ashamed of themselves for some of the low salaries they pay, thirty or forty dollars a week to young men holding really responsible positions. How can a chap get married on such money, with rents what they are and other expenses in proportion? Of course, if the young wife works too and they are both willing to live on in cramped quarters, marriage will present no more difficulties than living alone till a baby comes. But it is a sad thing to see both man and wife going to work, leaving their breakfast dishes in the morning, having a disordered house to come back to after work, and buying their meal at night at a restaurant or delicatessen! What kind of home can that be? Furthermore, in families where the wife goes on working, as well as in the case of people who marry too late, there develops a fixed antipathy to begetting children. The mere process of procreation is associated in their minds with sex relations as a thing to be avoided, an undesirable result. These fears are not to be lightly thrust aside; they have permanent effects. It is a vicious thing psychologically, as well as morally, to divorce sex life from procreation. It tends to sophisticate the relations between the sexes, even in married life, it tends to make it a selfish and brutish indulgence of no spiritual significance whatsoever. It produces the state of mind which causes married people to become critical of one another, ready to experiment, liable to drift apart looking for other mates, as one with a restless appetite would drift about looking for another eating place.

Marriages are held together permanently by three things: the sex life with an ultimate goal of having children, the spiritual kinship, and the material partnership. The spiritual and economic partnerships are conservative; they tend to grow and form fixed habits and steady reliance upon the mate. But the sex life if unguided is unstable; it tends to be experimental, dangerously so. Unless there be children to bind the couple together, or unless the spiritual kinship is strong enough to carry through periods of boredom, there is no glamour in marriage to make it last.

THAT is why I want to see marriages made early, while youth is still idealistic, strong and expectant, willing to bear hardship for a future goal, and capable of enduring the sacrifice together that will knit the hearts with real oneness. I deplore young couples' having to struggle to start a home but it is better to struggle if necessary. As the spiritual kinship is nourished through mutual endeavor, the economic partnership begins to win out.

We are going through grave dangers today but I look to woman to do much to save the home. The God instinct in woman demands the sanctity of the home, the sacrifice for husband and children, which will enable her to surmount all the disruptive influence of the modern age, with its low salaries and high rents, its movies, its delicatessens, its dormitories and laundries and all the modern devices which make it easy for the sexes to live apart and uncomfortable to live together. But man frequently is the most selfish and makes demands that blast a real home and refuses to contribute sacrificially to such an institution. Heart-deep, soul-stirring love sustained and guided by a sincere and devout religious life will alone provide the homes that will absolutely insure the perpetuity of the nation.

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You, My Beloved

[Continued from page 69]

evidence as far as I can see."

For the first time since she'd come in the room I addressed her. "I'm afraid there's a great deal of evidence," I insisted.

"But nothing's actually happened has it?" she entreated. Gone was the triumphant I-know-everything note. Cold terror had crept into her voice. "Why don't you tell your husband, make him believe it, make him understand that there's never been anything wrong—anything for which he could possibly divorce you? Besides I'd never divorce Dickay, so where would you be? I know what you want." Fury and horror had caught her at last; a torrent of violent angry words pitched on a high note. "You want your husband to divorce you so that you can marry Dickay, that's what you want but you'll never do that because I'll never divorce Dickay; nothing on earth would induce me—nothing—nothing," she screamed.

I threw back my head and laughed. Oh, this was better. The scene was turning out much more as I had planned it. I wasn't going to be defrauded of my bit of melodrama after all.

"Listen to her laughing; it's a joke to her, Dickay, a joke," she yelled.

Leisurely I lit a cigarette. "I'm afraid it is rather a joke to think I should want to marry Richard," I admitted. "He's not been such a satisfactory lover—have you, Richard?—that I should want to venture on an even closer relationship."

You had somehow injected me with your appreciation of contemplating other people's pain.

"Look here, Edith," you said, "will you leave us together for a little while?"

To my utter astonishment Edith oozed dejectedly out of the room.

Like a streak you wheeled around.

"What in heaven's name is the meaning of all this?" you demanded.

I surveyed you coolly. Already you were murdering all my belief and faith in you. There would be time enough for heroics later.

"Really interested at last, Richard?" I smiled.

"Stop jeering for the love of heaven! I don't understand your attitude. I can't think why you're taking it like this. Have you realized what it means? O God, it can't happen; it mustn't happen; your husband shan't be allowed to do this terrible thing, to wreck my life—my future. What's to become of me, my little girl? My whole career will be ruined."

AND in my insane belief I had thought your first words would have been, "You, my sweet, what's to become of you?" In that swift moment I saw you stripped of all your gorgeous colors that the flowering qualities of my imagination had bestowed on you. You, the you I thought I had known, revered, and loved, were receding from me, eddying as before a lifting wind. In that second I saw all the delicate precious bloom rubbed off our love; it was being splintered into a thousand pieces, naked and broken I could see how ugly it was and what deep and bitter humiliation it brought with it.

What quality of love was this that crumpled up at the first sign of adversity; what sort of security did you offer for weathering a crisis such as now threatened? What survived of gentleness, strength and sympathy for those who had shared your life? Had you a grain of any of these qualities to bestow on any living soul? Now that a stout shoulder was needed to lean on, a protective arm to shield and guard against

the storm and suffering, did you show any sign of strength, any hint of defiance, any suggestion of bearing the brunt of the trouble? Was there not rather a practically admitted sign of defeat about your shrunk shoulders, something very like fear in your driven eyes, an incredibly feeble weakness and incapability of dealing forcefully with the situation about your whole bearing?

Your very manner of receiving the news, of showing how completely crushed and helpless it left you at the first blow, had the effect of bricks falling about my ears, as though some high and noble structure had suddenly collapsed to pieces at my feet. All your thoughts were for yourself: your life, your future, your little girl, your career. And I? What of my life, my future? You were apparently not concerned with that. The fact that I should be alone, convicted, outcast, grimly isolated, lacking perhaps even the bare necessities of life, a divorced woman, pitied, pointed out, not having a hole to creep into; the possibility of such tragic happenings had not touched you.

AND this was the man on whom I had pinned my faith! For one dizzy moment the thought flashed through me. If it had all been true this is the kind of help I should have received, this is the sort of sublime indifference and callousness I should have found where I had looked for security and fortitude. Oh, I had been blind but I was clear-sighted and sane at last and with sanity was born a surging contempt, a bitter and merciless hatred of you for having killed in me all that I had thought beautiful and true. I had spread my dreams under your feet and you had smeared them into cold, dead patterns. You fell, a grotesque figure of a man, from off your pedestal, choking my mouth and ears with your crumbling dust.

You were still pacing up and down the room in great agitation.

"Why did you bring your wife here?" I asked. "You shouldn't have done that, Richard."

You wheeled round sharply. "She would come, nothing else would satisfy her."

"That dreadful voice, too. How did you manage to marry a woman like that?" I drawled.

"I know, but there you are. Why does one do anything?"

More tests. And you as usual failing hopelessly. As well expect to find backbone in a tube of toothpaste as you, "Damn your impudence, leave my wife out of this." Was there no woman existing capable of stirring any loyalty or steadfastness in you, any faithfulness of thought or feeling?

I endeavored to keep the contempt out of my voice as I said, "Well, what do you suggest doing now?"

"God knows. I don't seem to be able to think or act. It's all like some dreadful nightmare. Can't you do anything, beg your husband's forgiveness, entreat him not to go on with it? It's all so terrible, there's Angela, my mother, it'll probably kill her—Edith—and the ghastly publicity of it all. I'll have to leave my job too. I could never face it there again."

"Yes, it does seem very terrible for you," I agreed.

"Well, can't you think of anything?"

I powdered my face. "No, can you?"

"Tell your husband that you've always loved him, that all you ever felt for me was a moment's madness, that you'll live with him as his wife. Oh, tell him anything—anything that will save us."



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Funny to see you beating on the dead face of our love like that.

"I'm afraid I couldn't do that. You see, I too have my code and besides twelve years does seem rather a long moment, even for extreme madness, don't you think?"

"I can't understand you at all. You're so damnably cool about it anybody would think you didn't care."

"Perhaps I don't much," I smiled. "The appalling, awful disgrace of it. It'll be in the papers. Everybody'll know. I shall never be able to hold up my head again. You don't realize how ghastly it's going to be."

"Perhaps it hasn't come as such a shock to me. I've had more time to think about it. I've known it, you see, for some weeks."

"Then why in heaven's name didn't you write to me and to let me know somehow?"

"Write to you!" I flamed, then, quietly, "but you don't answer letters, do you, Richard? You're such a bad correspondent."

"Yes, but this was different."

"Why? Because it concerned you, your suffering, your future?"

I must try and keep my voice level. There seemed to be an edge to everything I said, a faint flavor of pain too long locked away.

"Oh, I know I must have seemed a cad but look here, it wasn't altogether my fault. You don't know what Edith was like about it. I did write you a letter and then tore it up. You see we talked it over and finally I gave my solemn promise to Edith that I'd never write or see you again."

Oh, the rottenness of it, boring into some one's heart and then gossiping about it.

"Ah! Splendid fellow."

"I couldn't go through that hell every time she caught sight of your handwriting. Why are you laughing? There's nothing to laugh about in that, is there?"

"Yes." I controlled an impulse to shout. "I find it most damnably funny."

"I can't make you out. You're different, somehow, so hard."

I turned. "Isn't it about time?"

"Oh, I know it's a hellish state of things to have got you into and heaven knows how it's going to end. It's simply torture. I think I'm going mad. What can we do? D'you think there's enough evidence? D'you think he'll win his case?"

WHY is fear in a man so revolting a spectacle? I felt suddenly sick. To let me see you lying prone, face downwards, flopping into helplessness, clamoring shrilly for sympathy. Crumpled and broken, whimpering. "What can we do? Say anything to save us. Help me, for God's sake."

And I had expected layers and layers of good form, a shrug, a mocking offhand laugh. "Well, it's a hell of a mess, but, don't worry, my Sweet, we'll manage somehow."

I had looked for a granitelike defiance, an Oxford nonchalance laced with gallantry, the fighting spirit of the Light Infantry, all khaki clad and swaggering, not this bleak look of trapped fear, this nauseating panic.

After moments charged with restrained endurance, my voice replied evenly:

"I think he's bound to win. You see in the first place there are your letters, quite compromising letters, I'm afraid, and secondly there's Mrs. Blake. She knew you slept here in August and apparently Robin has her address."

"Oh, that cursed charwoman! Oh, well, we're done for it seems."

You were trembling. I looked at your stricken face with supreme indifference. In the past I should have been lacerated by what I saw in your eyes. Now a stray dog's would have moved me more.

"Can't you talk to your husband again?" you begged.

"It wouldn't be any use."

"But think of my mother, my baby,"

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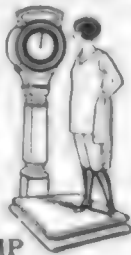
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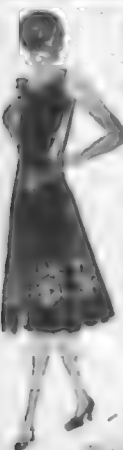
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Edith; it will smash up their lives. Don't look like that. I know it's terrible for you too but I. I shall be ruined. Dear heaven, what are we to do?"

"Face it."

"I'd shoot myself first." The movie touch at last. Well, I'd been waiting for that too. "Perhaps that would be best," I agreed.

"You mean you won't help me."

"No, why should I?"

My smile was a frosty affair as I looked full at you in a silence in which we crossed swords. The cold glint of steel was reflected in each other's eyes. An evil thing was born for that moment and sprang up between us, a thing too bitter for hatred, too vile for contempt.

"Hadh't you better fetch your wife now," I suggested. "She must be tired of waiting. By the way, does she really know everything? I've no wish to let you down in front of her, you know, so it would be as well to tell me the truth."

"Good lord, of course she doesn't know," you replied.

I LOOKED about my ruined world. All my suffering had died. Dead too was my joy. I felt myself sinking into a well of indifference. All my feelings seemed to be clamped together in a thick atrophied mass; a wall of numbness had been erected to blunt the searing pain of this hour.

You had left the room and as you shut the door I seemed to see a trail of mangled women dragging after you, sweat was beating down from off their upturned faces, a net was tightening round upon them, a net woven of the fateful unsought agony of having known you. They were paying the penalty of having been caught by all the glitter of moonshine, trick of speech, grace of limb and gesture, darkness and beauty. Poor foolish fishes netted.

And suddenly waves of laughter shook me. It was funny.

Your wife and I were alone.

No clashing of weapons here. Almost a cold flatness about the scene. I had set my stage dramatically and I found her ringing down the curtain.

Just two women sitting in opposite chairs in front of the fire. It looked almost cosy. We might easily have been discussing last night's new play or the servant question. Edith sat up very erect, gazing straight in front of her with that peculiar blank look which seemed to be characteristic of her.

I smiled at her encouragingly. After a two minutes' silence she jangled.

"Come now, Mrs. Anderson, you can't mean to let this horrible thing take place, to break up our home, ruin our child's future."

It only needed a snow storm, tattered plaid shawl and far off lights of the homestead to complete the picture with me as villainess muttering a blood curdling, "Ha! ha!" Why would she talk in this lyceum language? "That little babay, think of the stigma she would bear all her life. It seems so dreadful after we've been so happy together."

Did she always employ the same tone for everything? "This egg's bad." "My husband's been shot."

"Happy?" I echoed. "Oh, I'd no idea you'd been happy!"

"Yes," she insisted. "Dickay and I have been veray happy. Oh, I've always known he had other women in love with him." I managed the brave pale smile expected of me—"but I've always allowed for that, the artistic temperament you know. So jumpay and funnay. You have to expect it with that sort of man. All the other women—"

"Other women!" I groaned.

"Oh, good gracious, yes, there have been dozens of others."

"How awful," I winced.

"Oh, didn't you know that? Women

have always been in love with Dickay. Why, my best friend was simply mad about him but I love him so much, I've just taken no notice," and she gave me a bland smile. I returned the smile wanly.

"How wonderful and brave of you."

"Ah, you see, I've always understood him and made allowances but you mustn't think you've been the only one." Really, I was beginning to like this Edith of yours. She was so simple. God's own mutt.

"I'd no idea Richard was such a busy person," I purred.

"Won't you have a cigarette? Opulent Turkish or d'you prefer the lonely gasper?"

She blinked in rather a bewildered way at my first remark and said, "No, thanks, I don't smoke."

"You're very wise. Plays havoc with the complexion, doesn't it?"

She fidgeted uncomfortably in her chair "Look here, Mrs. Anderson, won't you try talking to your husband again?"

"Talking to my husband?" I repeated with polite interest.

"Yes, try and get him not to go on with the divorce business. Oh, do try!"

"It seems so absolutely hopeless. You don't know what he's like when once he's made up his mind about anything, so stern and hard and unrelenting."

"It almost looks as though he wanted to get rid of you, as though there were some-boday else in the question."

"I should never be surprised," I replied.

"Well, it's not fair that he should try and drag Dickay into it and ruin all our lives just because he wants to marry another woman. And Dickay's never been veray strong. I've had such a lot of trouble with him and I think this will just about kill him. He nearly died, you know, during the war and I nursed him so carefullay and it was years before he was himself again and now to have gone through all that for nothing, to be dragged down again when we've loved each other and been so happy together."

"I always understood that you and Richard were not particularly happy—"

"Oh, no," hastily, "that's not true. But—"

"Please!" I begged. "I don't think we need go into all this."

"Oh, but I do want you to understand," she pleaded. "It's not been easy to scrape along as we've had to do and I've had such a lot of trouble with him. I mean over his health and it does seem so hard to have this terrible disgrace coming on us and our home broken up and everything—can't you beg your husband not to go through with it? Please, please do."

IF I HADN'T been so atrophied in feeling, I so numbed, if I'd had one human instinct left in me, I should have taken her poor wooden looking face in my hands, kissed it and said, "It's all right, my dear, take your Dickay home and bless you." But when one's had one's heart amputated one learns to look on other people's pain with amused contempt. You had taught me that. Nothing would have moved me at that time. I had been so caught and whirled round in a maze of lies and deceit I was sticky with the contact of them.

"You forget," I smiled, "that Robin considers himself the injured party. What of his life, his home? Isn't that to be taken into account at all?"

"But what good is this divorce going to be to him? What's he going to get out of it? He can't get a farthing out of Dickay. He's got nothing."

She didn't even know she was being vulgar. I could have forgiven her if it had been intentional because a show of claws from an opponent is always an admission of defeat and very often amusing. Foolishness and vulgarity merely bore.

I got up and rang the bell.

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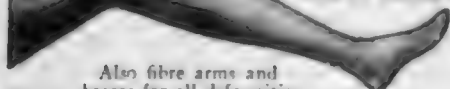
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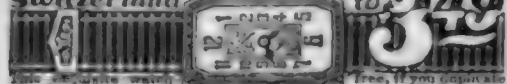


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"I think we shall do no good by prolonging this interview. Richard is waiting in the next room. Will you call him or shall I?"

Before you and your Edith departed for Paddington, it was decided that you should come up the following night and talk to Robin yourself.

I agreed with a yawn that perhaps it might be the best thing to do.

If you hadn't been so drenched with your own misery, so scared, so dazed, so whipped you must surely have seen through the great huge joke of it. I missed all my sob cues and not once did I address you as my beloved little cad. Does a woman, who, standing in the ruins of her toppling world, seeing herself beggared of home and husband, bereft of friends and means of living, remain untouched by all this tragic significance, behave with such veiled insolence, such cool pert detachment?

Yet, you left me with a look of puzzled bewilderment, intelligence struggling for mastery in your mind. Did you perhaps imagine my slow deliberate smiles, my enigmatic answers were due to shock or were you so completely stunned yourself that consideration of my treatment of the situation never entered your head at all?

"ISN'T it funny," I said to Jill, "to think you've known some one nearly all your life and then suddenly find out that you know less about him really than the man who calls for the laundry, to discover that in all the years you've merely learned that he has dark hair or good teeth or a mole on the chin, and that he drinks Burgundy and buys his shoes at Baber's, to realize you've never found out one solitary thing about his real self, couldn't even guess what horror or treachery or brutality he'd be capable of in a tight corner. Couldn't even guess whether all his natural, decent instincts would cease to function in a crisis, whether he'd cut and run if he saw a dog being drowned or a child being battered to bits? And it's always your conventional sportsman, the man or woman who boasts of playing the game, the hang-it-all-we're-English type, the rigid stickler for decency and good form, who possesses the greatest concentrated essence of funk when it comes to finding his own miserable little future is standing on insecure ground."

"Oh, I'm not talking of splendid, showy things like blazoning an officer's uniform, subscribing to hospitals or presenting the church with a stained glass window, all the sacrifices that are seen and talked about and achieve their own reward of notoriety and respect but I mean all the small things that are hidden, that nobody sees, simple things like having enough decency to honor unspoken promises, being willing to fight for things nearest your heart, and not being blind to other people's hurts even if they happen to be complete strangers."

"Which means I gather in plain language that Richard has turned out to be merely Richard?"

I nodded. "Only more so. Oh, Jill, I've been a blithering ass. My life has always been a divided thing of grand pianos and clotheslines, brocade and sackcloth because I met him at the beginning of the time when anything mattered and he made it colorful, turned it into all the golds and whites and purples of his moods. I have been spun round by him as a roulette wheel is spun by the croupier, the ball, my insane ridiculous love for him, clicking into whichever number his whim created. With that sure instinct for hurting which never failed him. I have been battered and bruised, pushed away and pulled back again, quickened and heightened, made to suffer and be miserable and glad and joyous and since emotion to me was as dope to a drug fiend, I went through with it all, came back with

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both hands extended asking for more, believing that hardness, cruelty, selfishness and charm were all the qualities needed to make a heaven.

"I suppose in the beginning I must have traced a picture of him, colored it to my taste, embellished it with a character of what I thought I wanted and called it Richard. You may again gather from these shaken hysterical outpourings that I have been let down by my ardent and loyal lover to the very lowest pit of let-down-ness!"

And I told Jill what had happened and watched her gray eyes harden and narrow in contempt. She avoided those frayed platitudes in which the employment of such epithets as cad, swine and outsider act for the moment like stimulants on the mind, working later to dislike for the person who has dared to sympathize. In our hearts we prefer to do the rendering of those who have hurt us ourselves. Jill with her fund of common sense refused to condole. She braced.

"Not once," I declared with surging rage, "not once during the whole interview did he say, 'You, what's to become of you?' I waited for it from the very moment he came in the room. All the time he was talking I hardly heard what he said because I kept on telling myself, 'He's going to say it now.' And when he asked Edith to go I said 'of course he's waited for that,' and then when he still went on talking about his blasted home, his child, his future, his career, something went crack inside me like a piece of elastic that's been drawn too tightly and I hated him so much I wanted to kill him. I felt sick with hatred. I wanted to hurl myself at him like a slum woman and beat and tear his face and yell, 'Me, me, what's to become of me?' Funny, isn't it, how we go on saying in a cool voice, 'Really?' and, 'Won't you sit down,' when we're clawing at people and seeing the blood run down their faces. That's civilization, I suppose, to feel so broken and blazing inside and go on talking about the weather."

"What you need now, Nona, is a sleeping draught."

"Oh, I'm all right. Robin gave me one last night but it didn't make me sleep. My thoughts leap round all the time in a whirling circle. Oh, God, Jill, if it had been true—not to have had one scrap of help from the man you'd staked your life on, not a thought, not a rag of protection. To have been shown the most merciless unfaithfulness of all, unfaithfulness of mind and soul. To have taken the risk for something so inhuman, so pitiless, to have been so besottedly in love, so saturated with it that I couldn't see his beastliness."

"You'll feel differently about all this in a—"

"DIFFERENTLY," I blazed. "I don't ever want to feel differently. I want to go on hating him all my life. I want to see him bruised and bleeding and shaking with pain. And cringing and quaking with fright as I saw him yesterday and to remember every cry and groan he makes and to have it burnt into my brain."

Jill tucked the eiderdown round me.

"Darling," she smiled, "you're talking like the woman who was avenged in seven reels. I'm going to tell Elsie to bring you some China tea and three aspirins and then you're going to get some sleep and dream that you're cutting up his dog's body into small bits and frying them in boiling oil. Won't that be lovely?"

"Ass!" I actually smiled.

It was true my head was swathed round with bands of steel while two small automatic hammers were working with conscientious and painstaking skill. I had almost forgotten a head could feel anything different from this.

Jill was shaking up the cushions. "They felt cool, restful."

"It's so funny to think that you've been somebody's permanent nonstop April Fool for twelve years, complete with cap and bells, guaranteed faithful, tame and affectionate, will not bite, telegraphic address, Loopey, London."

"Well," retorted Jill, with a grin, "it seems you've found your teeth all right now and they appear to be in good working order."

THE next night I was standing by the fire as you were announced.

Your eyes swept the room searching for Robin, who sat in the shadow writing letters at the desk. You evidently had been forbidden a further tête à tête with me and in those hours of leisure and quietude in which you had had time to collect your bewildered thoughts, I realized that something of the truth must have penetrated your brain.

You stood there in the doorway with your pain darkened eyes, your face haggard with misery which the last forty-eight hours' real suffering had produced. All the joyous vitality was gone from you, all the careless dashing youth of you, wiped out. No swagger, no bravado in you now to tinker about with and play those monkey tricks which turn ruthlessness into charm, brutality into brilliance. Stripped of your gorgeous cloak of pampered admiration that my fancy had woven about you, you had faded into some transparent echo of a Richard I could hardly recognize.

I accepted both your stiff bow and the challenge in your eyes. To Robin you said, "May I see you alone?"

I rose and left you together. You two with remorseless, mocking, brutal things between you that would sway and bend and snap in a wild onslaught of words. I heard you begin in a low voice:

"I've come here tonight to ask you, to beg you not to carry out your terrible threat."

Robin was silent. He seemed to be waiting for you to go on.

"You see," you continued with difficulty, "it isn't for myself that I entreat you to do this but there's my mother. She's old and I think it will kill her. There's my wife, my little girl. You're going to ruin three innocent people's lives for the sake of punishing me."

"You should have thought of all that before."

"Oh, I know, I know. I've been terribly foolish. Mad, I think but that's all. On my oath nothing's actually happened between your wife and me—nothing for which you could divorce her. On my honor that's true."

"On your what?"

"Oh, I know. I must seem an outsider, a cad; things look so black against me. I can hardly hope to make you believe." Even your voice sounded prone and beaten, all the shining glory gone from it.

"In view of the fact of those letters it would certainly need a more credulous nature than mine to believe what you tell me."

"For God's sake give me a chance to prove that I'm speaking the truth. Ask her too. She'll tell you there's never been anything wrong. We've known each other for years and always been great friends but that's all. On my oath that's all."

"But your letters, they were not letters of friendship," my husband rapped out, "they were letters of a man very deeply and sincerely in love."

I didn't catch your reply to this.

"Are you trying to ask me to believe you were not in love with my wife when you wrote her those letters?" Robin's voice of ice was holding back by force something that manifestly clamored for outlet. "Do

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you deny this as well?" Robin continued. It seemed all the leaden moments of years had gathered before I heard your reply, coming low and unsteady.

"No. I wasn't in love with her."
"But you were in love with her before we were married?"

"No. I have never been in love with her."

O Heaven! Not even the shelter of a lie! I stood stock still while the ugliness of your stammering words cut across me like a whip. Something lay shattered at my feet, bleeding, dying, shame was so ugly, so hideously, sickeningly ugly. Your words swirled about my ears like hot surging waves of scarlet, till I felt I was being drawn tighter, tighter, through some awful nightmare. I was raw with the sound of them. To have to wake up every morning and remember those two sentences of yours. They would jab at me all my life."

Robin's voice, cutting through, braced and injected me with a small drip of courage.

"Strange letters for a man to write to a woman with whom he wasn't in love, weren't they?"

"Yes, they must seem strange," you agreed, "but that's how it was. We always wrote each other rather foolish letters; we had a kind of romantic friendship in the old days when we were both quite young and we never really altered things. It just happened like that. That's all."

Your poor halting lame sentences were born of sheer terror.

Robin replied. "I see. And was she not in love with you?"

"No, I don't think so, never really in love."

"I see." A long pause. "You both behaved rather indiscreetly didn't you, for two people who were not in love with each other?"

"Oh, I know it's difficult to believe but on my oath there's been nothing, absolutely nothing wrong."

I heard Robin get up.

"IT'S unlikely we should agree on ideas of right and wrong so there's nothing to be gained by further discussion."

"Oh, for pity's sake I implore you to listen to me. Don't bring this awful disgrace on me." There was a Salvation Army vibration in your voice. Was Robin going to be moved by it? I heard him hesitate, then:

"If you want me to listen to you, answer some questions I'm going to ask you and remember you're on your oath. My ultimate decision may rest upon your replies, so I should advise you to speak the truth."

"Yes, anything," you agreed.

You were in the dock, a poor shivering, convicted thing with hunted driven eyes, with dazed peaked face, white in the last dumb extremity of panic. Robin in cap and gown was securely cross examining. His impersonation was masterly.

"Now listen. You remember the letter you wrote to my wife in August in which you said, 'I have no plans for the twenty-ninth and no fixed abode for that night?'"

"Yes. I remember that sentence perfectly."

"Well, what did you do on that day?"

Robin demanded. You hesitated, suspicious, yet unconscious of the avalanche which was drifting towards you, then slowly,

"We spent the day together."

"And the evening? Be careful, you are on your oath."

"Yes, the evening too. We dined together and then I brought her home and left her here." Your words now were hurried and jerky.

"And where did you spend the night?"

"At Liverpool Station."

I clapped my hands over my mouth to prevent myself from screaming aloud. Liverpool Station! Why not the Thames



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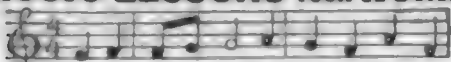
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Embankment? This was a little bit too much.

"On your oath you spent the night at Liverpool Street Station?" my husband rapped out.

"On my oath."

Oh, poor beaten, driven thing. Caught in a trap of your own making. There was no way out, no escape. Terror had shaken every atom of self-possession and intelligence from your unbalanced mind. You were irrevocably lost. Incapable even of disentangling yourself from the futile web of lies your fever pitched brain had clutched at in that furnace of swift questionings.

I heard Robin push back his chair and say, "That's a lie. You slept here that night and you know it."

"I—I—"

"Don't trouble to say any more. My wife has admitted it and I have other evidence."

"O God," you groaned, "so she told you. I didn't know she'd told you."

Robin came to me looking as though he'd touched something unclean and slimy.

"I feel I want a bath with a bottle of disinfectant in it," he smiled. "There's a bit of pulp in the sitting-room asking for you. Better deal gently with it. I think it's had about enough."

I opened the door. You were sitting huddled up in a chair in an attitude of bleak agony. I have never seen a human face look as yours did then. I have never heard a human voice sound as yours sounded.

"So you had told him—"

"Yes."

"I lied to him and now it's all over. God, what am I to do?"

You were rocking to and fro, enduring the most exquisite mental agony and I could only feel revolted. Strange to see anyone in pain like that and not feel human. I couldn't have believed I should have behaved like that to a stranger in the streets. Despair was cutting into you deeper and deeper like the blade of a sword and I could only look on with contemptuous eyes. It was as if I had seen so much of pain and suffering that I could watch it now in the detached way in which a surgeon watches his patient under the knife. It wasn't part of me any longer. I had ceased to feel or understand it. You were suffering intensely. Well, that was nothing to me. You were you. I was I. We no longer felt things unitedly. We had no part in each other. We couldn't even sympathize because we no longer shared a feeling. My heart had been washed clean of pain. No hurt could touch me now. I should never feel joy or sorrow again, and therefore could look upon your anguish as a remote thing, a natural consequence which must inevitably fall on those who juggle with the emotional senses.

ALL your life you had experimented with them, toyed, caressed and spurned them, tossed them lightly to and fro, shot them at people as an errand boy shoots a catapult. You got quite a lot of fun out of them, mixing them up, squirting them and watching effects. It was rather splendid to play about with them in this vagabond careless manner so long as it was understood that you yourself emerged singularly untouched from the contact. You, clever manufacturer of pain, rapture, grief, dealer in joys and despair must never become personally infected. Your fingers might be stained from dabbling but your own immaculate, atrophied soul must stand immune from all such. You prescribed the drug but didn't drink it. You administered the poison but you yourself remained whole, untouched. And then suddenly these playthings of yours turned on you. They were out of control. They soared up and away from you, free, free. Battling, whirling round and above your head they winged till like a boomerang they came back and

hit you a full, clean, hard, hurting blow.

I watched all this. I watched you enduring, paying, taking the consequences of your years of fun made up of other people's anguish. I wasn't sorry. I wasn't glad. You had emptied me of all feelings for all time.

I looked at your face. It was small and gray and ghostly. It had shrunk somehow.

"Could I have some brandy? I haven't slept or eaten for two days and the room's going round. I can't seem to—"

I brought half a tumbler of brandy and watched you while you drank it.

"It's all over now," you cried in a ragged voice. "He won't listen to me: he's going through with it. Well, there's only one way out."

"I don't think you'll take that," I smiled. "You don't believe I have the pluck?"

"Candidly, no."

"You'll see. I could do it."

"Well, why don't you? It would certainly save everybody a lot of trouble."

"So that's all you'd care. After all the years, after everything we've been to each other, after our wonderful adventure."

I wanted to kill you then. I longed to see you lying dead at my feet. How dared you smear dirty fingers over something that wasn't yet buried?

Aloud I said,

"Cut out the sob stuff, Richard. It's lost its effect somehow."

Suddenly you threw up your head and laughed.

"I SUPPOSE you think all this mess is my fault, that's just like a woman." The brandy was taking effect. There was something elemental about you now, eyes glittering, the old swaggering lift to your shoulders. "Hanging round my neck. Was ever a man so persecuted, so pestered as I was? you—you—and your letters, always pulling at me. Oh, I've kept 'em. 'I'm not cut out for this nun's life.' 'You're so curled round my heart.' 'Tripe! They made me sick. all of them, you never let me alone. You and your letters, you blasted—"

I caught my breath. The room rocked and swam in a red mist. Was it possible to sink so low, to hear you fling like a bombshell gutter talk at me, brutal things that men never say to a woman. Instinct whispered, "He's drunk, he doesn't know what he's saying."

"You're drunk, you'd better go," I said.

"Drunk?" you shouted. "No, I'm not drunk but you mustn't think you're the only one who's got letters. I could show some beauties of yours. I will too. They'll all be read in court. You'll like that, won't you?"

Still that dreadful laugh but your words now were nearly incoherent.

"Good-by, Richard, please go."

I watched you stagger to your feet, a cruel twist on your mouth. You gave a lurch towards me. "Look here, old Funny, won't you shake hands. I didn't mean—"

"Good-by, Richard."

Voices were about my ears; something destroying and destroyed shook me; a cold wind throbbed over my body. How not to sink before you had gone. My back towards you, nerveless fingers clutching the mantelpiece, I felt you standing there swaying hesitatingly by the half open door. The seconds struggled by in silence. Then the slam of the front door brought release in blessed unconsciousness.

At first I said to myself your words would never be remembered without the knowledge that you had been laughing in your heart all the time. You had been the jester of the great moments of my life. All the small cherished sweetnesses you had made hideous by mockery and jeers.

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Vile memories reared their heads and haunted me as fast as I could heap the mould over their false images. The dead leaves of my hopes were all huddled in that grave. It had all been a fantastic idyll made up of starlight and throbby uplifting things, fairy tales and the scent of flowers and youth and spring and it had been fashioned out of cardboard, stupid, painted, artificial. To have dreamed it had been real! I had clung so long like some drowning thing to the preciousness of that dream. "I didn't know. I didn't know," I sobbed to Robin.

And he whispered, "I had to show you in the only way I could make you believe. Wasn't it better to make a quick clean cut than to let you go on being slowly destroyed until all your brightness, all your sweetness had vanished?"

"But you knew all the time. How?" Robin smiled. "Because I know when the sun shines, because I know darkness and light and heat and cold, because I know love," he brought the word out shyly, "and it's not like that, not like he made it. It's safe and kind and honest and secure. Soon, you'll understand that."

WAS it true? Should I ever be able to look upon it except as a buffeting, tearing, stormy thing, a martyrdom of waiting and wanting, a beating down of desires, a process of being sucked into a whirlpool of unbalanced morbidity, pride to be dragged in the gutter. You had taught me to see it like that. And you were still hanging like a wraith on my memory, a wraith bled white from misery and shame. But love wasn't like that. It could be cool and sweet and safe. Robin had said so. It didn't deny peace. It couldn't ignore suffering nor, with a rough touch lay bare the scars of a soul.

Should I ever be able to establish that in my mind? Fix it? Render it permanent? Wipe out all the rooted past? Say to myself, "Happiness wasn't there at all. No, nor warmth nor color; it had just been a comic joke transfigured into a shining brightness by the fertile workings of my own overstimulated imagination. Happiness lies here in tranquillity, in the simple daily round, in small joys and sacrifices, in gentle acquiescence, in lightening heavy hearts, in bringing a sense of warmth, a kindling of the spirit." Those were the moments which were to irradiate all the coming years.

After this great truth had filled me overwhelmingly, sweeping gently round the edges of hurt pride and rebellion, I was beginning to find myself looking upon things that I thought I should never be able to endure again with neither pain nor regret. It was as if I had seen an old wound which had healed.

TWO years have passed. Time enough to do a great deal of undisturbed thinking. It's good to think, to muse quietly. The past often moves before me, not poignantly any more but like some peaceful garden that one remembers visiting. I can step back and away from it, viewing it simply as an interesting scene that takes on familiar lights and shadows. Thoughts of you still flutter about, like soft light leaves in blended dreams. They drift mutely into space with no ultimate destination.

Sometimes I find myself holding on for security to the hard bitterness of that night of two years ago but the endeavor always ends in failure. The whole scene fades from my mind. I seem unable to recall any single thread of it. Blurred and hazy it recedes from my memory like some fantastic nightmare. In a fever of heat we had flung ugly things at each other like children fling their toys without knowing hatred or malice. I, in my blindness, had showered a love on you the intenseness of which you neither



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In your own room—without work of preparation—without electricity or hot irons—free from danger of drying out or searing your hair.

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This waver slips into the hair as easily as you pass your fingers through. But it does something no other waver ever does: It locks in! By a simple clip, it holds in place—stays where you put it—and locks the wave in, MOLDING every contour firmly, gracefully, lastingly. It makes a soft, undulating wave that lasts from one shampoo to another.

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I think the Marcel Molds are wonderful. My girl friends could hardly believe I had done it all myself, yet it is true that I got a delightful, soft marcel wave in so short a time it surprised me. Will you please send another set for my chum?
(Signed) B. M. T.

The Art of Beauty, the Sureness of Science, Create this Marvelous New Molder

One of America's finest Beauty Specialists brought this waver to us. It is the result of her work and hopes and dreams over many years of professional hair dressing, plus the skill and science we placed at her command with our expert manufacturing facilities. Margaret Beynon Sylva, of Illinois, in her 17 years of Beauty Parlor proprietorship, with women's hair as her personal specialty, learned all the longing that women have for a successful home marceller. She knew as keenly as you do the expense, the trials,

the disappointments—the dangers, even—of the beauty parlor method, with its rush, its new help, its hot irons. Mme. Sylva helped to make many other wavers before this final success arrived. They slipped out of hair. They were hard to set in—"tricky." She found at last the touchstone of triumph:

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We want to celebrate with the women of America this genuine advance in the home dressing of "woman's crowning glory." We want you to have a set of these perfect marcellers. So we set the price at a nominal figure—less than the average cost of a single visit to the Beauty Parlor.

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a bookkeeping charge on this figure, so we ask you to deposit with the postman the sum of \$2.97, plus a few cents, postage, when he brings your set. Order now, so we can serve you immediately out of our yet limited production. Get yours now and be first to astonish your friends with the glorious, enviable waves these molders fashion. Fill in and mail the Coupon Trial Certificate this minute.

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desired nor reciprocated. You had asked for a little amusement, a little ragtime song and I had responded heavily with Grand Opera and manlike you hadn't the courage to put me right but played up for all you were worth, intimating that Wagner was the one thing you needed in your life.

What you had really wanted was a little fun, the sort that Jill would have given you, all the trappings and light twists of a glittering and stimulating affair without any solid foundation. Your sense of comedy abhorred drama. Well, I hadn't caught on that was all. I had been a bit dense perhaps wanted, my sharp divisions drawn more distinctly, had miscalculated the quality of your taste.

And yet do we really yearn for these days of tranquillity as much as we boast? Then why are we tempted to go back so often and take glimpses into the past even into a past which has betrayed us, a past tormentingly woven into hurtful things long screwed down?

And you, Richard? Do you too sometimes slide down the years, turn back for just a minute to unfold their heady memories?

Do you sometimes open your soul to receive them? Oh, Richard, if you do just now and again in the starry darkness slip out of your cage and forget all the ugliness that has come between us, you mustn't allow the pain that we have given each other to smear the dizzy heights of those lifegiving years.

Richard, look back at them now. Oh, my dear, look back at them now with me, Let's go together, Richard, once, just for fun. Together. Because they belong to us, those years, and to nobody else.

THERE! I feel tremendously light hearted and happy now, don't you, Richard? D'you see that room there, with the windows wide open? Let's have a look inside.

Just that.

No knick knacks, no photographs, Richard, thankfully not a single photograph.

Look! There's a man and a girl standing over there by the piano. D'you see them, Richard? How young they look and happy. The sun's pouring in through the windows, turning her amber frock to gold, shedding a vivid white armor about her. How tall and dark he is bending down to look at her upturned face, talking to her in a voice of heaven giving her magical promises with his eyes, dragging down all the beauty of world for her to see. Is that why she's gazing up at him with a "to my king ever faithful" expression in her eyes? Isn't she a goose, Richard! Look, she's believing every word he's telling her! Silly goose, isn't she, Richard? They're laughing. There's something rather beautiful about their laughter. Richard, d'you hear it? It's eager and untouched, uncaught as yet in the winds of life. It's as bright as the stars which never diminish, uncaptured; it vibrates through space full of new joys.

Don't let's tell them, Richard, they wouldn't understand. Let's shut the door quietly, and leave them.

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